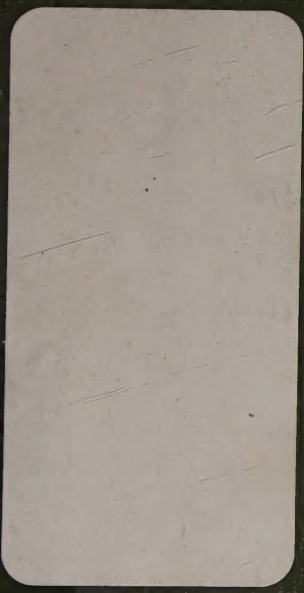


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THE

BALLADS OF IRELAND;

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY EDWARD HAYES.

VOL. I

BOSTON:

PATRICK DONAHOE, 23 FRANKLIN STREET.

1859.

THE

SALES OF THE

OF THE

BY EDWARD H. H.

VOL. I

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

THE BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY

1857

Dedication.

TO GAVAN DUFFY, ESQ., M. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me to dedicate to you this collection of the Ballads of our native Country,—enriched as it is by some of your own admirable compositions. As no man living has more thoroughly identified himself with the native Literature of Ireland, and particularly with its Ballad Literature than yourself, I feel I am discharging a public duty as well as indulging a private feeling of the most heartfelt regard, in dedicating to you a volume, the materials of which, either directly or indirectly (to a very considerable extent at least) would probably never have existed but for you.

Believe me, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

EDWARD HAYES.

8 BLENHEIM SQUARE, LEEDS,
25th April, 1855.

Advertisement

TO GAVAN DUFFY, ESQ., M.P.

My Dear Sir,

I thank you for the volume to your collection of the Ballads of our native Country, — entitled as it is by some of your own illustrious countrymen. As no man living has more thoroughly identified himself with the native literature of Ireland, and particularly with its Ballad literature than yourself, I feel it an honouring privilege to be permitted to add a volume to the collection of which you have so kindly and liberally taken the pains to collect and publish. I feel it an honouring privilege to be permitted to add a volume to the collection of which you have so kindly and liberally taken the pains to collect and publish.

Yours very truly,

J. M. DUFFY, ESQ., M.P.

LONDON: BAKER.

3, BAKER STREET, LONDON.

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INTRODUCTION.

"If you would find the ancient gentry of Ireland," said Swift, "you must seek them on the coal quay, or in the Liberties." The ancient minstrelsy of Ireland has shared the fate of her gentry; you must seek for it in the peasant's cabin or in the dusty corners of the libraries of Europe. This parallel is by no means surprising. The common fate of our ancient gentry and our ancient minstrelsy is perfectly natural. While they lived they were the body and soul of Irish nationality; and like body and soul they departed together. When adverse circumstances made the gentry fugitives to foreign lands, the bards became fugitives at home. Their praises were heard no more in the old baronial halls — the voice of their song had ceased. From the days of Amergin to those of Swift, our minstrelsy is a blank in the literature of Europe. The poems of Ossian may form an exception; for notwithstanding the ingenious imposture of MacPherson, those most capable of judging and expressing an opinion upon the subject, even amongst his own countrymen, have almost uniformly credited Ireland with their paternity.* This absence of an extensive native literature is one of the saddest features of Irish history. But when it is known that the use of the ancient tongue was prohibited, and the cultivation of the new declared a felony by law, — if that privilege were not purchased by the renunciation of the ancient faith; and that this struggle between the tongues and creeds had been cruelly maintained for hundreds of years, — and has ceased only in our own time, — it cannot be a matter of surprise that Ireland is looked upon as an illiterate nation, — and that the accu-

* Among these may be named Dr. Shaw, William Buchanan, David Hume, Edward Davies, Dr. Johnson, O'Connor, O'Halloran, &c

culated product of her intellect bears no adequate proportion to her genius.

Periods of great excitement are unfavorable to the development of letters, or the progress of civilization. History teems with illustrations of this truth. After the impetus given to English literature by Chaucer, its progress was completely checked by the civil contentions which succeeded. The Wars of the Roses threw English poetry back for two hundred years. We almost lose sight of it from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, when Surrey and Wyatt made their appearance upon the silent stage. The troubled reigns of Henry, Edward VI., and Mary, were also singularly barren of poetry. The vigorous policy of Elizabeth having quelled the storms of those troublous times, national victory inspired the popular voice. Jeffrey, speaking of literature in the reign of James I., says, it would probably have advanced still farther, in the succeeding reign, had not the great national dissensions which then arose turned the energy and talent of the people into other channels; first to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature, he adds, suffered of course in these contentions, and a shade of deeper austerity was thrown over the intellectual chronicler of the nation. If the absence of civil rights or religious freedom, or the struggle for their assertion, be a barrier to intellectual progress, Ireland may well be poor in literature to-day. Indeed the wonder is, how she has even a literature at all, when we consider the proscription of her intellect. Her history is one long series of warfare and disaster; and from the Battle of the Boyne to this hour, her energies have been absorbed either in struggles for religious liberty or in contests for political power.

Even the dramatic literature of England has never recovered from the hostility of the Puritans. In 1642, it was enacted, that all stage-plays should be discountenanced. Theatricals were constituted a public offence, punishable by fine or imprisonment. Germany also affords a remarkable instance of the injurious influence of warfare on intellectual, and more particularly, on poetic, development. From the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, the days of the Meistersingers, she was rich in song; but the religious dissensions of the seventeenth century created a blank in German minstrelsy. In the eighteenth century, when the devastating influence of the sword was passing away, the Black Forest of German literature, as it has been

happily designated, soon passed away also. And we are now, fortunately, issuing from the Black Forest which has darkened Irish genius, ever since the days "when Ireland was the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature." * The excitement before or after a nation's struggle is the hotbed of poetry. When peace is restored, then triumph is chanted, or defeat mourned, in national song; and the daily increasing means of education will quicken Ireland's acknowledged poetical genius, hitherto prostrated by adversity, and shed a glory around the land and the language which it celebrates and adorns.

When the chivalry of the Middle Ages developed the romantic poetry of Provence, Ireland had only then succeeded in driving the Danish invader into the sea, after a warfare of two hundred years. When the Italian schools of poetry started into existence under the inspiration of Dante and Petrarch, a fiercer foe than the Dane had nestled in her bosom. She was harassed from without by English invasion and from within by native faction. When Saxon barbarism was softening down under the influence of Norman chivalry and refinement, Ireland was denied the protection of English laws, and, according to the Statutes of Kilkenny, was scourged if she adopted her own! Such was her unhappy condition, when the Saxon tongue was first softening its rudeness through the favored lips of Chaucer. And in the commencement of the fifteenth century, when Spanish minstrels were singing the story of Charlemagne and the Twelve peers of France, of Bernard del Carpio and the Cid, Ireland was engaged in a fierce struggle against English power, and succeeded to such an extent, as to elicit from the Speaker of the House of Commons the admission, that the Irish had "conquered the greater part of the Lordship of Ireland." When Ariosto reigned in Italy by the grace of genius and the favor of Cardinal d'Este, and rendered his country still more celebrated by the immortal productions of his muse; when Cardinal Ximenes, by his statesmanship and munificent patronage of literature, lifted Spain to a glory that made her worthy of Columbus; when the illustrious family of the Medici were more than royal in their encouragement of intellectual culture, literature, and art; when, in fact, the sovereigns of all the petty states of Italy vied with each other in their princely endowments of genius, and, in a

* Dr. Johnson.

single century, within the small principality of the House of Este, were produced, — besides the important works of Guarini and Tassoni, — the three great epics of Italy, the “Orlando Innamorato,” the “Furioso,” and the “Gerusalemme Liberata,” — at that very time, English law in Ireland, by way of ameliorating the condition of the country, legalized the murder of the natives! When Tasso was summoned to Rome, at the instance of Clement VIII., for his Coronation in the Capitol as the successor to the laurel of Petrarch, — when Spenser borrowed the wild legends of Munster, and stamped them with the gorgeous coloring and chivalrous character of his “Faery Queen,” the horrors depicted in his “View of the State of Ireland,” and the prostrate condition of the country at that time, are illustrated in his own experience; for he was then in possession of the confiscated estates and castle of the Earl of Desmond; and from the banks of the “gentle Mulla” we may perceive how his poem is pictured with that fair, Munster scenery. In that right royal age of British literature, when the English language was assuming consistency and beauty, the language and literature of Ireland were withering under the deadly shade of persecution. When the poets of the Elizabethan era stamped upon their glorious productions the romantic beauties of that age of chivalry, Ireland was prostrated by famine, pestilence, and war. When the stern enthusiasm of the Puritans moulded the English tongue into forms of sublimity, Ireland was still bleeding under the terrible scourge of merciless conquest. Had England been thus treated, no Shakspeare would ever have immortalized her literature and her language. When Philip IV. nursed the genius of Spain, and invited the poets to the festivities of the palace as his friends; when the monarch himself contributed some of the best dramas of the day to the rich storehouse of Spanish poetry, and instituted those poetical tournaments, at which poets improvised and noble ladies judged, and which operated so powerfully in the development of dramatic literature, — then had Ireland passed under the confiscating hammer of that royal auctioneer, James I., who effected his plunder of the land from the native chiefs by “cruelty, subornation, and perjury.” When Louis XIV. pensioned his poets like princes, and in his appreciation of the genius of Moliere, when this author was calumniated, stood sponsor for his innocence by becoming the godfather of his child; when Milton’s majestic muse produced the “Paradise Lost,” Ireland was then, also, in an unfavor-

able condition for the cultivation of literature, exposed as she was to the tender mercies of Cromwell. But that total ignorance which the sword could never produce was achieved by the infamous penal laws, which disgrace the name and the statute-book of England. This barbarous code, in the language of Edmund Burke, "had a vicious perfection — it was a complete system — full of coherence and consistency; well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Ireland has been happily called the "Cinderella of Nations." She had sisters who enjoyed all the luxuries of education, while she was jealously excluded from any participation in such favors. She was abused and scourged alternately; and if her beautiful voice burst forth in song, in imitation of her sisters, she was forthwith gagged. Ireland has been compared to Spain under the dominion of the Moors, but there is no point of resemblance between them, except that of foreign conquest. She had the long crusades of Spain, but she had not the conquest of Granada to thrill her like an inspiration. Victory sways the poet more than the soldier. When Henry V. forbade his subjects to sing the Battle of Agincourt, they had already either begun to chant the strains of triumph, or defied the prohibition. Ireland had the feuds of her Zegris and Abencerrages; and while the policy of the invader fomented these feuds, his proscriptions did not permit her to sing them. She had an adventurous foe struggling bravely against her nationality, but she had not the chivalrous foe of Moorish Spain. She fell beneath the sword of the invader, but the bloody blade did not flash with the light of Saracen civilization. She was conquered; but instead of being consoled in her desolation by the elegance and philosophy of the East, she was crowned with the thorns of ignorance and persecution. Instead of the Moorish colleges and libraries of Cordova, Granada, and Seville, her halls of learning were demolished, or turned into barracks for a merciless soldiery. Instead of being taught the philosophy of Aristotle, which was expounded at Cordova by Averroes and other Moorish doctors, her conquerors taught her the higher philosophy of dying well! Ben Zaid cheered fallen Spain with the light of a glorious history, but the invader in Ireland wrote history with the torch and the

sword. Moorish genius presented Spain with an Encyclopædia of Science; while the Genius of Misrule presented Ireland with an Encyclopædia of Horrors! Mahometan teachers invited Christian students to their schools and became their masters and their friends, while the Christian invaders of Ireland prohibited education under penalty of death.

These facts must be borne in mind in connection with Irish literature and its history; they account for the blank of a thousand years. We disclaim any intention of exciting animosity or old jealousies, by these remarks. We regret the occasion of them as much as any of our readers; but this is not the time to blink the truth. In our own day the world is becoming wiser or more magnanimous; it is beginning to look boldly at the faults of the past. All parties have much to learn from such sad experience as the history of Ireland affords. The characteristic of modern history is the contrast drawn between the barbarism of our forefathers and the civilization of to-day. If Irish history be wisely studied to this end, there will be little danger in the knowledge or expression of the truth. But we can no more overlook the influence of persecution, in relation to this subject, than we can ignore the conquest of the country when treating of its history and the social condition of its people.

And yet, an Irish minstrelsy was never wanting in Ireland. The external world knew it not, because it was ignorant of her sweet tongue. But from the days of the Druids it existed, — patronized by her chiefs, and sung by her people. Without wandering so far back as the misty ages of Milesius, we may safely say, that Ireland was not behind any nation of Europe in her ancient minstrelsy. Greece and Rome are, of course, excepted. The rhapsodies of Homer were recited before the poems of Ossian; but both are alike immortal. Rome conquered the Greek empire; but Greece enslaved the intellect of Rome, when the latter borrowed her literature. Yet Rome has no ancient ballads; and if she ever had any, they have not escaped the wreck of years. Macaulay *supposes* such ballads, and makes this idea the foundation of his "Roman Lays." But Homer and Ossian are the inspired giants of the shadowy past, whose productions will ever triumph over time.

The Irish bards were divided into three classes — the Fileas, who celebrated the strains of war and religion; the Brehons, who devoted themselves to the study of the law, which they versified and recited

to the people, after the manner of the Ionian bards; and the Seana-chies, who filled the offices of antiquarian and historian. Almost every homestead of importance had its own Seanachie, whose duty it was to sing the exploits, and trace the genealogy, of the family up to Milesius. The ancient Irish felt proud of their oriental descent from this monarch; and the Irish of to-day are as strongly attached to this idea as were their ancestors. Even Dr. Petrie's elaborate Christianity of the Round Towers, will not divest thousands of the belief, that these grand structures are the relics of an oriental civilization, with whose history we are unacquainted.

No country is richer than Ireland, in those poetic records which form the early history of all nations. The productions of her bardic historians are most ample; but they are as dumb oracles to our generation. It is no wonder that she is rich in such records, for in that early age her kings were the munificent patrons of literature. They founded colleges for the education of the bards, whose term of study was, at least, seven years. Out in the green woods, beneath the shade of the sacred oak, these poetic institutions flourished. And when this term of study was completed, the degree of Ollamh, or doctor, was conferred upon the students. Then they went forth and sang the war-songs of the clans, and the dogmas of religion; versified the proclamations of the law, the axioms of philosophy, and the annals of history; and traced the genealogies of their respective patrons up to Milesius. Such were the offices of this venerated and privileged class.

The Irish bards were remarkable for the epigrammatic style of their productions, which frequently consisted of quaint wit, healthy morality, and sound advice. Their teachings are the popular maxims, even at the present day, in the vernacular, — maxims which, for shrewd sense and wisdom, can scarcely be surpassed. The genius of the Celtic language assisted in the formation of this terse style. Its subtile grace and vigor, as idiomatic as its soul-touching tenderness, rendered it an appropriate vehicle for the exquisite touches of the poet, or the pregnant wisdom of the philosopher. The influence of the bards over the multitude, and the superstitious veneration attached to their office, soon elevated their dignity next to that of the king. The different orders of the state were distinguished by the number of colors which adorned their dress; and while the peasant's garment consisted of only one color, the bards were allowed

four, one less than the number worn by the monarch himself. Moore remarks, that this law argues the high station accorded to learning among the ancient Irish, as well as a remarkable coincidence with that Hebrew custom, which made a garment of many colors the distinguishing dress of royalty and rank.

Christianity superseded druidism ; and though the bards were still in favor, the character of their song was changed. The productions of the heathen muse were given to the flames, in a moment of extravagant zeal, and the breathings of the new lyre were crowned with the sweetness of Christian morality. No more do we see the herald-bards, clad in their white flowing robes, marching with their chiefs at the head of the armies, and singing their war-songs to the music of the harp. The hymn of peace superseded the strain of battle; and if Christianity destroyed those early records of a nation's infancy, her truth and beauty imparted to the muse a higher and a holier inspiration. The Lives of the Saints inspired that lyre which once bowed down before the idol of paganism. The Church took Song under her protection, and used it in her warfare against the world. The most remarkable of Irish ecclesiastics were poets of a high order, among whom we may mention St. Columbanus, one of the restorers of early European Christianity. But they wrote in the favored language of the church ; and though, according to Bede, the Celtic, the Welsh, the Teutonic, and the Latin languages were spoken in Ireland in the seventh century, the strains of their muse never lived in the hearts of the people. Politian is remembered in Italy to-day, not by his accomplished Latin productions, but by the few Italian verses he has left behind him. The Arabians are said to have introduced rhyme into Europe in the eighth century ; but it is well known that rhyme was employed in Ireland in the time of St. Patrick, four centuries previously. Music, poetry, and literature, were the characteristics of the country in those ancient days when the students of Europe crowded to her schools.

The bardic productions of Ireland have an importance unknown to similar records of other lands. The strict supervision exercised over the historical records surpasses even the scrutiny of the present day. A council was specially appointed to investigate their truth ; and Moore says, that "whatever materials for national history the provincial annals supplied, were here sifted and epitomized, and the result entered in the great national register, the Psalter of Tara."

Strange to say, that while the beauties of the Persian tongue are studied in Ferdusi by our learned antiquaries; while they unravel the tangled web of Sanscrit, explore the ruins of Nineveh, and decipher the hieroglyphics of Egypt, the ancient records of Ireland have never been deemed worthy of notice. The ruins of a great civilization at our own door have been all but completely overlooked. A paltry grant of two hundred pounds has been lately procured from Government for the translation of the Brehon Laws, which are said to be an epitome of ancient wisdom. It is thus that Irish history has been neglected. Every country of Europe has her biography except Ireland. While other nations are rich in chronicle and memoir, she has few besides those which speak of her as a barbarous enemy. These are not the national records over which a people might well exult. The truest history of Ireland will be found in the stray ballads of her persecuted bards, and the memoranda of her banished monks.

Ireland had once a glorious history, when she was the mart of learning, and the resort of the students of all nations. When Europe was a corpse beneath the hoof of the Vandal, then was Ireland famous, — then was she “the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature.” She had a glorious history before the crowning of Charlemagne, — before the Crescent waved over the fair fields of Andalusia. And when war raged like an angry demon in the heart of Europe, she held up the torch of knowledge as a beacon, and received with open arms all those who sought shelter and science within her peaceful bosom.

Her history has been neglected, but the day will yet come when it will be lovingly written. France is rich in chronicle and memoir. French biography has been scrupulously active since the thirteenth century. Every Frenchman that has risen above the crowd, has his niche in the temple of contemporary history. Such memoirs are the most important portions of a nation’s biography, — the lives of the great movers in the national drama. Every city in Italy had its own historian from the same period; but they do not show the inner life of a nation like the biographies of France. The chronicles of Spain are ample from the days of Alphonso the Wise down to the time when it almost ceased to have a history; but the social habits and peculiar characteristics of the people have been illustrated by no other history than the beautiful ballads which attest the ancient

chivalry of that degenerate land. Ireland is not without such records and chronicles : but, as yet, the majority of them are little better than waste paper in the illustration of her national existence. The biographies of her children would be an epitome of European history, for she has given soldiers and statesmen to every country from Spain to Russia. The breaking up and migration of the nations which succeeded the fall of the Roman Empire, and which scattered to the winds all the civilization of the past, have been the characteristics of Ireland for a thousand years.

At the end of the eighth century, a tribe of that robber race which had previously overrun the fair lands of the South, invaded and desolated the happy homes of Ireland. The Danish Goth, true to the instincts of his barbarian nature, aimed the first blow at the literature of the land, that glorious treasure which had been so generously dispensed to the pilgrims of every clime. Monasteries were razed, religious were persecuted, and the bards, who had hitherto been regarded as sacred in the eyes of monarch and people, were exterminated with savage ferocity. For nearly three centuries, these pirates desecrated the soil of Ireland ; and, on their expulsion in the eleventh century, literature revived without resuming its former sway. Another invasion in the twelfth century brings us in a stride down to the present time. The bards were still held in high estimation by chiefs and people. But the reign of Elizabeth inaugurated the renewal of another Danish persecution. The obnoxious bards were victims once more at the altar of tyranny ; and thenceforth their character declined. Penal laws ruled the land, and laid the foundation of that ignorance for which Ireland is so unjustly blamed to-day. The Catholic who imparted or received education was guilty of treason against the crown. The Catholic schoolmaster and the priest were both outlawed ; and as if these laws were not considered sufficient to keep the country ignorant, they were rendered still more stringent in succeeding reigns. We know that there are thousands in England at the present time, who would battle to the death against such injustice ; and we make these remarks to excite their charity for the ignorance and their sympathy for the sufferings of a country which has been so systematically misgoverned.

Under the rigorous enactments of Elizabeth the bards gradually declined. But the fidelity which was so characteristic of the order still distinguished them amid all their misfortunes. The gold of the

treasury was laid at their feet to sing her "Majestie's most worthie praises," but they spurned the base bribe, and fled to the mountains. The gold of England could not make them swerve from the path of duty. From time immemorial they were the personification of Ireland's chivalry, and to this hour that chivalry has had no truer exponents than the Children of the Lyre. Some of the finest characters in English history, are, also, some of her sweetest poets. It has been well remarked of Sir Philip Sydney that you may survey him as you would survey an antique statue; you must walk round him to perceive all his beautiful proportions. And it is a remarkable item in poetical biography that Sir Philip, as well as many others of the English poets, such as Spenser, Raleigh, and Harington, were connected with Ireland as the first stage on which they appeared — the starting point of their illustrious career. Spenser, while he praises the productions of the bards who lived in his time, is severe in his strictures upon their character. In the reign of Charles II., an act was passed to prevent the wandering minstrels from exacting meat or drink from the people, "for fear of some scandalous song or rhyme to be made upon them." The act further states, that all "such persons may be bound to loyalty and allegiance, and committed till bond be given with good sureties." We see here the position to which the order was reduced by the oppressions of former reigns. The warfare of centuries had struck down the native chiefs, who had ever regarded them with a species of paternal affection. Around the oak of power the ivy of song had lovingly twined itself, and when the former was violently torn from the land, the latter was flung upon the world to float like a weed upon every wind.

It was this persecution of the bards by Elizabeth and Cromwell, which led to the dreamy allegory in which the national hopes were shrouded. Ireland was the poet's love, but a jealous stepmother stood between him and his mistress. And so consistent were his political rhapsodies, on some occasions, with the wailings of the tender passion, that it is almost impossible to discriminate whether they were intended for his country or his mistress. Of this class is Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen," which some consider political, but which we have placed among the Ballads of the Affections. The very extravagance of allegory employed on these occasions, is an unmistakable index to the intensity of the persecution by which the bards were harassed, and ultimately destroyed.

Ossian's Poems and Mangan's translations from the Irish, may be regarded as fair specimens of the old and later poets of Ireland. And as far as the latter are concerned, it may be well said of Mangan, what was once remarked of a celebrated French translator, that it is doubtful whether the dead or living are most obliged to him. Ossian is stamped with the freshness of national infancy — the later translations with the allegory of national prostration and trembling hope. And both are pregnant with the history of their respective periods. In the latter, voice and pen are stifled; and the muffled wail of a trampled nation sounds like a death-bell upon the ear. We see the Penal Laws in full operation, and the native population stricken to the earth, but still living in the hope of a better day. We see the national religion banned, and a price set upon the head of its priesthood. We become acquainted with the intrigues and struggles to get these priests educated in distant lands by the Garonne and Guadalquivir, and we see them concealed on their return in the fastnesses of the mountains, and the caverns of the rugged shore. Yet amid all these adverse circumstances, Ireland did not manifest an indifference to the spirit of song in this day of her dolor, nor a want of taste for its cultivation. Still was she, as in the olden time, the mother of patriot bards; and though a price was set upon the minstrel's head as well as upon the priest's, every valley resounded with the praises of ancient heroes — elegies for the martyred brave — dark curses for the native traitor and the ruthless stranger — proud invocations of the Genius of Liberty — and passionate aspirations for the glory and independence of Erin.

And thus we perceive the existence of a native minstrelsy in Ireland, from the landing of the Milesians almost to our own time, in one unbroken wreath of song. We have sketches of more than two hundred Irish writers, principally poets, from the days of Amergin, the chief bard of the Milesian colony, down to the beginning of the present century. Their poems are, in many instances, still extant, from the hymns of St. Columb to the Lamentation of M'Liag, the biographer and family bard of Brian Boru; and still downwards to the dreamy allegory of the proscribed poets of the Penal Days. The stores of native minstrelsy which Ireland possesses, both in the memory of her people and the cabinet of the antiquarian, are astonishing, when we consider the characteristics of her history, and the condition of her people, for the last seven centuries. Rome had lost her ballads

long before she reached the zenith of her power. Mr. Macaulay remarks that, in spite of the invention of printing, the old ballads of England and Spain narrowly escaped the withering blight of years, and that Scott was but just in time to save the precious relics of the Minstrelsy of the Border. In truth, he adds, the only people who, through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilization, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their old ballads, were the Greeks. But we think Ireland equal to Greece in this respect, as far as the comparison can be instituted. Since these pagan days when Bride was the Queen of Song, her bards have ever been scrupulously venerated, and their productions cherished with a traditional love which Greece never surpassed; and her people have been as true to this ballad-worship in the days of her distress as in those of her glory. We can easily understand how deep was the reverence, and how unchanging the affection, with which Ireland clung to her minstrelsy, from the ample relics of it which still live in the hearts and memories of her people, and from those, also, which unfortunately lie dead in the ancient tongue. The influence of the old bards on popular tastes and habits is still observable. Not many years ago the rustic schoolmaster was elected by a species of poetic tournament. A prize poem was generally the test of merit; and the successful candidate was chosen more for his skill in the muses than for his acquaintance with the doctrines of Political Economy.

The rage for street ballads is another trace of their influence. And so strict is the resemblance, in one respect, between the present and the past, that a collection of these ballads will be a versified record of the principal events of modern Irish history. But this is the only point of resemblance between them. The contemptible street ballad of to-day will not bear comparison with the racy, vigorous minstrelsy of old. There are few people more susceptible to song than the Irish. They are swayed by its influence as the tides by the moon. We may assign this, in some degree, to Ireland's unconquerable attachment to her ancient minstrelsy, and, also, to the fact that, till a late period, the street ballad has been the only popular literature which she possessed. Nothing but this deathless love of song could have saved the precious relics of our bardic muse from the hand of time, the torch of war, and the still more destructive influence of foreign conquest. Seldom has the successful invader spared either the life or literature of the fallen land. The Caliph Omar burned to ashes the magnificent

library of Alexandria when he captured that city. The Persians burned the books of the Egyptians, and the Romans of the Jews, the philosophers, and the Christians. The Jews in turn destroyed the books of the Christians and the pagans. And the Christians again, the books of the pagans and the Jews. The Turks destroyed the grand libraries of Constantinople; the Spaniards, the painted histories of Mexico; and such, also, was the fate of the national records and literature of Ireland which fell into the hands of the English conquerors. Its ruin was inevitable, but the relics are numerous and beautiful, reminding us of the porticoes and stately columns which shine through the ashes of Pompeii.

Since the reign of Elizabeth, Ireland produced twenty-six poets in the Gaelic language. Some of these were of a high order, and of distinguished attainments. In connection with this portion of our subject we are tempted to sketch them individually; but their biography would prove uninteresting to the general reader. The lives of the bards would form no inconsiderable portion of Irish history, from the influence which they exercised in the direction of its events, and in stimulating the spirit of resistance. The strains of O'Gnive, the bard of Shane O'Neil, often flung the stirrupless lancer of Ulster like a falling rock upon the armies of Elizabeth, and gathered round the national standard the hesitating chieftains of the North. Angus O'Daly's war-song of the Wicklow clans prompted the O'Byrnes to many a fierce raid, from their mountain fastnesses, against the clan London of the Pale, carrying destruction across the English Border, under the chieftainship of the famous Feagh Mac Hugh. The martial muse of O'Mulconry, the bard of Breifny and laureate of Ireland, summoned Clan Connaught, to the battle field against the invader, and helped to inspire that determined and protracted struggle which ended only with the death of Bryan O'Rourke. He was Prince of Breifny, and was betrayed by James VI. of Scotland into the hands of Elizabeth, who beheaded him in 1592. But there is one serious drawback observable in the strains of these ancient bards, and a glance at the titles of their productions will render it apparent. Their sympathies were more factious than Irish, more clannish than national. Not that they loved Ireland less, but that they loved their Sept more. We have appeals to the O'Neils and the O'Donnells of the North, to the O'Briens and M'Carthy's of the South, to the O'Moores and O'Byrnes of the East, to the O'Connors and O'Rourkes

of the West ; but, unfortunately, seldom an appeal to the spirit and energies of universal Ireland, except when some great victory inspired the national voice, and lifted it up to higher hopes and grander aspirations. But this is scarcely to be wondered at, when we consider the rivalries of the clans, and their constant struggles for ascendancy and personal aggrandizement — the natural result of the feudal system upon the warm and impulsive character of the Irish people.

Nor are the poets of the last century entirely free from blame in this respect, though their fault lies in a different direction. The proscription of the ancient faith attracted them to it more powerfully, and called forth their sympathizing strains for its suffering sons and bleeding martyrs. They almost lost sight of nationality, and the political privileges of which they had been deprived, in their anxiety for the blessing of religious liberty. This was the want they felt the keenest, and expressed the heartiest. It made their religion bitter and sectarian, though in good truth their charity had such little scope that it could scarcely be otherwise. They looked forward more to a religious, than to a political deliverer ; and, hence, their effusions were more dynastic than national — more Jacobite than Irish. When they sang of Ireland, it was in connection with the fallen dynasty. They longed for the union of Una and Donald, or in other words, Ireland and the Stuart. They addressed their country as a beloved female to disguise the object of their affections. Sometimes it was Sabia, from Brian Boru's daughter of that name ; sometimes it was Sheela Ni Guira, or Cecilia O'Gara, Moreen Ni Cullenan, Kathleen Ni Houlahan, Roscen Dhuv, and more frequently Granu Weal, or Grace O'Malley, from a princess of Connaught who rendered herself famous by her exploits and adventures. The poet beheld his beloved in a vision, and wandering in remote places bewailed the suffering of his country. He rests himself beneath the shade of forest trees, and seeks refuge from his thoughts in calm repose. Then appears to his rapt fancy one of those beautiful creations we have named. Language is not sufficiently copious to describe all her charms. He addresses her, and asks her if she be one of the fair divinities of old or an angel from heaven to brighten his pathway through life, and restore peace to his afflicted country. She replies that she is Erin of the Sorrows, once a Queen, but now a slave ; and after enumerating all the wrongs and indignities which she is enduring, she prophesies

the dawn of a brighter day, when her exiled lord shall be restored to his rightful inheritance. This was the style adopted by most of the Jacobite poets of the last century to express the sufferings of their country, and their hopes of deliverance from oppression.

We question if imagination could originate a style of song more pathetic in its allusions, or more powerful in its results. Allegory, in this instance, had lost its inherent weakness, and acquired an influence which no directness of expression could have produced. Woman has ever been honored in Ireland with especial reverence. Since those ancient days which Moore has celebrated in one of his exquisite lyrics, when the fairest lady might travel the land from shore to shore without harm or danger, the Irishwoman's virtue and beauty have commanded universal respect, and made her a national deity almost to be worshipped. This national chivalry imparted to the poet's allegory an insinuating and enduring power over the heart which no appeal to the passions could possess. Ireland was no longer an abstraction, but a familiar being; and still more an afflicted woman, a forlorn mother, a fallen Queen, mourning over her sorrows, and calling upon her sons to avenge her wrongs and restore her to the dignity from which she had fallen. As illustrative of these feelings, the following extract from Mons. Thiery will, we hope, not be out of place: — "Ancient Ireland," he says, "is still the only country which the true Irish acknowledge; on its account, they have adhered to its religion and its language; and in their insurrections they still invoke it by the name of Erin, the name by which their ancestors called it. To maintain this series of manners and traditions against the efforts of the conquerors, the Irish made for themselves monuments which neither steel nor fire could destroy; they had recourse to the art of singing, in which they gloried in excelling, and which, in the times of independence, had been their pride and their pleasure. The bards and minstrels became the keepers of the records of the nation. Wandering from village to village, they carried to every heart memories of ancient Ireland; they studied to render them agreeable to all tastes and ages; they had warlike songs for the men, love ditties for the women, and marvellous tales for the children. Every house preserved two harps always ready for travellers, and he who could best celebrate the liberty of former times, the glory of patriots, and the grandeur of their cause, was rewarded by a more lavish hospitality. The Kings of England endeavored more than once to strike a

blow at Ireland in this last refuge of its regrets and hopes ; the wandering poets were persecuted, banished, delivered up to tortures and death ; but violence served only to irritate indomitable wills ; the art of poetry and of singing had its martyrs like religion ; and the remembrances, the destruction of which was desired, were increased by the feeling of how much they cost them to preserve. * * * *

The Irish love to make their country into a loving and beloved real being, they love to speak to it without pronouncing its name, and to mingle the love they bear it, an austere and perilous love, with what is sweetest and happiest among the affections of the heart. It seems as if, under the veil of these agreeable illusions, they wished to disguise to their minds the reality of the dangers to which the patriot exposes himself, and to divert themselves with graceful ideas while awaiting the hour of battle, like those Spartans who crowned themselves with flowers, when on the point of perishing at Thermopylæ.

The calumnies uttered against the character of the bards may be easily traced to the political influence which they exercised over the people. This was the head and front of their offending. They sang the hopes of the nation in strains of misty song which the circumstances and national shrewdness of the people rendered transparent. When the sword of O'Neil was broken, the minstrelsy which had made it start from its scabbard still lived and moved the pulse of the nation's heart. When the battle-axe of Tyrconnell had rusted, the strains which once nerved the arm of the fierce gallowglass still hung on the people's lips, and kept alive the spirit of national resistance. The warrior's strength dies with him ; but the poet's power ever stirs like an immortal prophecy. The bards of Ireland were persecuted, because they excited hopes of national independence, as the ancient minstrels of Spain sang her struggles against the Moor, or the minstrels of Scotland the Border-battles of the Percy and the Douglas. And though these strains were not fortunate enough to crown the struggles of Ireland with success, they did not wholly fail, for they have embalmed her nationality to live throughout all ages. It is as distinct at this hour from that of England in all things, save language, as it was in the days of The O'Neil. And Irish poetry is the power which has achieved this result, linked as it has been to the life and struggles of the national faith. It has been well said that poetry has an influence not to be measured by arithmetic, nor ex-

pressed by syllogism. And we know no instance in which this is so true as with reference to Irish minstrelsy. Great poets are the legislators of the empire of the heart. The poetry of Spain flung back the Moor from the Asturian mountains to sigh for his fallen power by the banks of the Guadalquivir, and the fountains of the Alhambra. The religious feeling inspired by the struggle against the Saracen gave the Spanish character a lofty enthusiasm which no disaster could wholly destroy. Centuries of suffering, instead of crushing the national spirit, but kindled it into higher resolves, and prompted it to deeds of nobler daring. Religion is ever a powerful element in a national struggle, and no unfailing source of poetic inspiration. When Tasso lived, Europe throbbed from end to end with religious excitement. The sword of the Ottoman was at her throat, and her own members were arrayed against each other, while she trembled for her safety on the brink of ruin. It was then that the victory of Lepanto burst like an inspiration over the religious genius of Tasso; and the moral grandeur of his muse, in which he almost stands alone in his glory, shows how much religion may effect for poetry. Ireland had all the benefit of this inspiration in her warfare and in her muse; and though it has failed to secure for her what it did for Spain, the enthusiasm it evoked has preserved the same faith unsullied — the same feeling unsubdued.

No nation can afford to despise its ballads. They are an important portion of its history — the first efforts of its civilization. And in the record of a nation's ballads, we find the history of its progress and its triumphs — or its decay and death. The shepherd grazing his flock in the peaceful valley, the warrior heading his men to battle, the disasters of defeat or the rapture of triumph, the throbbing of broken hearts, or the happiness of successful love — all these will be the inspiration of a nation's infant poetry. Fancy or imagination will have little to do with it; all will be as simple and natural as the unsophisticated heart of the people. Nature offers her inspirations in gloomy woods and lofty mountains reposing in her lap of beauty, while the feelings of primitive life animate them with the breathings of emotion. As society advances, the language of passion will be better defined and more cultivated. Thought will grow more vigorous, and will require a corresponding degree of elevation and nervousness of expression. The pathetic ballad will follow quickly upon the gray dawn of the legendary and pastoral literature

of a nation's infancy. The adversities of life soon develop their strain of sorrow. But when the inspirations of nature are rejected for flights of fancy and imagination, poetry loses its strongest impulse, and its most attractive influence. Nature is thrown aside for art — the flush of health for the artist's coloring — and the breathing beauty of life for the graces of Dædalus. The warmth of emotion is supplanted by the cold glitter of fancy; and that poetry which once swayed the hearts and kindled the enthusiasm of the multitude, now becomes a fashionable toy for people of quality. The soul of poetry departs with its simplicity and feeling.

The ballad is a species of narrative poetry, short and pithy, simple in its structure and language, accurate in its incidents, consistent in its dates, costume, and coloring, graceful in its ease and beauty, and perfect in all its parts. It was the first record of the events and the laws of all nations. Its measured music assisted the memory, and popularized whatever knowledge it clothed. Though at first rude in structure and unpolished in expression, it soon rose with advancing civilization, and became an important element of power. It scorned its lowly origin, assumed all the importance of history, all the fascination of romance, and all the grace and dignity of poetry. It was the first vehicle of instruction, the earliest perpetuation of thought, the first parent of literature. The rhapsodies of the wandering minstrels of Iona were ballads borrowed from the epic of Homer. The epic, which was a development of the ballad, was again broken up into its original elements for the accompaniment of the harp. And to the same necessity are we indebted for the ballad literature of modern times. The Norman romances were broken up into fragments by the jongleurs of the twelfth century for the same purpose; and to that age may be traced the form of our modern ballads.

Lyrical poetry requires the highest degree of inspiration and intellectual development. What narrative is to the ballad, sentiment is to lyrical poetry. It is frequently an epitome of the ballad, and in such cases, it is not easy to draw the line. Ballads so compressed may be denominated suggestive songs. The literary perfection of ancient Greece developed some of the best specimens of the lyric muse. Italy excelled in this high department of minstrelsy since the days of Petrarch, who tested the melody of his verses by the breathings of his lute. Moore is the Petrarch of modern times. In every line of his muse, the fancy revels in an atmosphere of melody,

till his artistic elaboration seems but the perfection of nature. Burns is the highest of simplicity and feeling; his inspired song sways all hearts.

Although Plato excluded the poets from his republic, the influence of poetry has been felt in all ages. Patriotism and virtue are still nourished by the strains of a national minstrelsy. It holds up to posterity the mirror of a proud past to guide it to a triumphant future. The province of poetry is to soothe and cheer the heart in the struggles of life, and to dignify human nature by prompting it to aspire to that virtuous heroism which the world too often repudiates. It borrows from the past all that is beautiful, to throw around fallen man a paradise of its own creation. And if sometimes it pictures the dark side of nature, its corrective power is still true to its mission — by teaching us that error is frequently the best warning. Poetry is the aspiration of humanity for that happiness and perfection which the world lost in the Fall, and which it strives to attain by substituting the shadow for the substance. History pictures the world as it is — poetry as it ought to be. It lifts the standard of heroism, and invites to follow by climbing the rugged path of duty.

The poet is the oracle of dumb nature's divinity; and poetry the harmonious embodiment of his inspired revelations. The greatest poet is he who expresses this divinity the truest and the sweetest. He who fails in poetry, fails for want of truth to nature, or of eloquence and harmony to make that truth attractive. Nature's oracle must first study nature's mysteries. From the farthest fixed star to the humblest daisy must his study range. He must be familiar with all the miracles of creation between the poles of space; and he must hear every sound within these limits, from the waves of celestial music rolling against the flying planets, to the hoarse gurgle of the ocean, and the sighing of the summer wind. What is vacant he must fill up; what is uninhabited he must people; what he does not know he must imagine. But his imaginings must be always consistent with truth and nature. Those who possess thought and feeling, a harmonious ear and an eloquent expression, are poets, if they but add the fervor of sincerity to their natural qualifications. Any one who sees more in nature than the ordinary run of mortals, has the germ of poetry within him. If he express in harmonious language, this mystery which he perceives, he is uttering poetry. He tells some what they think, but cannot say; and he tells others

what they should think if they had thought at all. Homer and Shakspeare stand unrivalled in this respect; and, hence, they are the world's poets.

If poetry creates a paradise of its own, and tends to make mankind happier, Ireland has indeed need of song. Scarcely had her history emerged from the "twilight of fable" when her annals became blackened with disaster. The days of her mourning are not yet ended. The dirge of a thousand years still swells over the land of numberless sorrows. The voice of her song is still plaintive over the razed homesteads of her valleys, — over the sweltering plague-ship and shattered bark of the Western Main. For long, long years she has had nothing but her faith and her poetry to call her own, and by the sincerity with which she has clung to these she has preserved her distinct nationality through storms of conquest, tears, and blood. Ireland needs poetry; and it is deep in her people's heart.

One may now refer historically to the wrongs of Ireland without incurring the risk of being pounced upon as an agitator. In writing of Irish Minstrelsy, we cannot avoid referring to Irish history with which this subject is so intimately interwoven. Our object is not to excite angry recollections, but to vindicate the poetic fame of Ireland, and to claim as high a rank for her in ballad literature as that of any other nation. We have shown the difficulties which fettered her in the path of literature, and their distinctive influence on that of other lands. Nationality imparts a peculiar charm to song. It has embalmed Spanish poetry, and endowed it with a life that will endure forever. The proud Castilian and chivalrous Granadine stand out almost in relief in the early ballads of Moorish Spain. The sun, the soil, the sky, as well as the struggles and characteristics of the people, are reflected in this glorious national minstrelsy. Scotland may also thank her nationality for the beautiful ballad-literature which she possesses. Her clan-feuds, her wars against England, her Jacobite struggles, her chivalrous loyalty to the Stuarts, her wild mountains and picturesque lakes — all these tended to develop that ancient national minstrelsy which has been the inspiration of the immortal peasant-poets of that land of song. In its earlier ballads we see the distractions and barbarism of the feudal system, which rendered the names of the Barons more prominent than even that of the reigning sovereign. We see in them also the gloomy ferocity of those times when men held life and land at the point of the sword.

Nationality in all its phases is mirrored in Scottish song. English character and the durability of the British Empire owe more to Shakspeare than to the British Constitution ; and "Ye Mariners of England" has done more for the British Navy than Copenhagen and Trafalgar. The peculiar beauty of Irish music, is its eloquent interpretation of the national character, in all its moods of joy and sorrow ; and though our present Minstrelsy is written in the English tongue, it is still as true to our nationality as our music. When Scott's "Marmion" made its first appearance, Jeffrey abused it heartily for its want of Scottish feeling. "There is scarcely one trait," said the Reviewer, "of true Scottish nationality or patriotism introduced into the whole poem ; and Walter Scott's only expression of admiration for the beautiful country to which he belongs, is put, if we remember, into the mouth of one of his Southern favorites." How this happened to be said of Scott, whose nationality was his inspiration, we know not ; but we trust that no critic will be able to pronounce a similar censure upon the ballads which we introduce to our readers in the present volumes.

When an eminent Scotch professor delivered a series of lectures on poetry, some time ago, to the fashion and beauty of London, his intense nationality called forth the strictures of the press. An able reviewer remarks that the Lecturer scarcely ever referred even by name, to "Paradise Lost," introduced Chaucer with an apology, Pope with condemnation, Ben Jonson with pity, and Moore with a rebuke for his Eastern stories ; that Scott was placed upon a pedestal just lower than that of Shakspeare, but higher far than those of Chaucer, Milton, and Spenser. Campbell is faultless, and they who wrote the ancient ballads immortal. Such is the epitome given of these lectures. "He is more Scottish than British," adds the reviewer, "more national in his tastes than universal in his sympathies. In politics and poetry the Professor is national to a fault ; but the fault is amiable, and criticism involuntarily applauds even while it deliberately condemns." This nationality so amiable in a Scotchman is frequently wicked in an Irishman. Nationality is amiable every where but in Ireland. The aroma of these volumes is the patriotism which pervades and characterizes them ; and while it imparts vigorous life to this Irish minstrelsy, it seeks not to depreciate the literature of any other country, and so far at least disarms the resentment of the critic. We hereby put forth our claim for the

"amiability" of Irish nationality, more particularly in its association with song. We trust the Press will look with favor upon this Irish minstrelsy which adds new graces to the English tongue, as Irish blood grows new laurels to the brow of England and swells the tide of British glory.

Our modern minstrelsy loses much by its recent origin. It suffers from want of the shadowy background of antiquity. But with the greater part of our ballads this was simply unavoidable, except those translated from the Irish. The sonorous melody of the Celtic tongue would be preferable, though the wish to return to it now might be considered impracticable. It has been well said that we can be thoroughly Irish in thought and feeling although we are English in expression. The fathers of the early church struck down paganism with weapons borrowed from its own armory. Augustine and Chrysostom dipped their wings in the fountain of Cicero's genius, and made their highest flights in Christian preaching through the heathen atmosphere of Demosthenes. And so, also, has Ireland conquered in her captivity, by her successful cultivation of the English tongue. Like the enslaved Israelites of old, she has carried off from the Egyptian taskmasters the treasures of their learning, to develop a literature that shall shine like a star in the firmament of intellect. It has been remarked that poetry and eloquence rarely flourish on the same soil; they are set down as the results of different states of life — the one of contemplation and solitude; the other of intercourse with the world. But Ireland disproves this opinion. The fountain of her song is as deep as the sea; and her eloquence has never been surpassed. Though speaking a foreign tongue, she has wielded it with ease and strength, moulding it into gorgeous rhetoric and sweetest song. Jeffrey, in his essay on the English language, after tracing its progress from Chaucer to Swift and Pope, and still downwards to Goldsmith, Johnson, and Junius, attributes its present perfection principally to "the genius of Edmund Burke, and some others of his countrymen." If we have been compelled to adopt the English language, we certainly have used it well. It has not degenerated in our hands. The manners, customs, and superstitions — the thoughts, feelings, and idioms — the struggles, the defeats, and the aspirations of a people, constitute the essentials of its nationality, not the language in which they are uttered.

Well might Jeffrey attribute the perfection of the English tongue

to Irish genius, and well may Ireland feel proud of the men who achieved such a result. There is hope for the land which in the depth of its degradation could produce such a galaxy of genius as that which illuminated the period from Swift to Grattan. There is a brilliant future before that country which, in the darkest century of its history, could produce Swift, Sterne, and Steele in literature; Boyle and Berkley in philosophy; Parnell and Goldsmith in poetry; Francis (Junius), Burke, Flood, Grattan, Sheridan, Curran, and Plunkett in oratory; — and in our own day, the illustrious genius of O'Connell, and Moore, and the Historian of the peninsular war.

In the present volumes will be found names deserving a wider poetic reputation than they have hitherto attained. Mangan, M'Carthy, M'Gee, Ferguson, Simmons, Mrs. Wilde, and Richard Dalton Williams, are a few among the number. With few exceptions the present ballads are of recent growth, and the fruit of a comparatively few years. The great majority of them will be new to the English public; and as they become better known, it is hoped they will become still more esteemed. They are the throbbings of Ireland's heart, when it bounded with the life of a grand passion, which the magical genius of O'Connell called into existence. Till then Irish poetry was sadly neglected. The struggle for Catholic emancipation had produced little besides the immortal melodies of Thomas Moore, upon whom we principally depended to uphold the honor of our race and the poetic genius of our country. Even the old literature of the land had never been used as it might have been, for the development of a ballad minstrelsy. The treasures of our dead language were buried in oblivion, and none but a great poet could call them back to life, and clothe their new form with the vigor and raciness of the original. Such a poet arose in James Clarence Mangan; and his translations from the Irish show how much yet remains to be done for the development of the golden mine of our ancient minstrelsy.

The people after all are the great judges of poetry, and the most profound in their appreciation of its beauties. It sprung from them and belongs to them. They feel its influence, while others analyze its philosophy; and the muse is elevated or otherwise, according to the power with which it sways the people's heart, tunes the popular voice, and captivates the popular ear. It owns no other sway than the magic of the heart, and receives but its allegiance. The heart is

the grand source of poetry ; and from this throbbing throne of feeling, the muse looks down upon all nature as its dominions. Dryden strove partially to exhibit Chaucer in the costume of modern phraseology, but the simple, vigorous verse of the original is preferred to the classic grace of the elaborate imitation. We have no great sympathy with philosophic poetry. Poetry, like history, has lost its primitive simplicity, and adopted the speculative and philosophic tendency.

Addison says — “ an ordinary song or ballad, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance ; because the same paintings of nature, which recommend it to the most ordinary mind, will appear beautiful to the most refined.” How thoroughly the people of Greece must have appreciated Homer, when the *Iliad* was not transcribed for centuries after the poet's era ! And yet, the thunder of his wars is reverberating through the depths of the world's heart as loud as ever. Take philosophy and science to the cloister and the study, but poetry will always make itself felt in the home of the peasant, whose loving appreciation of the muse has snatched from the grave of time all the ancient minstrelsies of Europe. Where would be now the ballads of the Border, and the relics of our ancient Irish minstrelsy, were it not for the loving memories of the people ? And need we ask, where is the sublime simplicity of Burns more truly admired than by the Cottager's fireside ? Cellini states, that he exposed his celebrated statue of Perseus in the public square of Florence, by order of his patron, Duke Cosmo I., who declared himself perfectly satisfied with it on learning the commendations of the people.

The poet who has sung for the people has rarely yet been neglected ; and he who has been neglected by the people need sing no more. He may amuse a small class of readers who prefer the delicate touches of the artist's hand to the bounding passion of the poet's heart — the artificial flower to the simple daisy. With such persons, poetry is merely to tickle the fancy. It has no higher mission. Poetry should sway the passions and educate the affections ; and the passions and the affections, which are the groundwork of poetry, are the common heritage of all humanity. They belong to the peasant as well as to the peer ; and the poet who strikes these chords will find as true and as hearty a response in the bosom of the one as in that of the other.

The poetry of fancy will never stir the heart, nor awaken new feelings in the reader's soul.

If the appreciation of poetry depended upon a reasoning process, then would the test of popular approbation soon fall to the ground. But it requires neither the abstraction of analysis, nor the careful induction of logical investigation, to unravel the mysteries of the muse. Poetry is judged by the heart only, and its beauties are understood intuitively. And those whose feelings are the most natural are the infallible critics of its genuine and immortal inspirations.

Fletcher of Saltoun spoke truly when he said — "Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes its laws." We see in it the breathings of a people's inner life, which history cannot possibly record. It is the reflection of their wants and aspirations, and the truest history of their feelings. Even the statesman may study it with advantage, for it is the daguerreotype of the national mind. Heeren observes that the poems of Homer were the principal bond which united the Grecian states. And we have already spoken of the influence of song in the struggles of Scotland, and of Ireland. In the reign of Edward I., the Welsh bards exercised such sway over the people, stirring up in their souls the memories of independence, that continual insurrection was the result, till an edict was issued against them ordering their execution without mercy. Ritson, in his essay on national song, says that the poetic squibs of the cavaliers, during the Commonwealth, tended in no slight degree to keep alive the trampled spirit of loyalty, and ultimately contributed to the Restoration. Lord Wharton used to boast, that he rhymed King James out of his dominions by the chorus of "Lillebullero," the only thing in the shape of a song which the Revolution produced. It is stated of one of the troubadours, who was seized by robbers, that he begged of them, before taking his life, to hear one of his songs; and so disarmed were the brigands by the touching pathos of the poet, that they instantly restored him to liberty, and instead of robbing him, loaded him with presents.

And if a national minstrelsy consecrate courage and nourish patriotism, its influence in the development of poetic taste is not less remarkable. The lyrical genius of Burns was half inspired by the fine old Scottish ballads which had made the land musical from the Orkneys to the Border. Scott, speaking of the books which he had read in childhood, says — "The tree is still in my recollection beneath which

I lay, and first entered upon the charming perusal of *Percy's Reliques*." His infancy was surrounded by the traditions and legends of Sandy Knowe; and the old ballads of Scotland were as familiar to his infant tongue as the endearing expressions of his paternal grandfather, at whose house he resided. And to these old ballads may his future fame be traced as truly as his Border minstrelsy to the inspiration of *Percy's Reliques*, whose charming perusal made such a lasting impression upon his youthful mind. And the immortal "*Melodies*" of Thomas Moore have contributed, in no slight degree, to inspire the minstrelsy of the present volumes, invigorated as they are by the fire and feeling of popular passion, and flavored with the simplicity of popular expression.

How much happiness life would lose, were it deprived of the soothing influence of poetry! In childhood we are charmed by its sweet sounds; in manhood we are thrilled by its inspirations or spiritualized by its pathos; and in old age, it calls back to the memory the simplest and most beautiful pleasures of the past. We must ever regard the poets who have adorned and elevated humanity by their genius as men of superior order, as philanthropists who have added a new pleasure to life — a pleasure which purifies the heart while it gratifies the sense, and which no mere utilitarian triumphs could ever supply. If there is any book of which we never grow tired, it is a book of ballads.

What better picture of the religious and domestic life of Ireland in the seventh century, when she was "the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature," than the "*Itinerary of Prince Aldfrid*," a translation of which will be found in its proper place among the Historical Ballads of this collection? Is not our entire history, our sorrows, our struggles, and our hopes, comprised in the melodious lyrics of Thomas Moore, from the "*Landing of the Milesians*" to the chivalry of "*Brian the Brave*," and still downwards to the "*slave so lowly*" of our own day?

There is a false poetry which has fastened itself upon the world, because the world has a quick ear for evil. But vice was never intended to be the theme of poetic strains. The beautiful in all things should be the poet's only theme. The Athenians prohibited the honored names of Harmodius and Aristogiton from being ever given to slaves; those who freed their own country from the tyranny of Hippias and Hipparchus should never have their names profanely associated with slavery. Why desecrate the sacred name of poetry by

conferring it upon the daring indecencies of the profligate? Or disgrace the Muses by associating them with vice?

Moore's melodies are said to have assisted powerfully in achieving Catholic Emancipation, by creating a sympathy for the wrongs of Ireland wherever they penetrated. Let us hope that our labors may have an effect in a similar direction — that they may create a more charitable feeling towards Ireland by inducing the English public to study the history of a country which they have hitherto strangely and unaccountably neglected. If we have added a new charm to Ireland's beautiful scenery — if we have excited curiosity regarding her legends and her traditions — if we have excited sympathy for her sufferings, or charity for her shortcomings — if we have paved the way to kinder feeling between the people of both countries, or dispelled from the English mind a single prejudice against Ireland — if we have effected any of these objects, our labors have not been all in vain.

Descriptive Ballads.

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.*

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

A PLENTIOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear;
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths, in summer, are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringletted, and plaited to the knee,
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish sea;
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground;
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound;
The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

1834.

* After the first and second lines of each verse in this ballad, an Irish refrain occurs of *Uileacan dubh, O!* which literally means, *a black-haired head of a round shape or form*. It was used as a term of endearment by the early Irish poets.

THE GREEN ISLE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

FAIREST ! put on a while
 These pinions of light I bring thee,
 And o'er thy own green isle
 In fancy let me wing thee.
 Never did Ariel's plume
 At golden sunset hover
 O'er scenes so full of bloom,
 As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
 And fearlessly meets the ardor
 Of the warm Summer's gaze,
 With only her tears to guard her.
 Rocks, through myrtle boughs
 In grace majestic frowning,
 Like some bold warrior's brows
 That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
 That never hath bird come nigh them,
 But from his course through air
 He hath been won down by them.*
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From Heaven, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,†
 And caves where the gem is sleeping,
 Bright as the tears thy lid
 Lets fall in lonely weeping.
 Glens,‡ where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancor,
 And harbors, worthiest homes,
 Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,

* In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth), Dr. Keating says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

† "Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears: and this we find confirmed by a present made, A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."

— O'Halloran.

‡ Glengarriff.

Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 O, let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious —
 Thinking how man hath curst
 What Heaven had made so glorious!

TIPPERARY.

WERE you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so sunny
 and green,
 And the heath-brown Slieve-bloom and the Galties look down with
 so proud a mien?
 'Tis there you would see more beauty than is on all Irish ground —
 God bless you, my sweet Tipperary, for where could your match be
 found?

They say that your hand is fearful, that darkness is in your eye:
 But I'll not let them dare to talk so black and bitter a lie.
 O! no, *macushla storin!* bright, bright, and warm are you,
 With hearts as bold as the men of old, to yourselves and your coun-
 try true.

And when there is gloom upon you, bid them think who has brought
 it there —
 Sure a frown or a word of hatred was not made for your face so fair;
 You've a hand for the grasp of friendship — another to make them
 quake,
 And they're welcome to whichever it pleases them most to take.

Shall our homes, like the huts of Connaught, be crumbled before our
 eyes?
 Shall we fly, like a flock of wild geese, from all that we love and
 prize?
 No! by those who were here before us, no churl shall our tyrant be;
 Our land it is theirs by plunder, but, by Brigid, ourselves are free.

No! we do not forget the greatness did once to sweet Eriè belong;
 No treason or craven spirit was ever our race among;
 And no frown or no word of hatred we give — but to pay them back;
 In evil we only follow our enemies' darksome track.

O! come for a while among us, and give us the friendly hand;
 And you'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and gladsome land;
 From Upper to Lower Ormond, bright welcomes and smiles will spring;
 On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king.

FIONULA.

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

Author of "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics," and Professor of Poetry in the Catholic University of Ireland.

THE pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys of our land;
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time!

Beside these gray old pillars, how perishing and weak
The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires!
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires!

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,
And the proud halls of the mighty and the calm homes of the just;
For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,
Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower!

But the grass grows again when in majesty and mirth,
On the wing of the spring comes the Goddess of the Earth;
But for man in this world no spring-tide e'er returns
To the labors of his hands or the ashes of his urns!

Two favorites hath Time — the pyramids of Nile,
And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle;
As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,
Thus Time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West!

The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb;
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast —
These temples of forgotten Gods — these relics of the past!

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane —
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain —
Phœnician and Melesian, and the plundering Norman Peers —
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of later years!

How many different rites have these gray old temples known!
To the mind what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone!
What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth,
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth?

Here blazed the sacred fire, and, when the sun was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveller it shone;

And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old temples
drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid and the matin of the Monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine,
And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than the East,
And the crosier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the Priest !

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell, —
Where the fugitive found shelter, became the hermit's cell ;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood !

There may it stand forever, while this symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart ;
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past !

THE OLD CASTLE.

THERE is an old Castle hangs o'er the sea —
'Tis living through ages, all wrecked though it be ;
There's a soul in the ruin that never shall die,
And the ivy clings round it as fondly as I.
O ! proud as the waves of that river pass on,
Their tribute they bear to that Castle so lone,
And the sun lights its gray head with beams from the sky,
For he loves the dear ruin as fondly as I.

Right grand is the freedom which dwells on the spot,
For the hand of the stranger can fetter it not ;
The strength of that Castle its day-spring has told,
But the soul of the ruin looks out as of old ;
And the river — the river no tyrant could tame —
Sweeps boldly along without terror or shame ;
Yet she bends by that Castle so stately and high,
And sings her own love-song as gladly as I.

How weird on those waters the shadows must seem,
When the moonlight falls o'er them as still as a dream,
And the star-beams awake, at the close of the day,
To gaze on a river eternal as they !
How the ghosts of dead ages must glide through the gloom,
And the forms of the mighty arise from the tomb,
And the dream of the past through the wailing winds moan,
For they twine round the ruin as if 'twere their own.

There is an old Castle hangs over the sea,
 And ages of glory yet, yet shall it see,
 And 'twill smile to the river, and smile to the sky,
 And smile to the free land when long years go by ;
 And children will listen, with rapturous face,
 To the names and the legends that hallow the place,
 When some minstrel of Erin, in wandering nigh,
 Shall sing that dear Castle more grandly than I. MARY.

THE HOLY WELLS.

BY JOHN FRASER.

[John Fraser, more generally known by his *nom de plume*, "J. De Jean," was born near Birr, in the King's County, on the banks of the river Brosna, and died in Dublin in 1849, about 40 years of age. He was an artisan — a cabinet-maker ; a steady and unassuming workman, — enjoying the respect of his fellow-workmen, and the friendship of those to whom he was known by his literary and poetic talents. He possessed much mental power, — and had his means permitted him to cultivate and refine his poetic mind he would have occupied a higher position as a poet than is now allotted him. As it is, he has clothed noble thoughts in terse and harmonious language ; in his descriptive ballads he depicts, in vivid colors, the scenery of his native district, — with all the natural fondness of one describing scenes hallowed by memories of childhood and maturer years.]

THE holy wells — the living wells — the cool, the fresh, the pure —
 A thousand ages rolled away, and still those founts endure,
 As full and sparkling as they flowed, ere slave or tyrant trod
 The emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen by God !
 And while their stainless chastity and lasting life have birth,
 Amid the oozy cells and caves of gross, material earth,
 The scripture of creation holds no fairer type than they —
 That an immortal spirit can be linked with human clay !

How sweet, of old, the bubbling gush — no less to antlered race,
 Than to the hunter, and the hound, that smote them in the chase !
 In forest depths the water-fount beguiled the Druid's love,
 From that celestial fount of fire which warmed from worlds above ;
 Inspired apostles took it for a centre to the ring,
 When sprinkling round baptismal life — salvation — from the
 spring ;
 And in the sylvan solitude, or lonely mountain cave,
 Beside it passed the hermit's life, as stainless as its wave.

The cottage hearth, the convent wall, the battlemented tower,
 Grew up around the crystal springs, as well as flag and flower ;
 The brooklime and the water-cress were evidence of health,
 Abiding in those basins, free to poverty and wealth :
 The city sent pale sufferers there the faded brow to dip,
 And woo the water to depose some bloom upon the lip ;

The wounded warrior dragged him towards the unforgotten tide,
And deemed the draught a heavenlier gift than triumph to his side.

The stag, the hunter, and the hound, the Druid and the saint,
And anchorite are gone, and even the lineaments grown faint,
Of those old ruins, into which, for monuments, had sunk
The glorious homes that held, like shrines, the monarch and the
monk;

So far into the heights of God the mind of man has ranged,
It learned a lore to change the earth — its very self it changed
To some more bright intelligence; yet still the springs endure,
The same fresh fountains, but become more precious to the poor!

For knowledge has abused its powers, an empire to erect
For tyrants, on the rights the poor had given them to protect;
Till now the simple elements of nature are their *all*,
That from the cabin is not filched, and lavished in the hall —
And while night, noon, or morning meal no other plenty brings,
No beverage than the water-draught from old, spontaneous springs,
They, sure, may deem them holy wells, that yield, from day to day,
One blessing which no tyrant hand can taint, or take away.

From Hayes' Ballad Poetry of Ireland.

GOUGAUNE BARRA.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

[Jeremiah Joseph Callanan was born in Cork in 1795. He was educated for the priesthood, but the delicate state of his health, and the restless spirit, which afterwards became the bane of his existence, and which frequently led him to abandon real good for some vain and shadowy prospect, impelled him, after a residence of two years, to quit Maynooth, and to relinquish all his future prospects in the clerical profession. In 1820 he entered Trinity College as an out-pensioner, with the intention of studying for the bar; but, like his previous choice, he renounced this also after a two years' trial. In 1823 he became an assistant in the school of Dr. Maginn in Cork, where he remained only a few months, — but through Maginn's introduction he became a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine."

During these six years, and up to 1829, he spent his time in rambling through the county, collecting the old Irish ballads and legends, and in giving them a new dress in a new tongue. Early in 1829 he became a tutor in the family of an Irish gentleman in Lisbon, and on the 19th of September of the same year, he died there, in the 34th year of his age.

His "*Recluse of Inchidony*," in the Spenserian metre, is his longest poem, — but his verses on "*Gougane Barra*" have attained the widest popularity in the south of Ireland.

The Lake of Gougane Barra, *i. e.* the hollow, or recess of Saint Finn Barr, in the rugged territory of Ibh-Laoghaire. (the O'Learys' country,) in the west end of the county of Cork, is the parent of the river Lee. Its waters embrace a small but verdant island, of about half-an-acre in extent, which approaches its eastern shore. The lake, as its name implies, is situate in a deep hollow, surrounded on every side, (save the east, where its superabundant waters are discharged,) by vast and almost perpendicular mountains, whose dark inverted shadows are gloomily

reflected in its still waters beneath. The names of those mountains are *Dereen*, (the little oak wood,) where not a tree now remains; *Maolagh*, which signifies a country—a region—a map, perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; *Nad an uillar*, the eagle's nest, and *Fuioille na Gougane*, i. e. the cliffs of Gougane, with its steep and frowning precipices, the home of a hundred echoes.]

THERE is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—O, to see them all brightening,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from the hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming,
O, where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a Minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather,
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water!

High sons of the lyre, O, how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier Minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains;
And gleaned each gray legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley;
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I too shall be gone ; — but my name shall be spoken
 When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;
 Some Minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
 When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
 And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where calm Avon-Buce seeks the kisses of ocean,
 Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
 O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever.

MY OWN SWEET LEE.

My own dear native river, how fondly dost thou flow,
 By many a fair and sunny scene where I can never go,
 Thy waves are free to wander, and quickly on they wind,
 Till thou hast left the crowded streets and city far behind ;
 Beyond I may not follow ; thy haunts are not for me ;
 Yet I love to think on the pleasant track of "my own sweet river"
 Lee !

The spring-tide now is breathing — when thy waters glance along,
 Full many a bird salutes thee with bright and cheering song ;
 Full many a sunbeam falleth upon thy bosom fair,
 And every nook thou seekest hath welcome smiling there.
 Glide on, thou blessed river ! nor pause to think of me,
 Who only in my longing heart can tread that track with thee !

Yet, when thy waters wander, where, haughty in decay,
 Some grand old Irish castle looks frowning on thy way ;
 O ! speak aloud, bold river ! how I have wept with pride
 To read of those past ages, ere all our glory died,
 And wish for one short moment I had been there to see
 Such relic of the by-gone day upon thy banks, fair Lee !

And if, in roving onward, thy gladsome waters bound
 Where cottage homes are smiling, and children's voices sound ;
 O ! think how sweet and tranquil, beneath the loving sky,
 Rejoicing in some country home, my life had glided by,
 And grieve one little minute that I can never be
 A happy, happy cottager upon thy banks, fair Lee !

Now, fare thee well, glad river ! peace smile upon thy way,
 And still may sunbeams brighten, where thy wild ripples play !
 Oft in that weary city these blue waves leave behind
 I'll think upon the pleasant paths where thy smooth waters wind ;
 O, but for one long summer day, to wander on with thee,
 And rove where'er thou lovest, my own sweet river Lee !

MARY.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

BY REV. FRANCIS MAHONY, AUTHOR OF "THE PROUT PAPERS."

[The author was born in Cork about the year 1890. He was one of the ablest contributors to *Frazer's Magazine* in its best days, about 20 years ago, when it was edited by his townsman, the late Dr. Maginn. Some of the articles which he then contributed have been since collected and published under the title of "*Father Prout's Reliques*," in two volumes. Mr. Mahony is a priest of the Catholic Church, but has for many years ceased to perform any clerical functions. He has been a long time connected with the London press, and is at present, we believe, editor of the *Globe*.

"There is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our own parish steeple; and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning, after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier, countries." — *Prout's Reliques*.]

WITH deep affection and recollection
 I often think of those Shandon bells,
 Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music spoke nought like thine:
 For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon,
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole" in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of *Nôtre Dame*:
 But thy sounds were sweeter, than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 O! the bells of Shandon,
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko
 In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air, calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summit of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom, I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,*
 That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

GLASHEN-GLORA.†

'Tis sweet in midnight solitude,
When the voice of man lies hush'd, subdued,
To hear thy mountain voice so rude,
 Break silence, Glashen-glora!

I love to see thy foaming stream
Dash'd sparkling in the bright moonbeam;
For then of happier days I dream,
 Spent near thee — Glashen-glora!

I see the holly and the yew
Still shading thee, as then they grew;
But there's a form meets not my view,
 As once, near Glashen-glora.

Thou gayly, brightly, sparklest on,
Wreathing thy dimples round each stone;
But the bright eye that on thee shone
 Lies quench'd, wild Glashen-glora!

Still rush thee on, thou brawling brook;
Though on broad rivers I may look
In other lands, thy lonesome nook —
 I'll think on Glashen-glora!

When I am low, laid in the grave,
Thou still wilt sparkle, dash and rave
Seaward, till thou becom'st a wave
 Of ocean, Glashen-glora!

* The church and spire of Shandon, built on the ruins of Old Shandon Castle, are prominent objects from whatever side the traveller approaches the city of Cork. There exists a pathetic ballad, composed by some exile when "eastward darkly going," in which he begins his adieu to the sweet spot thus: "Farewell to thee, Cork, and thy sugar-loaf steeple," &c., &c. But as nothing is done in Ireland in the ordinary routine of sublunary things, this belfry is built on a novel and rather droll principle of architecture, viz., one side is all of gray stone and the other all red, — like the Prussian soldier's uniform trousers, one leg blue, the other green.

† A mountain-torrent, which finds its way into the Atlantic Ocean through Glengariff, in the west of the county Cork. The name, literally translated, signifies "the noisy green water."

DESCRIPTIVE BALLADS.

Thy course and mine alike have been
 Both restless, rocky, seldom green —
 There rolls for me, beyond this scene,
 An ocean, Glashen-glora !

And when my span of life's gone by,
 O ! if past spirits back can fly,
 I'll often ride the night-wind's sigh,
 That's breathed o'er Glashen-glora !

1824.

GLANDORE.

BY THE REV. DR. MURRAY, AUTHOR OF THE IRISH ANNUAL
 MISCELLANY.

THOUGH I have forsaken long
 Fairy land of tuneful song,
 Though my lips forget to tell
 Thoughts they once could utter well,
 How can I, with heart and tongue,
 See unloved, or love unsung,
 Scenes like those that rise before
 The enchanted eye in sweet Glandore ?

Though a high and holy call
 Claims my soul and senses all,
 Saints might sing a type like this
 Of their own bright realms of bliss ;
 Man may tell in strains of love,
 O ! how fair the world above,
 When such beauty beameth o'er
 The heaven below of sweet Glandore !

Cloudless sky and sparkling sea,
 Cliff and shore and forest tree,
 Glen and stream and mountain blue
 Burst at once upon the view ;
 The gay, the beautiful, the grand,
 Blending over wave and land,
 Till the eye can ask no more
 Than it hath in sweet Glandore.

But the sunshine on the sea,
 And the emerald of the lea,
 And the ever-smiling skies
 Charm not heart, or soul, or eyes,
 Like the grasp of friendship's hand,
 Like the welcome warm and bland,

As the sunlight gleaming o'er
The happy homes of sweet Glandore.

For the loveliest scenes that e'er
Smiled of heaven the image fair,
Like the beautiful in death,
Have nor soul, nor voice, nor breath ;
O ! 'tis but the kindly heart
Can to them true life impart.
Tree and flower, and sea and shore,
Thus live and breathe in sweet Glandore.

Time may chill and bow and bind
Glowing heart and chainless mind ;
They droop — the flowers of fancy, youth,
Round the ripening fruits of truth ;
Yet I feel, while here I stray,
Dawn again youth's sunny day ;
Fancy, with her radiant store,
Comes again in sweet Glandore.

Lovely region of Glandore !
Friends beloved for evermore !
'Mid the tranquil bliss I feel
One sad thought begins to steal —
Soon must come the parting day,
And my steps no more will stray,
And my voice be heard no more
Among the scenes of sweet Glandore !

1843.

THE BOATMEN OF KERRY.

ABOVE the dark waters the sea-gulls* are screaming ;
Their wings in the sunlight are glancing and gleaming ;
With keen eyes they're watching the herrings in motion,
As onward they come from the wild restless ocean.
Now, praise be to God for the hope that shines o'er us,
This season at least will cast plenty before us.
When safely returning, with our hookers well laden,
How gayly will sound the clear laugh of each maiden.
O ! light as young fawns will they run down to meet us
With accents of love on the sea-shore to greet us ;

* The fishermen of Tralee bay regard the appearance of sea-gulls in unusual numbers hovering over the water as a certain token of the approach of herring shoals — hence, at the commencement of the season, a frequent question among the boatmen is, "Did you see any signs to-day?"

While merrily over the waters we're gliding,
 Each wave as it rolls with our boat-stems dividing ;
 Till high on the beach ev'ry black boat is stranded —
 Her stout crew in health and in safety all landed,
 Near cabins, though humble, from whence they can borrow
 Content for the day and new hope for the morrow.

The loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
 For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry !
 To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
 My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

The rich man from feasting may seek his soft pillow —
 The plank is our bed, and our home is the billow ;
 Our sails may be rent, and our rigging be riven,
 Yet know we no fear, for our trust is in Heaven.
 To waves at the base of dark Brandon's steep highlands,
 To sand-bank and rock, near the green Samphire islands,
 The nets that we cast in the night are no strangers —
 The nets that we tend in all trials and dangers.
 From north, east, or west, though the wild winds be blowing,
 Though waves be all madly or placidly flowing —
 Those nets get us food when our children are crying,
 Those nets give us joy when all sadly we're sighing ;
 When signs in the bay lie around us and near us,
 With thoughts about home to inspire us and cheer us —
 When falls over earth the gray shade of the even,
 When gleams the first * star in the wide vault of Heaven,
 Through gloom and through danger each bold boatman urges,
 With sail or with oar, his frail boat through the surges.

O, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
 For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry !
 To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
 My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

Though wealth is not ours, though our fortunes are lowly,
 Our hearts are at rest, for our thoughts are all holy :
 O ! who would deny it that saw, in fair weather,
 Our black boats assembled at anchor together —
 Their crews all on board them, prepared, with devotion,
 To list to the Mass † we get read on the ocean ?
 O ! there is the faith that of heaven is surest —
 O ! there is religion the highest and purest —
 O ! could you but view them, with eyes upward roving
 To God ever living — to God ever loving ;

* Until the first star appears, fishermen in Kerry never set their herring-nets.

† The fishermen get a Mass said once a-year on the bay, not with the idea (as it is sometimes said) "of bringing fish into the bay," but with a spirit of religion that dreads to commence any undertaking until the blessing of God has been invoked upon it.

The deep wave beneath them, the blue Heaven o'er them,
 The tall cliffs around them, the altar before them,
 You'd say "'tis a sight to remember with pleasure —
 A sight that a poet would gloat o'er and treasure.
 O ! ne'er shall my soul lose the lesson they've taught her —
 Those fishermen poor, with their Mass on the water."
 O, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
 Religious and pure are the Boatmen of Kerry !
 To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
 My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

HEREMON.

LAMENT FOR TIMOLEAGUE.*

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

LONE and weary as I wandered by the bleak shore of the sea,
 Meditating and reflecting on the world's hard destiny,
 Forth the moon and stars 'gan glimmer, in the quiet tide beneath,
 For on slumbering spring and blossom breath'd not out of heaven
 a breath.

On I went in sad dejection, careless where my footsteps bore,
 Till a ruined church before me opened wide its ancient door, —
 Till I stood before the portals, where of old were wont to be,
 For the blind, the halt, and leper, alms and hospitality.

Still the ancient seat was standing, built against the buttress gray,
 Where the clergy used to welcome weary trav'lers on their way ;
 There I sat me down in sadness, 'neath my cheek I placed my hand,
 Till the tears fell hot and briny down upon the grassy land.

There, I said in woful sorrow, weeping bitterly the while,
 Was a time when joy and gladness reigned within this ruined
 pile ; —

Was a time when bells were tinkling, clergy preaching peace abroad,
 Psalms a singing, music ringing praises to the mighty God.

Empty aisle, deserted chancel, tower tottering to your fall,
 Many a storm since then has beaten on the gray head of your wall !
 Many a bitter storm and tempest has your roof-tree turned away,
 Since you first were formed a temple to the Lord of night and day.

Holy house of ivied gables, that were once the country's boast,
 Houseless now in weary wandering are you scattered, saintly host ;

* Teach Molaga — "The House of St. Molago" — now called Timoleague, in Munster.

Lone you are to-day, and dismal, — joyful psalms no more are
heard,

Where, within your choir, her vesper screeches the cat-headed bird.

Ivy from your eaves is growing, nettles round your green hearth-
stone,

Foxes howl where, in your corners, dropping waters make their
moan ;

Where the lark to early matins used your clergy forth to call,
There, alas ! no tongue is stirring, save the daws upon the wall.

Refectory cold and empty, dormitory bleak and bare,

Where are now your pious uses, simple bed and frugal fare ?

Gone your abbot, rule and order, broken down your altar stones ;

Nought I see beneath your shelter, save a heap of clayey bones.

O ! the hardship — O ! the hatred, tyranny, and cruel war,

Persecution and oppression that have left you as you are !

I myself once also prospered ; — mine is, too, an altered plight ;

Trouble, care, and age have left me good for nought but grief
to-night.

Gone, my motion and my vigor, — gone, the use of eye and ear ;

At my feet lie friends and children, powerless and corrupting here ;

Woe is written on my visage, in a nut my heart would lie —

Death's deliverance were welcome — Father, let the old man die.

From Ballad Poetry of Ireland, &c.

DUHALLOW.

FROM THE IRISH, BY J. C. MANGAN.

FAR away from my friends,

On the chill hills of Galway,

My heart droops and bends,

And my spirit pines away —

'Tis as not when I roved

With the wild rakes of Mallow —

All is here unbeloved,

And I sign for Duhallow.

My sweetheart was cold,

Or in sooth I'd have wept her —

Ah ! that love should grow old

And decline from his sceptre !

While the heart's feelings yet
Seem so tender and callow !
But I deeper regret
My lost home in Duhallow !

My steed is no more,
And my hounds roam unyelling ;
Grass waves at the door
Of my dark-windowed dwelling.
Through sunshine and storm
Corrach's acres lie fallow ;
Would Heaven I were warm
Once again in Duhallow !

In the blackness of night,
In the depth of disaster,
My heart were more light
Could I call myself master
Of Corrach once more
Than if here I might wallow
In gold thick as gore
Far away from Duhallow !

I lov'd Italy's show
In the years of my greenness,
Till I saw the deep woe,
The debasement, the meanness,
That rot that bright land !
I have since grown less shallow,
And would now rather stand
In a bog in Duhallow !

This place I'm in here,
On the gray hills of Galway,
I like for its cheer
Well enough in a small way ;
But the men are all short,
And the women all sallow ;
Give M'Quillan his quart
Of brown ale in Duhallow.

My sporting days o'er,
And my love days gone after,
Not earth could restore
Me my old life and laughter.
Burns now my breast's flame
Like a dim wick of tallow,
Yet I love thee the same
As at twenty, Duhallow !

But my hopes, like my rhymes,
 Are consumed and expended ;
 What's the use of old times
 When *our* time is now ended ?
 Drop the talk ! "Death will come
 For the debt that we all owe,
 And the grave is a home
 Quite as old as Duhallow !

LOCH INA.

A BEAUTIFUL SALT-WATER LAKE IN THE COUNTY OF CORK,
 NEAR BALTIMORE.

I KNOW a lake where the cool waves break,
 And softly fall on the silver sand —
 And no steps intrude on that solitude,
 And no voice, save mine, disturbs the strand.

And a mountain bold, like a giant of old
 Turned to stone by some magic spell,
 Uprears in might his misty height,
 And his craggy sides are wooded well.

In the midst doth smile a little Isle,
 And its verdure shames the emerald's green —
 On its grassy side, in ruined pride,
 A castle of old is darkling seen.

On its lofty crest the wild cranes nest,
 In its halls the sheep good shelter find ;
 And the ivy shades where a hundred blades
 Were hung, when the owners in sleep reclined.

That chieftain of old could he now behold
 His lordly tower a shepherd's pen,
 His corpse, long dead, from its narrow bed
 Would rise with anger and shame again.

'Tis sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays
 Are cooling themselves in the trembling wave —
 But 'tis sweeter far when the evening star
 Shines like a smile at Friendship's grave.

There the hollow shells through their wreathed cells
 Make music on the silent shore,

As the summer breeze, through the distant trees,
Murmurs in fragrant breathings o'er.

And the sea weed shines, like the hidden mines,
Or the fairy cities beneath the sea;
And the wave-washed stones are bright as the thrones
Of the ancient Kings of Araby.

If it were my lot in that fairy spot
To live forever, and dream 'twere mine,
Courts might woo, and kings pursue,
Ere I would leave thee — loved Loch-Ine.

FUNCHEON WOODS.

BY B. SIMMONS.

[Mr. Simmons was born in Kilworth, in county Cork, the scenery of which he has described with such pleasing fidelity. He obtained a situation in the Excise Office in London, which he held till his death. He died on 21st July, 1850, in Acton Street, Gray's Inn Road, and was buried in Highgate cemetery on the Sunday following. For many years he was a frequent contributor of lyrical poems to the *Magazines and Annuals*. *Blackwood*, whose pages he enriched by some of his finest productions, thus speaks of him : — "Simmons, on the theme of Napoleon, excels all our great poets. Byron's lines on that subject are bad; Scott's, poor; Wordsworth's, weak; Lockhart and Simmons may be bracketed as equal; theirs are good, rich, strong." His early death closed the career of one of Ireland's most promising young poets.

The river Funcheon rises among the remote fastnesses of the Galties, a range of lofty mountains, which run along the confines of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary. Its source is in a bog in Tipperary, about a mile to the south of these elevated hills; it soon enters the county Cork, through which it takes a winding course of about twenty-five miles, through an interesting country, full of monastic and feudal remains, — and flows into the Blackwater, about two miles east of Fermoy. In its course it passes Kilworth, the birthplace of the poet, enters the demesne of the Earl of Mountcashel, and flows past a natural grotto called by the peasants *Thiag-na-Filea*, or Teague the Bard, from a wandering minstrel of that name having traditionally made the cave his dwelling, in those days "when godless persecution reigned."]

DARK woods of Funcheon ! treading far
The rugged paths of duty —
Though lost to me the vesper star
Now trembling o'er your beauty,
Still vividly I see your glades,
The deep and emerald-hearted,
As when from their luxuriant shades
My lingering steps departed.

That wild autumnal morning ! — well
Can haunted Thought remember
How came in gusts o'er Corrin-fell
The roar of dark September,

When I through that same woodland path
 To endless exile hasted,
 Where many an hour my lavish youth
 The gold of evening wasted.

O, for *one* day of *that* glad time !
 — Say, reckless heart, how is it
 There's still so many a cliff to climb,
 And well-known nook to visit ? —
 The Filea's spring is gurgling near ;
 And may I not, delaying,
 One moment watch the glittering sand
 Beneath its crystal playing ?

No ! — “ Onward ! ” cried the mighty breeze,
 “ From all thy heart rejoices ! ”
 And loud my childhood's ancient trees
 Then lifted up their voices,
 As though they felt and mourned the loss
 (With heads bowed down and hoary)
 Of him who, seated at their feet,
 First sang their summer glory.

Too like the fair beloved group
 From whose embrace I wended,
 In vain the pine trees' shapely troop
 Their graceful arms extended ;
 And vainly fast as sisters' tears
 The pallid Birch was weeping —
 While woke, like cousins' sad blue eyes,
 The winkle's flower from sleeping.

Farewell — I thought — ye only friends
 The heart can trust in leaving,
 Untroubled by the primal curse,
 The dread of your deceiving.
 I shall not see at least *your* fall,
 And so — when wronged and wounded —
 Still feel secure of peace at last,
 By you, old friends ! surrounded.

And since in nature's scenes, the grand
 Or beautiful or tender,
 He who invests them with a light
 That sanctifies their splendor,
 Finding no one abiding-place ;
 Be his the deep reliance
 That he for holier worlds received
 The bard's immortal science.

Green Funcheon-side ! your sounding woods
 Heaved wide as tossing ocean
 When my last glance that autumn morn
 Turned from their billowy motion —
 Turned where the willow's tresses streamed
 Above the river stooping,
 Dark as your own bright LADY's hair
 Magnificently drooping.

Ah, in that wild tumultuous hour
 When heaven with earth seemed warring,
 And swept the tempest's demon-power,
 The landscape's lustre marring,
 One gentle spirit, (haply then
 Of Funcheon's beauty thinking)
 A fading GIRL — like a tired child
 On Death's calm breast was sinking.

They've made her grave far, far from all
 The haunts she prized so dearly ;
 O, place no marble o'er its turf,
 For there shall flourish yearly,
 Such flowers as in her Bible's leaves
 She loved to fold and cherish —
 Pansies and early primroses
 That, as they blossom, perish.

Rave on, loud Winds, from tranquil rest
 Ye never more shall stir her ;
 And ye, fair Woods, now vanishing
 From memory's darkened mirror,
 Farewell ; what meeter time for thought,
 The lost and loved recalling,
 Than in this solemn evening hour
 When autumn-leaves are falling ?

October, 1841.

THE MOUNTAIN FERN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MONKS OF KILCREA."

O, THE Fern ! the Fern ! — the Irish hill Fern ! —
 That girds our blue lakes from Lough Ine* to Lough Erne,
 That waves on our crags, like the plume of a king,
 And bends, like a nun, over clear well and spring !

* Lough Ine, a singularly romantic lake in the western mountains of Cork ; or Lough Erne, I hope it is unnecessary to speak.

The fairy's tall palm tree ! the heath bird's fresh nest,
 And the couch the red deer deems the sweetest and best,
 With the free winds to fan it, and dew drops to gem, —
 O, what can ye match with its beautiful stem ?
 From the shrine of Saint Finbar, by lone Avonbuie,
 To the halls of Dunluce, with its towers by the sea,
 From the hill of Knockthu to the rath of Moyvore,
 Like a chaplet it circles our green island o'er, —
 In the bawn of the chief, by the anchorite's cell,
 On the hill top, or greenwood, by streamlet or well,
 With a spell on each leaf, which no mortal can learn * —
 O, there never was plant like the Irish hill Fern !

O, the Fern ! the Fern ! — the Irish hill Fern ! —
 That shelters the weary, or wild roe, or kern.†
 Through the glens of Kilcoe rose a shout on the gale;
 As the Saxons rushed forth, in their wrath, from the Pale,‡
 With bandog and bloodhound, all savage to see,
 To hunt thro' Clunealla the wild Rapparee ! §
 Hark ! a cry from yon dell on the startled ear rings,
 And forth from the wood the young fugitive springs,
 Through the copse, o'er the bog, and, O, saints be his guide !
 His fleet step now falters — there's blood on his side —
 Yet onward he strains, climbs the cliff, fords the stream,
 And sinks on the hill top, 'mid bracken leaves green,
 And thick o'er his brow are their fresh clusters piled,
 And they cover his form, as a mother her child ;
 And the Saxon is baffled ! — they never discern
 Where it shelters and saves him — the Irish hill Fern !

O, the Fern ! the Fern ! — the Irish hill Fern ! —
 That pours a wild keen o'er the hero's gray cairn ;
 Go, hear it at midnight, when stars are all out,
 And the wind o'er the hill side is moaning about,
 With a rustle and stir, and a low wailing tone
 That thrills thro' the heart with its whispering lone,
 And ponder its meaning, when haply you stray
 Where the halls of the stranger in ruin decay.
 With night owls for warders, the goshawk for guest,
 And their dais || of honor by cattle-hoofs prest —

* The fortunate discoverer of the fern seed is supposed to obtain the power of rendering himself invisible at pleasure.

† *Kern*, an Irish footman, or foot soldier.

‡ *Pale*, that portion of Ireland first colonized by the English, — embracing five counties in the provinces of Ulster and Leinster. Beyond the precincts of the Pale, English law was not recognized till the reign of James I.

§ *Rapparees*, men who were gradually driven by the English army and English law to the mountains and fastnesses, and who lived principally upon the spoil taken from the people in the English interest. *Rapery* was a kind of half-pike which was carried by these men, and hence Rapparee.

|| The dais was an elevated portion of the great hall or dining-room, set apart in

With its fosse choked with rushes, and spider-webs flung,
 Over walls where the marchmen their red weapons hung,
 With a curse on their name, and a sigh for the hour
 That tarries so long — look ! what waves on the tower ?
 With an omen and sign, and an augury stern,
 'Tis the *Green Flag* of Time ! — 'tis the Irish hill Fern !

THE VALE OF SHANGA'NAH.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

[By the "Vale of Shanganah," I understand the entire of that beautiful panorama which stretches out from the foot of Killiney Hill to Bray Head, and from the White Strand to the Sugar Loaf Mountains. These picturesque hills were called in Irish "The Golden Spears." *Ben Heder* is the original name of the Hill of Howth.]

WHEN I have knelt in the Temple of Duty,
 Worshipping honor and valor and beauty —
 When, like a brave man, in fearless resistance,
 I have fought the good fight on the field of existence ;
 When a home I have won in the conflict of labor,
 With truth for my armor and thought for my sabre,
 Be that home a calm home where my old age may rally,
 A home full of peace in this sweet pleasant valley.
 Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 May the accents of love, like the droppings of manna,
 Fall sweet on my heart in the Vale of Shanganah !

Fair is this isle — this dear child of the ocean —
 Nurtured with more than a mother's devotion ;
 For see ! in what rich robes has Nature arrayed her,
 From the waves of the west to the cliffs of Ben Heder,
 By Glengariff's lone islets — Loch Lene's * fairy water,
 So lovely was each, that then matchless I thought her ;
 But I feel, as I stray through each sweet-scented alley,
 Less wild but more fair is this soft verdant valley !
 Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 No wide-spreading prairie — no Indian savanna,
 So dear to the eye as the Vale of Shanganah !

How pleased, how delighted, the rapt eye reposes
 On the picture of beauty this valley discloses,

feudal times for those of gentle blood, and was, in consequence, regarded with peculiar feelings of veneration and respect.

* Loch Lene — The Lakes of Killarney.

From that margin of silver, whereon the blue water
 Doth glance like the eyes of the ocean foam's daughter !
 To where, with the red clouds of morning combining,
 The tall " Golden Spears " o'er the mountains are shining,
 With the hue of their heather, as sunlight advances,
 Like purple flags furled round the staffs of the lances !

Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 No lands far away by the calm Susquehannah,
 So tranquil and fair as the Vale of Shanganah !

But here, even here, the lone heart were benighted,
 No beauty could reach it, if love did not light it ;
 'Tis this makes the Earth, O ! what mortal can doubt it ?
 A garden with it — but a desert without it !
 With the lov'd one, whose feelings instinctively teach her,
 That goodness of heart makes the beauty of feature,
 How glad, through this vale, would I float down life's river,
 Enjoying God's bounty, and blessing the Giver !

Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !
 May the accents of love, like the droppings of manna,
 Fall sweet on my heart in the Vale of Shanganah !

THE RETURNED EXILE.

BY B. SIMMONS.

BLUE Corrin ! * how softly the evening light goes,
 Fading far o'er thy summit from ruby to rose,
 As if loath to deprive the deep woodlands below
 Of the love and the glory they drink in its glow :
 O, home-looking Hill ! how beloved dost thou rise
 Once more to my sight through the shadowy skies,
 Watching still, in thy sheltering grandeur unfurled,
 The landscape to me that so long was the world.
 Fair evening — blest evening ! one moment delay
 Till the tears of the Pilgrim are dried in thy ray —
 Till he feels that through years of long absence, not one
 Of his friends — the lone rock and gray ruin — is gone.

Not one : — as I wind the sheer fastnesses through,
 The valley of boyhood is bright in my view !

* The picturesque mountain of Corrin, (properly Cairn-thierna, *i. e.* the Thane or Lord's cairn.) is the termination of a long range of hills which encloses the valley of the Blackwater and Funcheon (the Avonduff and Faushin of Spencer,) in the county of Cork, and forms a striking feature of scenery, remarkable for pastoral beauty and romance.

Once again my glad spirit its fetterless flight
 May wing through a sphere of unclouded delight,
 O'er one maze of broad orchard, green meadow, and slope —
 From whose tints I once pictured the pinions of hope;
 Still the hamlet gleams white — still the church yews are weep-
 ing,

Where the sleep of the peaceful my fathers are sleeping;
 The vane tells, as erewhile, its fib from the mill,
 But the wheel tumbles loudly and merrily still,
 And the tower of the Roches stands lonely as ever,
 With its grim shadow rusting the gold of the river.

My own pleasant River, bloom-skirted, behold,
 Now sleeping in shade, now refulgently rolled,
 Where long through the landscape it tranquilly flows,
 Scarcely breaking, Glen-coorah, thy glorious repose!
 By the Park's lovely pathways it lingers and shines,
 Where the cushat's low call, and the murmur of pines,
 And the lips of the lily seem wooing its stay
 'Mid their odorous dells; but 'tis off and away,
 Rushing out through the clustering oaks, in whose shade,
 Like a bird in the branches, an arbor I made,
 Where the blue eyes of Eve often closed o'er the book,
 While I read of stout Sindbad, or voyaged with Cook.

Wild haunt of the Harper! * I stand by thy spring,
 Whose waters of silver still sparkle and fling
 Their wealth at my feet, — and I catch the deep glow,
 As in long-vanish'd hours, of the lilacs that blow
 By the low cottage-porch — and the same crescent moon
 That then plough'd, like a pinnace, the purple of June,
 Is white on Glen-duff, and all blooms as unchanged
 As if years had not pass'd since thy greenwood I ranged —
 As if one were not fled, who imparted a soul
 Of divinest enchantment and grace to the whole,
 Whose being was bright as that fair moon above,
 And all deep and all pure as thy waters her love.

Thou long-vanish'd Angel! whose faithfulness threw
 O'er my gloomy existence one glorified hue!
 Dost thou still, as of yore, when the evening grows dim,
 And the blackbird by Downing is hushing its hymn,
 Remember the bower by the Funcheon's blue side
 Where the whispers were soft as the kiss of the tide?
 Dost thou still think, with pity and peace on thy brow,
 Of him who, toil-harass'd and time-shaken now,

* The cavern of *Thiag-na-filea*, or Trin the Bard.

While the last light of day, like his hopes, has departed,
 On the turf thou hast hallowed, sinks down weary-hearted,
 And calls on thy name, and the night-breeze that sighs
 Through the boughs that once blest thee is all that replies?

But thy summit, fair Corrin, is fading in gray,
 And the moonlight grows mellow on lonely Cloughlea;
 And the laugh of the young, as they loiter about
 Through the elm-shaded alleys, rings joyously out:
 Happy souls! they have yet the dark chalice to taste,
 And like others to wander life's desolate waste —
 To hold wassail with sin, or keep vigil with woe;
 But the same fount of yearning, wherever they go,
 Welling up in their heart-depths, to turn at the last
 (As the stag when the barb in his bosom is fast)
 To their lair in the hills, on their childhood that rose,
 And find the sole blessing I seek for — REPOSE!

THE SHANNON.

My youthful song I dedicate to thee,
 O mightiest of the floods
 That swelled the pride of Dathy's heroic soul
 When Erin was the land of sombre woods,
 And brave, true-hearted kings,
 Whose bosoms bounded wilder than thy sea —
 When round the warm enrapturing wine-bright bowl
 Were quenched their idle quarrellings.

Methinks the banners of a hundred knights
 Were oft and oft beheld
 By thee, thou stateliest river of the plains!
 And thou hast seen the Norman host repelled
 Before the dreadful spears
 Which Cathal wielded in the blaze of fight —
 Cathal, whose thunders shook the ethereal fanes —
 Whose fame o'erfloats the flow of myriad years.

The days are gone when to thy flowery banks
 Soft minstrels might retire,
 And, high extolling some celestial maid,
 Pour forth the mellow music of the lyre,
 Or tune the harmonious chord
 To notes of deadlier sound — of kilted men —
 Of flying plumes and combatants arrayed
 With halbert, helm, and sword.

These have I loved, because with thee are twined
 A thousand golden thoughts
 That waft my young life to the Munster vale,
 Where, it is said, a stranger's bugle notes
 Shall sing a tyrant's doom.
 O for one blast of that sweet evening's wind,
 To whistle o'er my plumage — Yea, or steal
 Along my peaceful tomb.

CONACIENSIS.

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE, O!

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

[James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin in 1803, and died there in 1849. For a period of more than twenty years he had been a contributor to almost every magazine or periodical published in Ireland during that time. When scarcely fifteen years of age he obtained a situation in a scrivener's office, where he remained for seven years, and then became a solicitor's clerk for three years. Describing this period of his life, he says, "I was obliged to work seven years of the ten from five in the morning, winter and summer, to eleven at night; and, during the three remaining years, nothing but a special providence could have saved me from suicide. The misery of my own mind, — my natural tendency to loneliness, poetry, and self-analysis, the disgusting obscenities and horrible blasphemies of those associated with me — the persecutions I was obliged to endure, and which I never avenged but by acts of kindness, — the close air of the room, and the perpetual smoke of the chimney — all these destroyed my constitution. No! I am wrong; it was not even all these that destroyed me. In seeking to escape from this misery, I had laid the foundation of that evil habit which has proved to be my ruin." Alas! It is too true that like many another child of song he drank long and deeply; and in his desire to forget himself, — to fly from the actual into the ideal, he became an opium-eater. He became connected with the library of Trinity College, where he acquired that knowledge of languages which he afterwards turned to such good account. In person Mangan was below the middle size. His face was ashy pale, but when kindled up by the light and brilliancy of his full, blue eye, under the influence of his favorite drug, he was perfectly beautiful. He usually wore a carmelite brown kind of frock coat, tightly buttoned, and occasionally over it a small, blue cloak, in the shape of which the *bias* cut was carefully excluded. His hat, which was high-crowned and battered, — and the old umbrella under his arm, even the warmest day in summer, gave the finishing stroke to his quaint and spectre-like appearance. And yet there was something deeply but painfully interesting about him. On a friend of his presenting a looking-glass to his face, that he might see the ravages which his wild habits were making, he said, "Yes, I see a skinless skull there, — an empty socket where intelligence once beamed; but when I look *within* myself I behold a sadder vision — the vision of a wasted life." His existence became like that of Savage and Poe, vagrant and dissipated, till he was taken from a garret in a mean street in Dublin to one of the public hospitals, where he died after a week's illness. His remains repose in Glasnevin cemetery, without a stone to mark the spot.]

Amongst the poets whom Ireland has produced within the last ten or fifteen years, Clarence Mangan deservedly occupies a high place. As a translator he was inimitable; and he translated from the Irish, the French, the German, the Spanish, the Italian, the Danish, and the Eastern languages, with such a versatile facility as not only to transfuse into his own tongue the substance and sense of his original, but the appropriate graces of style and ornament, and idiomatic expression which are peculiar to the poetry of every country. He frequently

surpassed his originals in the freedom and fluency of his language; and many of the poems which he has called translations, are entirely his own. It has been well observed that he was a Dervish among the Turks, a Bursch among the Germans, a Scald among the Danes, an Improvisatore in Italy, and a Senachie in Ireland. His original poems exhibit the vigor of his style and the vividness of his fancy; and embody every form of grace and dignity in the wondrous flow and charming melody of his versification. The only poems of his which are in a collected form are his translations from the German, which were published in 1845, under the title of "Anthologia Germanica."]

TAKE a blessing from my heart to the land of my birth,
 And the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 And to all that yet survive of Eibhear's tribe on earth,
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay
 Seems to pour a lament forth for Eire's decay —
 Alas ! alas ! why pine I a thousand miles away
 From the fair Hills of Eire, O !

The soil is rich and soft — the air is mild and bland,
 Of the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 Her barest rock is greener to me than this rude land —
 O ! the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove ;
 Trees flourish in her glens below, and on her heights above ;
 O, in heart and in soul, I shall ever, ever love
 The fair Hills of Eire, O !

A noble tribe, moreover, are the now hapless Gael,
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 A tribe in Battle's hour unused to shrink or fail
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured,
 To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword.
 O, woe of woes, to see a foreign spoiler horde
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !

Broad and tall rise the *Cruachs* * in the golden morning's glow,
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 O'er her smooth grass for ever sweet cream and honey flow
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 O, I long, I am pining again to behold
 The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old ;
 Far dearer to my heart than a gift of gems or gold
 Are the fair Hills of Eire, O !

The dew-drops lie bright 'mid the grass and yellow corn
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !

* Cruachs, — Hills. The one referred to is that in the county Waterford, near Dungarvan.

•The sweet scented apples blush redly in the morn
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 The water-cress and sorrel fill the vales below ;
 The streamlets are hushed, till the evening breezes blow ;
 While the waves of the Suir,* noble river ! ever flow
 Near the fair Hills of Eire, O !

A fruitful clime is Eire's, through valley, meadow, plain,
 And the fair land of Eire, O !
 The very " Bread of Life " is in the yellow grain
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields,
 Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,
 And the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields
 Of the Gaels, on the fair Hills of Eire, O !

INNISHOWEN.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, M. P.

[Innishowen (pronounced Innishone) is a wild and picturesque district in the county Donegal, inhabited chiefly by the descendants of the Irish clans, permitted to remain in Ulster after the plantation of James I. The native language, and the songs and legends of the country, are as universal as the people. One of the most familiar of these legends is, that a troop of Hugh O'Neill's horse lies in magic sleep in a cave under the hill of Aileach, where the princes of the country were formerly installed. These bold troopers only wait to have the spell removed to rush to the aid of their country ; and a man (says the legend) who wandered accidentally into the cave, found them lying beside their horses, fully armed, and holding the bridles in their hands. One of them lifted his head, and asked, " Is the time come ? " and when he received no answer — for the intruder was too much frightened to reply — dropped back into his lethargy. Some of the old folk consider the story an allegory, and interpret it as they desire.]

God bless the gray mountains of dark Donegal,
 God bless Royal Aileach, the pride of them all ;
 For she sits evermore like a Queen on her throne,
 And smiles on the valleys of Green Innishowen.
 And fair are the valleys of Green Innishowen,
 And hardy the fishers that call them their own —
 A race that nor traitor nor coward have known
 Enjoy the fair valleys of Green Innishowen.

O ! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
 Like the hills that with silence and nature they share ;

* This river has its source in Sliav Ailduin (the Devil's Bit Mountain,) in the county Tipperary, and after a circuitous route by Thurles, Holycross, Cahir, Clonmel, Carrick-on-Suir, and Waterford, joins the Nore and Barrow, six miles below the latter town, and then falls into the British Channel.

For our God, who hath planted their home near his own,
Breathed His spirit abroad upon fair Innishowen.

Then praise to our Father for wild Innishowen,
Where fiercely for ever the surges are thrown —
Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
Could shake the strong bosoms of brave Innishowen.

See the bountiful Couldah * careering along —

A type of their manhood so stately and strong —

On the weary for ever its tide is bestown,

So they share with the stranger in fair Innishowen.

God guard the kind homesteads of fair Innishowen,
Which manhood and virtue have chosen for their own ;
Not long shall that nation in slavery groan,
That rears the tall peasants of fair Innishowen.

Like that oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor Dane,
Nor Saxon nor Dutchman could read from her fane,
They have clung by the creed and the cause of their own
Through the midnight of danger in true Innishowen.

Then shout for the glories of old Innishowen,
The stronghold that foemen have never o'erthrown —
The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,
That guard the green valleys of true Innishowen.

Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,
When the charging *aboo* made the foreigner quail ;
Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone,
In the home-loving cabins of kind Innishowen.

O ! flourish, ye homesteads of kind Innishowen,
Where seeds of a people's redemption are sown ;
Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown,
To bless the kind homesteads of green Innishowen.

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken band
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand,
Who await but the word to give Erin her own,
They can read you that riddle in proud Innishowen.

Hurrah for the Spaemen † of proud Innishowen ! —

Long live the wild Seers of stout Innishowen ! —

May Mary, our mother, be deaf to their moan

Who love not the promise of proud Innishowen !

* The Couldah, or Culdaff, is the chief river in the Innishowen mountains.

† An Ulster and Scotch term signifying a person gifted with "second sight" —
a prophet.

THE RIVER BOYNE.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

BRIDE of Loch Ramor, gently seaward stealing,
In thy placid depths hast thou no feeling
Of the stormy gusts of other days?
Does thy heart, O gentle, nun-faced river,
Passing Schomberg's obelisk, not quiver,
While the shadow on thy bosom weighs?

Thou hast heard the sounds of martial clangor,
Seen fraternal forces clash in anger,
In thy Sabbath valley, River Boyne!
Here have ancient Ulster's hardy forces
Dressed their ranks, and fed their travelled horses,
Tara's hosting as they rode to join.

Forgettest thou that silent Summer morning,
When William's bugles sounded sudden warning,
And James's answered, chivalrously clear!
When rank to rank gave the death-signal duly,
And volley answered volley quick and truly,
And shouted mandates met the eager ear?

The thrush and linnet fled beyond the mountains,
The fish in Inver Colpa sought their fountains,
The unchased deer scampered through Tredagh's * gates;
St. Mary's bells in their high places trembled,
And made a mournful music which resembled
A hopeless prayer to the unpitying Fates.

Ah! well for Ireland had the battle ended
When James forsook what William well defended,
Crown, friends, and kingly cause;
Well, if the peace thy bosom did recover
Had breathed its benediction broadly over
Our race, and rites, and laws.

Not in thy depths, not in thy fount, Loch Ramor!
Were brewed the bitter strife and cruel clamor
Our wisest long have mourned;
Foul Faction falsely made thy gentle current
To Christian ears a stream and name abhorrent,
And all thy waters into poison turned.

* Tredagh, now Drogheda.

But, as of old God's Prophet sweetened Mara,
 Even so, blue bound of Ulster and of Tara,
 Thy waters to our Exodus give life;
 Thrice holy hands thy lineal foes have wedded,
 And healing olives in thy breast embedded,
 And banished far the littleness of strife.*

Before thee we have made a solemn Fœdus,
 And for Chief Witness called on Him who made us,
 Quenching before His eyes the brands of hate;
 Our pact is made, for brotherhood and union,
 For equal laws to class and to communion —
 Our wounds to stanch — our land to liberate.

Our trust is not in musket or in sabre —
 Our faith is in the fruitfulness of labor,
 The soul-stirred, willing soil;
 In Homes and granaries by justice guarded,
 In fields from blighting winds and agents warded,
 In franchised skill and manumitted toil.

Grant us, O God, the soil, and sun, and seasons!
 Avert Despair, the worst of moral treasons,
 Make vaunting words be vile.
 Grant us, we pray, but wisdom, peace, and patience,
 And we will yet re-lift among the nations
 Our fair and fallen, but unforsaken Isle!

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

BY THE REV. DR. MURRAY.

[Cormac M'Cuillenan, King of Munster and Archbishop of Cashel, erected his royal Castle and Metropolitan Cathedral on this lofty and rugged Rock, about the year 900. This huge pile of building, covering, as it does, the native rock, and seeming as if it had been formed out of its summit, consists not only of Cathedral and Castle, but also of a Round Tower nearly one hundred and fifty feet high, in excellent preservation. The church was altered and rebuilt in the twelfth century by Donald O'Brien, and was again repaired and improved by Archbishop O'Hedian about the year 1430. Archbishop Price unroofed it in 1680, and now the mouldings, capitals, and arches, which were once richly sculptured with emblematical designs, are either defaced or in ruins. A profound silence has supplanted those hymns of praise and adoration which once resounded through its aisles, and the stillness is only broken by the discordant voices of birds and beasts which shun the light of day. The beautiful stone-roofed church called Cormac's Chapel, is the oldest portion of the edifice, and is one of the most curious and perfect churches, in the Norman style, in the British Empire. Standing on the

* An allusion to the Tenant League — unfortunately unrealized by events.

square tower there is within range of vision a splendid and picturesque country of one hundred and twenty miles in extent, embracing seven counties; the scenery is beautifully diversified by mountain, valley, wood, and stream.]

FAIR was that eve, as if from earth away
 All trace of sin and sorrow
 Passed, in the light of the eternal day,
 That knows nor night nor morrow.

The pale and shadowy mountains, in the dim
 And glowing distance piled !
 A sea of light along the horizon's rim,
 Unbroken, undefiled !

Blue sky, and cloud, and grove, and hill, and glen,
 The form and face of man
 Beamed with unwonted beauty, as if then
 New earth and heaven began.

Yet heavy grief was on me, and I gazed
 On thee through gushing tears,
 Thou relic of a glory that once blazed
 So bright in bygone years !

Wreck of a ruin ! lovelier, holier far,
 Thy ghastly hues of death,
 Than the cold forms of newer temples are —
 Shrines of a priestless faith.

In lust and rapine, treachery and blood,
 Its iron domes were built ;
 Darkly they frown, where God's own altars stood;
 In hatred and in guilt.

But to make thee, of loving hearts the love
 Was coined to living stone ;
 Truth, peace, and piety together strove
 To form thee for their own.

And thou wast theirs, and they within thee met,
 And did thy presence fill ;
 And their sweet light, even while thine own is set,
 Hovers around thee still.

'Tis not the work of mind, or hand, or eye,
 Builder's or sculptor's skill,
 Thy site, thy beauty, or thy majesty —
 Not these my bosom thrill.

'Tis that a glorious monument thou art,
Of the true faith of old,
When faith was one in all the nation's heart,
Purer than purest gold.

A light, when darkness on the nations dwelt,
In Erin found a home —
The mind of Greece, the warm heart of the Celt,
The bravery of Rome.

But O ! the pearl, the gem, the glory of her youth,
That shone upon her brow ;
She clung for ever to the Chair of Truth —
Clings to it now !

Love of my love, and temple of my God !
How would I now clasp thee
Close to my heart, and, even as thou wast trod,
So with thee trodden be !

O, for one hour a thousand years ago,
Within thy precincts dim,
To hear the chant, in deep and measured flow,
Of psalmody and hymn !

To see of priests the long and white array,
Around thy silver shrines —
The people kneeling prostrate far away,
In thick and checkered lines.

To see the Prince of Cashel o'er the rest,
Their prelate and their king,
The sacred bread and chalice by him blest,
Earth's holiest offering.

To hear, in piety's own Celtic tongue,
The most heart-touching prayer
That fervent suppliants e'er was heard among, —
O, to be then and there !

There was a time all this within thy walls
Was felt, and heard, and seen ;
Faint image only now thy sight recalls
Of all that once hath been.

The creedless, heartless, murderous robber came,
And never since that time
Round thy torn altars burned the sacred flame,
Or rose the chant sublime.

Thy glory in a crimson tide went down,
 Beneath the cloven hoof—
 Altar and priest, mitre, and cope, and crown,
 And choir, and arch, and roof.

O, but to see thee, when thou wilt rise again —
 For thou again wilt rise,
 And with the splendors of thy second reign
 Dazzle a nation's eyes !

Children of those who made thee what thou wast,
 Shall lift thee from the tomb,
 And clothe thee, for the spoiling of the past,
 In more celestial bloom.

And psalm, and hymn, and gold, and precious stones,
 And gems beyond all price,
 And priest, and altar, o'er the martyr's bones,
 And daily sacrifice.

And endless prayer, and crucifix, and shrine,
 And all religion's dower,
 And thronging worshippers shall yet be thine —
 O, but to see that hour !

And who shall smite thee then ? — and who shall see
 Thy second glory o'er ?
 When they who make thee free themselves are free,
 To fall no more.

HOLYCROSS ABBEY.

BY B. SIMMONS.

[The Cistercian Abbey of Holycross, county Tipperary, was founded in the year 1181 by Donald O'Brien,* King of Limerick and North Munster. It was regarded through Western Europe with peculiar veneration, and for three hundred years was favored by the pilgrimages of noble and illustrious persons of both sexes. At the confiscation of the Religious Houses and Lands, Queen Elizabeth granted the abbey and its dependencies to Gerald, Earl of Ormond. Its present ruins attest its former magnificence. Here are the noble remains of the gorgeous church, with its mullioned windows, canopied niches, perforated piscinas, and elaborate sepulchres, dispersed throughout the nave, transepts and side aisles. Here also may be traced the rich sacristy, the strong muniment-house. — the frugal kitchen, — the solemn chapter-house, — the studious cloisters, and the sequestered Abbot's quarters. But all is now a dreary ruin and a wide waste ; where deeper silence reigns than that prescribed by the conventual discipline of the twelfth century.]

* Lanegan's Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, vol. iv., p. 252.

"FROM the high sunny headlands of Bere in the west,
 To the bowers that by Shannon's blue waters are blest,
 I am master unquestion'd and absolute" — said
 The lord of broad Munster — King Donald the Red —
 "And now that my sceptre's no longer the sword,
 In the wealthiest vale my dominions afford,
 I will build me a temple of praise to that Power
 Who buckler'd my breast in the battle's dread hour."
 He spoke — it was done — and with pomp such as glows
 Round a sunrise in summer that Abbey arose.
 There sculpture, her miracles lavish'd around,
 Until stone spoke a worship diviner than sound.

There from matins to midnight the censers were swaying,
 And from matins to midnight the people were praying ;
 As a thousand Cisterians incessantly raised
 Hosannas round shrines that with jewelry blazed ;
 While the palmer from Syria — the pilgrim from Spain,
 Brought their offerings alike to the far-honor'd fane ;
 And, in time, when the wearied O'Brien laid down
 At the feet of Death's Angel his cares and his crown,
 Beside the high altar a canopied tomb
 Shed above his remains its magnificent gloom,
 And in Holycross Abbey high masses were said,
 Through the lapse of long ages, for Donald the Red.

In the days of my musings, I wander'd alone,
 To this Fane that had flourish'd ere Norman was known ;
 And its drear desolation was saddening to see,
 For its towers were an emblem, O Erin, of thee !
 All was glory in ruins — below and above —
 From the traceried turret that shelter'd the dove,
 To the cloisters dim stretching in distance away,
 Where the fox skulks at twilight in quest of his prey.
 Here, soar'd the vast chancel superbly alone,
 While pillar and pinnacle moulder'd around —
 There, the choir's richest fretwork in dust overthrown,
 With corbel and chapter "cumber'd the ground."

O'er the porphyry shrine of the Founder all riven,
 No lamps glimmer'd now but the cressets of heaven —
 From the tombs of crusader, and abbot, and saint,
 Emblazonry, scroll, and escutcheon were rent ;
 While usurping their banners' high places, o'er all
 The Ivy — dark mourner — suspended her pall.
 With a deeper emotion the spirit would thrill,
 In beholding wherever the winter and rain

Swept the dust from the relics it cover'd — that still
 Some hand had religiously glean'd them again.
 Then I turn'd from the scene, as I mournfully said —
 "God's rest to the soul of King Donald the Red."

THE POET'S HOME.

BY JOHN FRAZER.

WILD forest of old Woodfield ! * — God's blessing on the hand,
 That spares thee, even as thou art spared — a relic on the land,
 Of those Hy Falgian fortresses, that stood long years to foil
 The conquest of the stranger o'er the children of the soil —
 Albeit that, from their heritage, those children have been driven —
 Albeit that, for thine ancient name, an alien name be given —
 Thou art a record of the power bestowed on scenes sublime,
 Or beautiful — to turn away a conqueror's arm from crime ;
 And, though the Saxon hold thee now, a trophy of the brand,
 For every root and stem he spares, God's blessing on his hand !

I loved thee through a boyhood, nigh spent beneath thy shade —
 I love thee now, in life's decline, though later love's decayed ;
 For, every day and season, thou wert redolent of joy,
 That bathed my heart with freshening thoughts, no future could
 destroy ;

Thy solitudes were peopled with dissolving visions then,
 Of what I would encounter from my passions, and from men ;
 And if, at times, I sorrow that some visions were o'er-true,
 Remembrance of thy sylvan world will come to cheer me too ;
 Some passage of the season and the scenery I trod,
 Consoles me to endurance, like a whisper'd boon from God.

O ! that amid thy mazy depths my heart could cease to burn
 With manhood's hot ambition, and that boyhood's could return —
 That, in voluptuous dreamings, I thy hills and dells could range,
 Surrounded by new luxuries, with every daily change,
 From spring's first bud till summer's sun, like rain, would pierce
 thy bowers,
 Or spot the shadowy sward with lights, like multitudes of flowers —
 From summer, till the withering leaves took up their harvest hymns,
 And winter's stern anatomy exposed the quivering limbs
 Of all thy forest progeny — except the ivy green,
 And holly — bright, like truths at last, that long remained unseen.

* Woodfield is the remains of one of the ancient forests of the country, covering a considerable extent of finely undulating ground within about a mile of the town of Birr. It is the property of the Earl of Rosse, and, I believe, has belonged to the family since their settlement in Ireland.

To search thy lone recesses — in a pathless nook to twine,
 For cottage shelf, or window pane, bluebell and columbine —
 To climb the oak — the forest king of old and high renown,
 And peep into the magpie's nest — that jewel of his crown —
 To pick the vinous raspberry in some sequestered dell —
 Or shake the hazel, till its hoard of auburn filberts fell —
 To start the woodcock from his couch — the gray hare from her
 form,

My soul sublimed, or sooth'd, the while, by stillness or by storm ;
 Could these be mine, and thousands such too subtle for the pen, —
 It were a sweet exchange to roam thy sylvan world again.

But it was still a deeper joy — to set before my soul
 The names that burn the brightest on my land's historic scroll —
 To feel whate'er in life, or death, was beautiful or grand,
 Ordained me to the ministry of struggling for that land !
 Of chivalry — truth — trusted friends — burst fetters — but above
 All earthly things, save liberty, to dream of woman's love ;
 Till an embodied witchery was to my spirit shown
 Without a fault, save faults that seemed like virtues overgrown !
 And these most hallowing dreams, alas ! alone, or girt with men,
 In city, or green solitude, I ne'er can dream again.

The spell is broke — life's low-hung clouds from hour to hour
 move by,
 And veil the loftier golden ones, that fixed my gaze on high ;
 The struggle with the world is o'er that on my nature cast
 A sadness, like the drip on leaves, when thunder-showers have
 passed ;
 And were ambition all extinct, my energies of mind
 Would be a heap, inert and cold, of cinders left behind !
 No trusted friends ! no woman's love ! no spurned and broken
 chains !
 Of all thy phantom prophecies, wild forest, what remains ?
I might have been a meaner slave — a wretch more base and banned —
Had the kind Saxon spared thee not ! — God's blessing on his hand !

THE HOLY WELL.

'Twas a very lonely spot, with beech trees o'er it drooping ;
 The water gleam'd beneath.
 Those fair green branches lowly stooping,
 A benediction seem'd to breathe.

And a deep and rich green light within the boughs came peeping,
 Where little insects dream'd.

A luscious calm on all was sleeping —
The sunlight drowsy seem'd.

In that little silv'ry well, how many tears fell heavy,
What homage there was pour'd,
To Mary sweet, how many an Ave
Sought for her saving word.

I strayed one evening calm to this low gentle water,
The Virgin there might be —
So holy look'd it, you'd have thought her
Guarding it tenderly.

When from the silence soft, some one I heard a praying,
A poor dark girl was she,
Upon her bare knees she was swaying,
Telling her rosary.

O! that little maiden blind, fair-hair'd she was and slender;
Her sad smile lit the place;
Her blue cloak-hood had fall'n, and tender
'Neath it gleam'd her face.

"*She the vah!*" * she murmuring said, "Queen of pow'r and meek-
ness,
O! let me see the light;
My mother droops with grief and sickness —
For her sake give me sight.

"O! my weeny sister's gone, and we're left lone and pining;
But two in this world wide.
If I could greet the fair sun shining,
And be *her* stay and guide!"

You'd think Blind Bridgh saw the face of the Redeemer,
So kindly was her air.
I thought that every moment brightly
She'd see the Heavens fair.

Just like a saint, she seem'd God's pleasure waiting only;
I could not help but weep;
And join her in that shrine so lonely,
Breathing petitions deep.

SULMALLA.

* Hail to thee.

CLONDALLAGH.

BY J. FRAZER.

ARE the orchards of Scurragh
 With apples still bending?
 Are the wheat-ridge and furrow
 On Cappaghneale blending?
 Let them bend — let them blend!
 Be they fruitful or fallow,
 A far dearer old friend
 Is the bog of Clondallagh!

Fair Birr of the fountains,
 Thy forest and river,
 And miniature mountains,
 Seemed round me for ever;
 But they cast from the past
 No home mem'ries, to hallow
 My heart to the last —
 Like the bog of Clondallagh!

How sweet was my dreaming
 By Brosna's bright water,
 While it dashed away, seeming
 A mountain's young daughter!
 Yet to roam with its foam,
 By the deep reach, or shallow —
 Made but brighter at home
 The turf fires from Clondallagh!

If whole days of a childhood
 More mournful than merry,
 I sought thro' the wild wood
 Young bird or ripe berry;
 Some odd sprite, or quaint knight,
 Some Sinbad, or Abdallah,
 Was my chase by the light
 Of bog fir from Clondallagh!

There the wild duck and plover
 Have felt me a prowler
 On their thin, rushy cover,
 More fatal than fowler;
 And regret sways me yet,
 For the crash on the callow;
 When the matched hurlers met,
 On the plains of Clondallagh!

Yea, simply to measure
The moss with a soundless
Quick step, was a pleasure
Strange, stirring, and boundless ;
For its spring seemed to fling
Up my foot, and to hallow
My spirit with wing,
O'er the sward of Clondallagh !

But alas ! in the season
Of blossoming gladness,
May be strewed over reason
Rank seeds of vain sadness !
While a wild, wayward child,
With my young heart all callow,
It was warmed and beguiled
By dear Jane of Clondallagh !

On the form with her seated,
No urchin dare press on
My place, while she cheated
Me into my lesson !
But soon came a fond claim
From a lover to hallow
His hearth with a dame —
In my Jane of Clondallagh !

When the altar had risen,
From Jane to divide me,
I seemed in a prison,
Tho' she still was beside me :
And I knew more the true,
From the love, false or shallow,
The farther I flew
From that bride, and Clondallagh !

From the toils of the city,
My fancy long bore me,
To sue her to pity
The fate she brought o'er me !
And the dream, wood and stream,
The green fields, and the fallow,
Still return, like a beam,
From dear Jane of Clondallagh !

BEN-HEDER — (THE HILL OF HOWTH.)

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

[Richard Dalton Williams was born about thirty-three years ago at the foot of the Devil's Bit mountain in the county Tipperary. He was educated in the Catholic college of Carlow, where he gave early promise of his genius and power as a poet. He writes with equal ability upon all subjects, whether they be grave or gay — pathetic or humorous; his sympathies are large enough to enable him to portray every human passion and affection. There is a giant strength in him, and yet a sweet native gracefulness. "He is tender, — he is vehement, yet without constraint, or too visible effort. There is in him the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardor of a hero. Tears lie in him and consuming fire, as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud." After he left college he went to Dublin and became a medical student. His beautiful ballad on the "Dying Girl" was composed after one of his visits to the hospitals. In 1850 he emigrated to America, and is at present professor of *Belles Lettres* in the Catholic college of Mobile, Alabama.]

I RAMBLED away, on a festival day,
 From vanity, glare, and noise,
 To calm my soul, where the wavelets roll,
 In solitude's holy joys.
 By the lonely cliffs, whence the white gull starts,
 Where the clustering sea-pinks blow,
 And the Irish rose, on the purple quartz
 Bends over the waves below.
 Where the ramaline clings, and the samphire swings,
 And the long laminaria trails,
 And the sea-bird springs on his snowy wings
 To blend with the distant sails.

I leaned on a rock, and the cool waves there
 Plash'd on the shingles round :
 And the breath of Nature lifted my hair —
 Dear God ! how the face of Thy child is fair ! —
 And a gush of memory, tears, and pray'r
 My spirit a moment drown'd.
 I bowed me down to the rippling wave —
 For a swift sail glided near —
 And the spray, as it fell upon pebble and shell,
 Received, it may be, a tear.

For well I remember the festal days
 On this shore, that Hy-Brassil seemed —
 The friends I trusted, the dreams I dream'd,
 Hopes high as the clouds above —
 Perchance of Fame, or a land redeem'd,
 Perchance 'twas a dream of love.

When first I trod on this breezy sod
 To me it was holy ground,
 For genius and beauty — rays of God —
 Like a swarm of stars shone round.
 Well! well! I have learned rude lessons since then
 In life's disenchanted hall,
 I have scanned the motives and ways of men,
 And the skeleton grins thro' all.

Of the great heart-treasure of hope and trust
 I exulted to feel mine own
 Remains, in that down-trod temple's dust,
 But faith in God alone.
 I have seen too oft the domino torn
 And the mask from the face of men,
 To have aught save a smile of tranquil scorn
 For all I believed in then.
 The day is dark as the night with woes,
 And my dreams are of battles lost,
 Of eclipse, phantoms, wrecks, and foes,
 And of exiles tempest-tost.

No more, no more! on the dreary shore
 I hear a caoina-song; *
 With the early dead is my lonely bed —
 You shall not call me long;
 I fade away to the home of clay,
 With not one dream fulfilled:
 My wreathless brow in the dust I bow,
 My heart and harp are stilled.
 O, would I might rest when my soul departs
 Where the clustering sea-pinks blow,
 And the Irish rose, on the purple quartz,
 Droops over the waves below —
 Where the crystals gleam in the caves about,
 Like virtue in humble souls,
 And the Victor Sea, with a thunder shout,
 Thro' the breach in the rock-wall rolls!

* *Caoina* — Dirge. Irish cry or lamentation for the dead.

BROSNA'S BANKS.

BY J. FRAZER.

Yes, yes, I idled many an hour —
 (O, would that I could idle now,
 In wooing back the wither'd flower
 Of health into my wasted brow !)
 But from my life's o'ershadowing close,
 My unimpassioned spirit ranks
 Among its happiest moments those
 I idled on the Brosna's Banks.

For there upon my boyhood broke
 The dreamy voice of nature first ;
 And every word the vision spoke,
 How deeply has my spirit nursed !
 A woman's love, a lyre, or pen,
 A rescued land, a nation's thanks,
 A friendship with the world, and then
 A grave upon the Brosna's Banks.

For these I sued, and sought, and strove,
 But now my youthful days are gone,
 In vain, in vain — for woman's love
 Is still a blessing to be won ;
 And still my country's cheek is wet,
 The still-unbroken fetter clanks,
 And I may not forsake her yet
 To die upon the Brosna's Banks.

Yet idle as those visions seem,
 They were a strange and faithful guide,
 When Heaven itself had scarce a gleam
 To light my darken'd life beside ;
 And if from grosser guilt escaped
 I feel no dying dread, the thanks
 Are due unto the Power that shaped
 My visions on the Brosna's Banks.

And love, I feel, will come at last,
 Albeit too late to comfort me ;
 And fetters from the land be cast,
 Though I may not survive to see.
 If then the gifted, good, and brave,
 Admit me to their glorious ranks,
 My memory may, tho' not my grave,
 Be green upon the Brosna's Banks.

LOCH NEAGH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HILL.

LOCH Neagh, I stood at close of day upon thy silent strand,
And saw the sun set o'er the hills of old Tir-Owen's land;
The fading light, how like the flight of Freedom from thy shore,* —
The old, proud place of Niall's † race shall know his name no more!

How many a tale of human grief, sweet lake, thy waters know,
Since from their deep, mysterious spring they first began to flow, —
Since far along yon level plain arose the swelling flood,
And o'er Eachaid's ‡ fair domain in gathered strength it stood!

Loch Laogh! whilst thy broad expanse reflects th' impending sky,
And dimpling on thy glassy tide, the banks, in shadow, lie —
The tale of Mora's faithful love shall consecrate thy wave,
And thou shalt still remembered be as royal Bresal's grave! §

"Why comes he not?" sweet Mora cried, "the days are long and
drear,

As by Loch Laogh's verdant side he hunts the flying deer;
Why comes he not?" "He will not come." || She heard the
mournful tale,

And soon from all her sorrows free, she slept in Ollar's ¶ vale.

* *In the course of time*, the English invasion of this country introduced a better state of things; but when it first happened, and for a long series of years afterwards, it was, in most instances, the triumph of might over right.

† *Niall Naighiallach*, "of the Nine Hostages," and, in the history of Ireland, known also as *Niall the Great*. The following account of this once powerful family is extracted from the admirable work, by Mr. Reeves, on the "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down and Connor and Dromore." "In the year 1230, died Aodh Macaomh Toinleasc O'Neill, the chief of his princely race, leaving two sons, Niall Roe, and Aodh Meith, in whose respective descendants the common stock struck off into two distinct branches. To the *senior* line the representation of the race and lordship of *Tyrone* was, with a few early exceptions, confined." "Anne, daughter of Bryan Curragh O'Neill, was the second wife of Shane O'Neill, of Shane's castle, from whose *third son*, *Phelim Dhu*, the present Viscount O'Neill is the *fifth* in lineal descent." Who shall represent this ancient house when the present Lord O'Neill has passed away?

‡ Eachaidh, from whom Lough Neagh derives its name, was drowned in its eruption, with all his children. The earliest form of the word is *Loch-n-Eachach*.

§ The Irish annals relate that, in the year of the world 3506, "*Loch Laogh* broke forth." Tigernach, at the year 161 of the Christian era, thus records the reign of a king of Ulster:—"Bresal, son of Brian, reigns in Emania nineteen years, who was drowned in Lough Laigh; his spouse, Mora, died of grief for his death; from her Rath-mòr, in Moylinny, is named."—See Reeves' *Eccles. Antiq.*, pp. 272-280.

|| These words refer to the following part of a legend in the *Dinn Seanchus*:—"Mora said, 'I think Bresal's absence too long.' And a certain woman said to her, 'It will be long to thee, indeed, for Bresal will never come back to his friends until the dead come back to theirs.' Mora then died suddenly, and her name remained on the Rath."

¶ The ancient name of the *Six-Mile-Water*.

And many a nameless grave since then thy caverns have supplied
 To those who, in old Uladh's * feuds, have on thy waters died;
 When Yellow Hugh — and Phelim Dhu — and Shane, the fierce
 and strong,
 Swept, in their currachs, like the blast, thy wooded shores along !

Alas ! though feudal terror cease, thy children suffer still,
 And keener weapons than the sword are raised to waste and kill ;
 In vain the care-worn peasant's fate appeals to lordly pride ;
 The humble hopes that toil inspired are ruthlessly denied !

“Loch Neagh,” with drooping hearts, they say, “we loved thy
 pleasant shore,
 And every year, through hope and fear, we loved thee more and
 more ;
 Yet must we seek a distant home beyond the western main,
 Where hopes, that are extinguished here, shall light our steps again.”

ADARE.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

[Gerald Griffin was born in Limerick on 10th December, 1803. As a poet he is not so well known as he deserves : but as a novelist he takes his place by universal consent in the first rank, beside *Banim* and *Carleton*. His father's want of success as a brewer in Limerick compelled the family to remove to *Fairy Lawn* near *Glin* in the county, a distance of thirty miles from the city. Here the family lived for some time, but the parents were persuaded by an elder brother of Gerald's, an officer in the British army, who served in America, to emigrate to that country. Gerald, who was intended for the medical profession, remained with his brother, Dr. Griffin, who then resided at *Adare*, about eight miles from the city. With his two sisters who remained in Ireland, Gerald spent much of his time in rambling through the romantic demesne of *Lord Dunraven*, — fishing in the *Mague*, or watching its waters glide whisperingly along by the time-worn walls of the old castles and monastic ruins of that locality. Poetry was his first and greatest inspiration, and if his natural bent had been properly encouraged, he would probably have been the greatest of the Irish poets. He has, however, proved himself equal to any task which he deliberately undertook to perform. At the age of nineteen he wrote his drama of “*Aguire*,” of which his brother thought so highly, that he consented to Gerald's going to London to seek his fortune as a dramatic writer, — without a single friend there to whom he could look for counsel or support. Imbued with the true poetic spirit, and anxious to devote his whole energies to create a name, as a poet, he brought misery and ruin upon himself by the pursuit of his darling passion. At the age of twenty he wrote “*Gisippus*,” which has been pronounced to be “the greatest drama of our times.” At twenty-five, he wrote “*The Collegians*,” — and thence forward till he withdrew from the world, he never ceased to pour forth the rich creations of his fertile and vigorous imagination, in verse and prose. But the success which he attained was too dearly paid for. His health was undermined by long vigils, by mental toil

* “The ancient *Uladh*, in its superficial extent, was nearly the same as the modern *Ulster*, inasmuch as it contained *Louth*, which is now in *Leinster*, instead of *Cavan*, which then belonged to *Connaught*.” — See *Reeves' Eccl. Ant.*, p. 352.

and blasted hopes. He became sad and heartbroken. His delicate sensibility of feeling forbade all intercourse with even those who were willing and able to help him,—and foremost amongst these were John Banim and Dr. Maginn. Although his distress was most severe,—being sometimes without food for three days, he acted firmly upon his resolute determination of trusting solely to his own efforts for success. As he approached the goal of his ambition, his keen enthusiasm became blunted and subdued by the anxieties and disappointments which met him on every hand. To his sister he says: “I look now upon success as a matter of mere business. As to Fame, if I could accomplish it in any other way, I should scarcely try for its sake alone.” He wore away all relish for it in his too eager pursuit. The publishers for whom he wrote “cheated him abominably,” he says. They forgot the first rudiments of arithmetic; they never counted his pages correctly! All of them, except Jerdan of the *Literary Gazette*. At this time he translated a volume and a half of Prevot’s works for two guineas. To cheat a man of such hard earned money was to commit the sin of “defrauding the laborer of his wages.” At last he says to his brother:—“I am tired of this stupid, lonely, wasting, dispiriting, caterpillar kind of existence, which I endure, however, in hope of a speedy metamorphosis. It would amaze you to know all I have done, and to no purpose.” His mind was deeply tinged with a strong religious sentiment, and in order to live, as it seemed to him, a more perfect life, he joined the Society of Christian Brothers in September, 1838; a society of good and religious men, who, withdrawing from the world and its fleeting pleasures, devote their whole lives to the education of the poor alone. No one could describe in more felicitous language than Gerald, the new world of beauty and delight which education could open out to minds pent up in darkness; and no one could feel more anxious to transplant light and intelligence to where gloom and ignorance previously ruled supreme. It is this ignorance and not their poverty or toil that degrades men. On the 12th June, 1840, he died in the North Monastery of the Christian Brothers in Cork, after having labored for nearly two years in his new vocation. There is a graceful ease and elegance of versification in all his poems; and though they breathe the ardor and warmth of feelings peculiar to youth, they are ever remarkable for their chasteness and purity of thought and expression. His great historical novel of “The Invasion,”—his “Collegians,” “Tales of the Munster Festivals,” and other works, are sufficiently well known, we hope, not to require further notice.]

O, SWEET Adare, O, lovely vale,
 O, soft retreat of sylvan splendor!
 Nor summer sun nor morning gale
 E’er hailed a scene more softly tender.
 How shall I tell the thousand charms,
 Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
 When lulled in Nature’s fost’ring arms,
 Soft peace abides and joy excelling!

Ye morning airs, how sweet at dawn
 The slumbering boughs your song awaken,
 Or linger o’er the silent lawn
 With odor of the harebell taken.
 Thou rising sun, how richly gleams,
 Thy smile from far Knockfierna’s mountain,
 O’er waving woods and bounding streams,
 And many a grove and glancing fountain.

Ye clouds of noon, how freshly there,
 When summer heats the open meadows,
 O’er parched hill and valley fair,
 All coolly lie your veiling shadows.

Ye rolling shades and vapors gray,
 Slow creeping o'er the golden heaven,
 How soft ye seal the eye of day,
 And wreath the dusky brow of even.

In sweet Adare the jocund Spring
 His notes of odorous joy is breathing,
 The wild birds in the woodland sing,
 The wild flowers in the vale are breathing.
 There winds the Mague, as silver clear,
 Among the elms so sweetly flowing,
 There fragrant in the early year
 Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank
 Or dives beneath the glistening billow
 Where graceful droop and clustering-dank
 The osier bright and rustling willow ;
 The hawthorn scents the leafy dale,
 In thicket lone the stag is belling,
 And sweet along the echoing vale
 The sound of vernal joy is swelling.

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine !
 How fair thou art let others tell, —
 To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
 In memory's dream that sunny smile,
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,
 Who had to turn to paths of care —
 Through crowded haunts again to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,
 But on the world's rude ocean tost,
 Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest —

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lovelier for thy tears —
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine —
The brightest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

Historical Ballads.

THE CELTS.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

[T. D. M'Gee is a native of Carlingford, County Louth, and is now little more than thirty years of age. Whilst he was a mere boy he emigrated to America, and there edited when scarcely eighteen a weekly journal. About 1844 he returned to Ireland, and after some time he was enrolled amongst the staff of writers for the "Nation." Subsequently he became sub-editor, and remained so till the suppression of that journal by the government in 1848. He was then proclaimed as one of those "dangerous to the government." He was hunted through the country by the minions of the law, and after having suffered severely escaped to America, and is now proprietor of the "American-Celt" in New York. During the disturbances of 1848, offices of trust and danger were delegated to him, the duties of which he discharged with the energy and fidelity of a brave and true man. M'Gee is thoroughly and devotedly national; he loves every thing Irish, except the misery of his country, and the short-comings of the people. His ardent spirit imparts life and dignity to every subject he touches; and his poetry is instinct with the impulsive passion and glowing enthusiasm of the Celt. These characteristics combined with his earnestness and sincerity will preserve his name as a familiar household word to many generations yet unborn; whilst many writers of greater acquirements, and perhaps of higher genius, who are less national, will be utterly forgotten. Some poets and essayists who have lately passed away from us are scarcely cold in their foreign graves when they have ceased to be remembered by those for whom they wrote. But they wrote for English readers without a particle of nationality in their verse or prose to commend their memories to the safe keeping of their own people. They labored for strangers, and having had their reward, they deserve to be forgotten. M'Gee, on the contrary, imbues with his own loving spirit every theme which he illustrates; entirely forgetful of himself, his lofty aim is to reflect glory upon his country and to lift up her people to his own patriotic idea of her former valor and greatness. As a mere matter of profit, however, the writer who is national, and "racy of the soil," gains on all hands, — for he can secure fame and remuneration to a much greater extent than he who writes solely for English readers. A national literature has a strong and indestructible vitality in it. It inspires men with a passion for noble deeds and virtuous emulation; and as it is the record of their traditions, their poetry, and their history, it receives a ready welcome from the hearts of all men. The works of Banim, Griffin, and Carleton are better known and more read in England to-day than those of Proutt and Maginn. A man who knows M'Gee well and intimately says of him; — "To forty political prisoners in Newgate, when the world seemed shut out from me for ever, I estimated him as I do to-day. I said, if we were about to begin our work anew, I would rather have his help than any man's of all our confederates. I said he could do more things like a master than the best amongst us since Thomas Davis; that for two or three years I had seen him daily, and found his mind still swarming with new thoughts on the one eternal theme (like a lover's or a devotee's); that he had

been sent at the last hour on a perilous mission, and performed it, not only with unflinching courage, but with a success which had no parallel in that era; and, above all, that he has been systematically slandered by the Jacobins to an extent that would have blackened a saint of God. Since he has been in America I have watched his career; and one thing it has never wanted, a fixed devotion to Irish interests. Who has served them with such a fascinating genius? His poetry and his essays touch me like the breath of Spring, and revive the buoyancy and chivalry of youth. I plunge into them like a refreshing stream 'of Irish undefiled.' What other man has the subtle charm to revoke our past history and make it live before us? If he has not loved and served his mistress, Ireland, with the fidelity of a true knight, I cannot name any man who has." — *C. G. Duffy's "Principles and Policy of the Irish Race."*]

Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman spears;
Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deers,
With winds and waves they made their 'biding place,
These western shepherd seers.

Their Ocean-God was Mân-A-nân,* M'Lir,
Whose angry lips,
In their white foam, full often would inter
Whole fleets of ships;
Cromah† their Day-God, and their Thunderer,
Made morning and eclipse;
Bride‡ was their Queen of song, and unto her
They prayed with fire-touched lips.

Great were their deeds, their passions, and their sports;
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts,
Not yet o'erthrown;
On cairn-crown'd hills they held their council-courts;
While youths alone,

* Mân-A-nân was the God of Waters, the Neptune of the ancient Irish. He was called Mac Lir, that is, Son of the Sea. The disposal of good or bad weather was said to be allotted to him, conjointly with the God of the winds, and for this cause he was worshipped by mariners.

† Crom or Crom-eacha was the name given by the ancient and pagan Irish to their Fire-God, the Sun; the dispenser of vital heat, and the author of fecundity and prosperity. He was their Deus Optimus Maximus, from whom all other Deities descended. The name is derived from the Egyptian word Chrom, — *Ignis*, fire, which was the only visible object of devotion permitted, and that only as the symbol of the SUPREME. Consistently, however, with this view, they deified also the powers of Nature. The Irish Crom-Cruith, — God the Creator, was the same as that adored by Zoroaster and the Persians for more than five hundred years before Christ. Cruith is a derivative from Cruitham, to form, to create, and hence the present Irish Cruithior, — the CREATOR.

‡ Bridh or Bride was the daughter of the Fire-God, and was goddess of Wisdom and Song. Her blessing was esteemed the richest and most valued gift which man could receive from above; she therefore became the goddess of Philosophers and Poets.

With giant dogs, explored the elk resorts,
And brought them down.

Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard,
Whose ancient song
Over the clamor of all change is heard,
Sweet-voic'd and strong.
Fin once o'ertook Granu, the golden-hair'd,
The fleet and young ;
From her the lovely, and from him the fear'd,
The primal poet sprung.

Ossian ! two thousand years of mist and change
Surround thy name —
Thy Finian heroes now no longer range
The hills of fame.
The very name of Fin and Gaul sound strange —
Yet thine the same —
By miscalled lake and desecrated grange —
Remains, and shall remain !

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed
We scarce can trace.
There is not left an undisputed deed
Of all your race,
Save your majestic song, which hath their speed,
And strength and grace ;
In that sole song, they live and love, and bleed —
It bears them on thro' space.

O, inspir'd giant ! shall we e'er behold,
In our own time,
One fit to speak your spirit on the wold,
Or seize your rhyme ?
One pupil of the past, as mighty soul'd
As in the prime,
Were the fond, fair, and beautiful, and bold —
They, of your song sublime !

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THEY came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.

"O, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destin'd home or grave?" *
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
" 'Tis Innisfail — 'tis Innisfail ! "
Rings o'er the echoing sea ;
While, bending to heav'n the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny †
Our great forefathers trod.

RURY AND DARVORGILLA.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

[Ruaghri, Prince of Ortel, after an absence of two days and nights from his own territories on a hunting expedition, suddenly recollects that he has forgotten his wedding day. He despairs of forgiveness from the bride whom he appears to have slighted, Dearbhorgilla, daughter of Prince Cairtre, but would scorn her too much to wed her if she *could* forgive him. He accordingly prepares for battle with her and her father, but unfortunately intrusts the command of his forces to one of his most aged *Ceanns*, or captains. He is probably incited to the selection of this chieftain by a wish to avoid provoking hostilities, which, however, if they occur, he will meet by defiance and conflict; but his choice proves to have been a fatal one. His *Ceann* is seized with a strange feeling of fear in the midst of the fray; and this, being communicated to his troops, enlarges into a panic, and Ruaghri's followers are all slaughtered. Ruaghri himself arrives next day on the battleplain, and, perceiving the result of the contest, stabs himself to the heart. Dearbhorgilla witnesses this sad catastrophe from a distance, and, rushing towards the scene of it, clasps her lover in her arms; but her stern father, following, tears her away from the bleeding corpse, and has her cast in his wrath, it is supposed, into one of the dungeons of his castle. But of her fate nothing certain is known afterwards; though, from subsequent circumstances, it is conjectured that she perished, the victim of her lover's thoughtlessness and her father's tyranny.]

* "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland) and there inhabit." — *Keating*.

† The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

KNOW ye the tale of the Prince of Oriel,
 Of Rury, last of his line of kings?
 I pen it here as a sad memorial
 Of how much woe reckless folly brings.

Of a time that Rury rode woodwards, clothed
 In silk and gold on a hunting chase,
 He thought like thunder * on his betrothed,
 And with clinched hand he smote his face.

"*Foreer ! † Mo bhron ! ‡* Princess Darvorgilla !
 Forgive she will not a slight like this ;
 But could she, dared she, I should be still a
 Base wretch to wed her for heav'n's best bliss !

"*Foreer ! Foreer !* Princess Darvorgilla !
 She has four hundred young bowmen bold ;
 But I — I love her, and would not spill a
 Drop of their blood for ten torques § of gold.

"Still, woe to all who provoke to slaughter !
 I count as nought, weighed with fame like mine,
 The birth and beauty of Cairtre's daughter ;
 So, judge the sword between line and line !

"Thou, therefore, Calbhach, || go, call a muster,
 And wind the bugle by fort and dun !
 When stain shall tarnish our house's lustre,
 Then sets in darkness the noon-day sun !"

But Calbhach answered, "Light need to do so !
 Behold the noblest of heroes here !
 What foe confronts us, I reck not whoso,
 Shall fly before us like hunted deer !"

Spake Rury then — "Calbhach, as thou wilt !
 But see, old man, there be brief delay —
 For this chill parle is of all things chilliest,
 And my fleet courser must now away !

"Yet, though thou march with thy legions townwards,
 Well armed for ambush or treacherous fray,
 Still show they point their bare weapons downwards,
 As those of warriors averse to slay !"

* *H-saoll se mar teoirneach* ; he thought like thunder ; i. e. the thought came on him like a thunderbolt.

† Alas !

‡ Pronounced *Mo vrone*, and means *My grief* !

§ Royal neck-ornaments.

|| Calbhach, — proper name of a man, — derived from *Calb*, — bald-pated.

Now, when the clansmen were armed and mounted,
 The aged Calbhach gave way to fears ;
 For, foot and horsemen, they barely counted
 A hundred cross-bows and forty spears.

And thus exclaimed he, " My soul is shaken !
 We die the death, not of men, but slaves ;
 We sleep the sleep from which none awaken,
 And scorn shall point at our tombless graves ! "

Then out spake Fergal — " A charge so weighty
 As this, O Rury, thou shouldst not throw
 On a drivelling dotard of eight-and-eighty,
 Whose arm is nerveless for spear or bow ! "

But Rury answered, " Away ! To-morrow
 Myself will stand in Traghvally * town ;
 But, come what may come, this day I borrow
 To hunt through Glafna the brown deer down ! "

So, through the night, unto gray Traghvally,
 The feeble *Ceann* led his hosts along ;
 But, faint and heart-sore, they could not rally,
 So deeply Rury had wrought them wrong.

Now, when the Princess beheld advancing
 Her lover's troops with their arms reversed,
 In lieu of broadswords and chargers prancing,
 She felt her heart's hopes were dead and hearsed.

And on her knees to her ireful father
 She prayed, " O father, let this pass by ;
 War not against the brave Rury ! Rather
 Pierce this fond bosom, and let me die ! "

But Cairtre rose in volcanic fury,
 And so he spake — " By the might of God,
 I hold no terms with this craven Rury
 Till he or I lie below the sod !

" Thou shameless child ! Thou, alike unworthy
 Of him, thy father, who speaks thee thus,
 And her, my Mhearb, † who in sorrow bore thee ;
 Wilt thou dishonor thyself and us ?

" Behold ! I march with my serried bowmen —
 Four hundred thine and a thousand mine ;

* Dundalk.

† Martha.

I march to crush these degraded foemen,
Who gorge the ravens ere day decline ! ”

Meet now both armies in mortal struggle,
The spears are shivered, the javelins fly ;
But, what strange terror, what mental juggle,
Be those that speak out of Calbhach's eye ?

It is — it must be, some spell Satanic,
That masters him and his gallant host.
Woe, woe the day ! An inglorious panic
O'erpowers the legions — and all is lost !

Woe, woe that day, and that hour of carnage !
Too well they witness to Fergal's truth !
Too well in bloodiest appeal they warn Age
Not lightly thus to match swords with Youth !

When Rury reached, in the red of morning,
The battle-ground, it was he who felt
The dreadful weight of this ghastly warning,
And what a blow had o'ernight been dealt !

So, glancing round him, and sadly groaning,
He pierced his breast with his noble blade ;
Thus all too mournfully mis-atoning
For that black ruin his word had made.

But hear ye further ! When Cairtre's daughter
Saw what a fate had o'erta'en her Brave,
Her eyes became as twin founts of water,
Her heart again as a darker grave.

Clasp now thy lover, unhappy maiden !
But, see ! thy sire tears thine arms away !
And in a dungeon, all anguish-laden,
Shalt thou be cast ere the shut of day.

But what shall be in the sad years coming
Thy doom ? I know not, but guess too well
That sunlight never shall trace thee roaming
Ayond the gloom of thy sunken cell !

This is the tale of the Prince of Oriel
And Darvorgilla, both sprung of Kings ;
I trace it here as a dark memorial
Of how much woe thoughtless folly brings.

THE FATE OF KING DATHI.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

[“In the life-time of Niall of the Nine Hostages, Brian, his brother of the half-blood, became King of Connaught, and his second brother of the half-blood, Fiachra, the ancestor of the O’Dowds and all the Ui-Fiachrach tribes, became chief of the district extending from Carn Fearadhaigh, near Limerick, to Magh Muicroime, near Athenry. But dissensions soon arose between Brian and his brother Fiachra, and the result was that a battle was fought between them, in which the latter was defeated, and delivered as a hostage into the hands of his half-brother, Niall of the Nine Hostages. After this, however, Dathi, a very warlike youth, waged war on his uncle Brian, and challenged him to a pitched battle, at a place called Damh-cluain, not far from Knockmea-hill, near Tuam. In this battle, in which Dathi was assisted by Crimthanna, son of Enna Cennseloch, King of Leinster, Brian and his forces were routed, and pursued from the field of battle to Fulcha Domhnaill, where he was overtaken and slain by Crimthann. * * * After the fall of Brian, Fiachra was set at liberty and installed King of Connaught, and enjoyed that dignity for twelve years, during which period he was general of the forces of his brother Niall. * * * According to the book of Lecan, this Fiachra had five sons, of which the most eminent were Dathi, and Amhalgaidh, (*vulgo* Awley) King of Connaught, who died in the year 449. The seven sons of this Amhalgaidh, together with twelve thousand men, are said to have been baptized in one day by St. Patrick, at Forrach Mac n’Amhalgaidh, near Killala. On the death of his father Fiachra, Dathi became King of Connaught, and on the death of his uncle, Niall of the Nine Hostages, he became Monarch of Ireland, leaving the government of Connaught to his less warlike brother Amhalgaidh. King Dathi, following the example of his predecessor, Niall, not only invaded the coasts of Gaul, but forced his way to the very foot of the Alps, where he was killed by a flash of lightning, leaving the throne of Ireland to be filled by a line of Christian kings.” — *Tribes and Customs of the Ui-Fiachrach.* — *Irish Archaeological Society’s Publications.*]

DARKLY their glibs o’erhang,
 Sharp is their wolf-dog’s fang,
 Bronze spear and falchion clang —
 Brave men might shun them!
 Heavy the spoil they bear —
 Jewels and gold are there —
 Hostage and maiden fair —
 How have they won them?

From the soft sons of Gaul,
 Roman, and Frank, and thrall,
 Borough, and hut, and hall, —
 These have been torn.
 Over Britannia wide,
 Over fair Gaul they hied,
 Often in battle tried —
 Enemies mourn!

Fiercely their harpers sing, —
 Led by their gallant king,
 They will to EIRE bring
 Beauty and treasure.

Britain shall bend the knee —
 Rich shall their households be —
 When their long ships the sea
 Homeward shall measure.

Barrow and Rath shall rise,
 Towers, too, of wondrous size,
Taitlin, they'll solemnize,
 Feis-Teamhrach assemble.
 Samhain and Béal shall smile
 On the rich holy isle —
 Nay ! in a little while
 Ætius shall tremble ! *

Up on the glacier's snow,
 Down on the vales below,
 Monarch and clansmen go —
 Bright is the morning.
 Never their march they slack,
 Jura is at their back,
 When falls the evening black,
 Hideous, and warning.

Eagles scream loud on high ;
 Far off the chamois fly ;
 Hoarse comes the torrent's cry,
 On the rocks whitening.
 Strong are the storm's wings ;
 Down the tall pine it flings ;
 Hail-stone and sleet it brings —
 Thunder and lightning.

Little these veterans mind
 Thundering, hail, or wind ;
 Closer their ranks they bind —
 Matching the storm.
 While, a spear-cast or more,
 On, the front ranks before,
 DATHI the sunburst bore —
 Haughty his form.

Forth from the thunder-cloud
 Leaps out a foe as proud —
 Sudden the monarch bowed —
 On rushed the vanguard ;

* The consul Ætius, the shield of Italy, and terror of "the barbarian," was a contemporary of King Dathi. *Feis-Teamhrach*, the Parliament of Tara. *Taitlin*, games held at Tailte, county Meath. *Samhain* and *Beal*, the moon and sun which Ireland worshipped.

Wildly the king they raise —
 Struck by the lightning's blaze —
 Ghastly his dying gaze,
 Clutching his standard !

Mild is the morning beam,
 Gently the rivers stream,
 Happy the valleys seem ;
 But the lone islanders —
 Mark how they guard their king !
 Hark, to the wail they sing !
 Dark is their counselling —
 Helvetia's highlanders

Gather, like ravens, near —
 Shall DATHI's soldiers fear ?
 Soon their home-path they clear —
 Rapid and daring ;
 On through the pass and plain,
 Until the shore they gain,
 And, with their spoil, again,
 Landed in EIRINN.

Little does EIRE * care
 For gold or maiden fair —
 " Where is King DATHI ? — where,
 Where is my bravest ? "
 On the rich deck he lies,
 O'er him his sunburst flies † —
 Solemn the obsequies,
 EIRE ! thou gavest.

See ye that countless train
 Crossing Roscommon's plain,
 Crying like hurricane,
Uile liú ai ? —
 Broad is his *carn's* base —
 Nigh the " King's burial-place," ‡
 Last of the Pagan race,
 Lieth King DATHI !

* The true ancient and modern name of Ireland.

† A Sunburst was the national standard of Ireland.

‡ *Hibernice*, *Roilig na Riogh*, *vulgo*, *Relignaree* — " A famous burial-place near Cruachan, in Connaught, where the kings were usually interred, before the establishment of the Christian religion in Ireland." — *O'Brien's Ir. Dict.*

THE EXPEDITION AND DEATH OF KING DATHY.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

KING DATHY assembled his Druids and Sages,
 And thus he spake them — " Druids and Sages !
 What of King Dathy ?
 What is revealed in Destiny's pages
 Of him or his ? Hath he
 Aught for the Future to dread or to dree ?
 Good to rejoice in, or Evil to flee ?
 Is he a foe of the Gall —
 Fitted to conquer, or fated to fall ? "

And Beirdra, the Druid, made answer as thus —
 A priest of a hundred years was he —
 " Dathy ! thy fate is not hidden from us !
 Hear it through me !
 Thou shalt work thine own will !
 Thou shalt slay — thou shalt prey —
 And be Conqueror still !
 Thee the Earth shall not harm !
 Thee we charter and charm
 From all evil and ill !
 Thee the laurel shall crown !
 Thee the wave shall not drown !
 Thee the chain shall not bind !
 Thee the spear shall not find !
 Thee the sword shall not slay !
 Thee the shaft shall not pierce !
 Thou, therefore, be fearless and fierce,
 And sail with thy warriors away
 To the lands of the Gall,
 There to slaughter and sway,
 And be Victor o'er all ! "

So Dathy he sailed away, away,
 Over the deep resounding sea ;
 Sailed with his hosts in armor gray
 Over the deep resounding sea,
 Many a night and many a day,
 And many an islet conquered he —
 He and his hosts in armor gray.
 And the billow drowned him not,
 And a fetter bound him not,
 And the blue spear found him not,

And the red sword slew him not,
 And the swift shaft knew him not,
 And the foe o'erthrew him not.
 Till, one bright morn, at the base
 Of the Alps, in rich Ausonia's regions,
 His men stood marshalled face to face
 With the mighty Roman legions.
 Noble foes!
 Christian and Heathen stood there among those,
 Resolute all to overcome,
 Or die for the Eagles of Ancient Rome!

When, behold! from a temple anear
 Came forth an aged priest-like man,
 Of a countenance meek and clear,
 Who, turning to Eire's Ceann,*
 Spake him as thus, "King Dathy! hear!
 Thee would I warn!
 Retreat! retire! Repent in time
 The invader's crime,
 Or better for thee thou hadst never been born!"
 But Dathy replied, "False Nazarene!
 Dost thou, then, menace Dathy, thou?
 And dreamest thou that he will bow
 To one unknown, to one so mean,
 So powerless as a priest must be?
 He scorns alike thy threats and thee!
 On! on, my men, to victory!"

And, with loud shouts for Eire's King,
 The Irish rush to meet the foe,
 And falchions clash and bucklers ring, —
 When, lo!
 Lo! a mighty earthquake's shock!
 And the cleft plains reel and rock;
 Clouds of darkness pall the skies;
 Thunder crashes,
 Lightning flashes,
 And in an instant Dathy lies
 On the earth a mass of blackened ashes!
 Then, mournfully and dolefully,
 The Irish warriors sailed away
 Over the deep resounding sea,
 Till, wearily and mournfully,
 They anchored in Eblana's Bay.
 Thus the Seanachies † and Sages
 Tell this tale of long-gone ages.

* Ceann, — Head, King.

† Seanachies, — historians.

PRINCE ALDFRID'S ITINERARY THROUGH IRELAND.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

[Amongst the Anglo-Saxon students resorting to Ireland was Prince Aldfrid, afterwards King of the Northumbrian Saxons. His having been educated there about the year 684 is corroborated by venerable Bede in his "Life of St. Cuthbert." The original poem, of which this is a translation, attributed to Aldfrid, is still extant in the Irish language.]

I FOUND in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics and many laymen.

I travelled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five * I found,
Alike in church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel, and food for all.

Gold and silver I found, and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast and many a city.

I also found in Armagh, the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended,
Fasting, as Christ hath recommended,
And noble councillors untranscended.

I found in each great church moreo'er,
Whether on island or on shore,
Piety, learning, fond affection,
Holy welcome and kind protection.

I found the good lay monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others,
And in their keeping the holy word
Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.

I found in Munster unfettered of any,
Kings, and queens, and poets a many —
Poets well skilled in music and measure,
Prosperous doings, mirth and pleasure.

* The two Meaths then formed a distinct province.

I found in Connaught the just, redundancy
Of riches, milk in lavish abundance;
Hospitality, vigor, fame,
In Cruachan's * land of heroic name.

I found in the country of Connall † the glorious,
Bravest heroes, ever victorious;
Fair-complexioned men and warlike,
Ireland's lights, the high, the starlike!

I found in Ulster, from hill to glen,
Hardy warriors, resolute men;
Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone,
And strength transmitted from sire to son.

I found in the noble district of Boyle
(*MS. here illegible.*)
Brehons, ‡ Erenachs, weapons bright,
And horsemen bold and sudden in fight.

I found in Leinster the smooth and sleek,
From Dublin to Slewmary's § peak;
Flourishing pastures, valor, health,
Long-living worthies, commerce, wealth.

I found, besides, from Ara to Glea,
In the broad rich country of Ossorie,
Sweet fruits, good laws for all and each,
Great chess-players, men of truthful speech.

I found in Meath's fair principality,
Virtue, vigor, and hospitality;
Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity,
Ireland's bulwark and security.

I found strict morals in age and youth,
I found historians recording truth;
The things I sing of in verse unsmooth,
I found them all — I have written sooth. ||

* Cruachan, or Croghan, was the name of the royal palace of Connaught.

† Tyrconnell, the present Donegal.

‡ Brehon, — a law judge; Erenach, — a ruler, an archdeacon.

§ Slewmary, a mountain in the Queen's county, near the river Barrow.

|| "Bede assures us that the Irish were a harmless and friendly people. To them many of the Angles had been accustomed to resort in search of knowledge, and on all occasions had been received kindly and supported gratuitously. Aldfrid lived in spontaneous exile among the Scots (Irish) through his desire of knowledge, and was called to the throne of Northumbria after the decease of his brother Egfrid in 685." — *Lingard's England*, vol. i. chap. 3.

THE "WISDOM-SELLERS" BEFORE CHARLEMAGNE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

["When the illustrious Charles began to reign alone in the Western parts of the world, and Literature was every where almost forgotten, it happened that two Scots of Ireland came over with some British merchants to the coast of France — men incomparably skilled in human learning and in the Holy Scriptures. As they produced no merchandise for sale, they used to cry out to the crowds that flocked to purchase — 'If any one is desirous of wisdom, let him come to us and receive it; for we have it to sell.' Their reason for saying that they had it for sale was, that, perceiving the people inclined to deal in salable articles, and not to take any thing gratuitously, they might rouse them to the acquisition of knowledge, as well as of objects for which they should give value; or, as the sequel showed, that by speaking in that manner they might excite their wonder and astonishment. They repeated this declaration so often, that an account of them was conveyed, either by their admirers, or by those who thought them insane, to King Charles, who, being a lover and very desirous of wisdom, had them conducted with all expedition before him, and asked them if they truly possessed wisdom as had been reported to him. They answered that they did; and were ready, in the name of the Lord, to communicate it to such as would seek for it worthily. On his inquiring of them what compensation they would expect for it, they replied that they required nothing more than convenient situations, ingenious minds, and, as being in a foreign country, to be supplied with 'food and raiment.' This account was addressed to King Charles the Fat, grandson of Charlemagne, between the years 884 and 888. It was written by the Monk of St. Gall, by some called Monachus Sangallensis, whom Goldastes and Usher suppose to have been Notker Balbus, 'the celebrated.' But Mabillon and Muratori simply style him the Monk of St. Gall." — *Muratori Analia d'Italia*, year 781. — *Lanigan's Ecc. Hist. of Ireland*, vol. iil. p. 209.]

Monachus San-Gallensis Loquitur: —

"GRANDSON of Charlemagne! to tell
Of exiled Learning's late return —
A task more grateful never fell
To one still drinking at her urn;
Of Force, O, King!
Too many sing,
Lauding mere sanguinary strength;
But Wisdom's praise
Our favored days
Have asked to hear at length.
When he whose sword and name you bear
Reigned unopposed throughout the West,
And none would dream, or dreaming dare,
Reject his high behest —
He found no peace, nor near, nor far,
No spell to stay his swaying mind;
For Glory, like the sailor's star,
Still left her votary far behind.
The wreck of Roman art remained,
Casting dark lines of destiny;
The very roads they went proclaimed
The modern man's degen'rary;

Our Charles wept like Philip's son,
Thinking Time's noblest wreaths were won.

"One morn upon his throne of state,
Crown'd and sad the Conqueror sate.
'What stirs without, my chiefs?' said he,
'Do all things rest on land and sea?
Has France slept late, or has she lost
The love of being tempest tost?'
Spake an old soldier of his wars,
One who had fought in Lombardy,
Whose breast beside bore Saxon scars —
The Soldier-Emperor's friend was he!
'O, Carl, strange news your steward bears
Of Merchants in the mart, who tell,
Standing amidst the mingled wares,
That they bring *Wisdom* here to sell;
Tall men though strange they seem to be,
And somewhere from ayont the sea.'
Quoth Charles — "'Twere rare merchandise
That purchased could make Paris wise.
Fetch me those wisdom-sellers hither —
We fain would know their whence and whither.'

"Of air erect, and full of grace,
With bearded lip and arrowy eye,
And signs no presence could efface
Of learning's meek nobility,
The men appeared: Carl's lion front
Was lifted as each bowed his head,
With words more gentle than his wont,
To the two strangers thus he said —
'Merchants, what is the tale I hear?
That in the market-place you offer
Wisdom for sale? Is Wisdom dear —
Is't in the compass of our coffer?'

"In accents such as seldom broke
The silence there, Albinus spoke: —
'O, Carl, illustrious Emperor,
We are but strangers on your shore,
From Erin's Isle, where every glen
Is crowded with the sons of song,
And every port with learned men,
We, venturing without the throng —
(And longing, not the least, to see
The person of your Majesty,
Whose fame has reached the ends of ocean);

Forsook our native isle to bear
 The lamps of wisdom every where,
 Our heavenly Master's work to do —
 And first we came, O King, to you ;
 On Carnac's Cromleach you have gazed,
 And seen the prone strength of the past ;
 You saw the piles the Cæsars raised —
 Saw Art his Empire-cause outlast ;
 All scenes of war, all pomps of peace,
 Armies and harvests in array —
 Your longing soul from sights like these
 To Time and Art oft turns away.

" Great hosts are bristling over earth,
 Like grain in harvest — till anon,
 A wintry campaign, or a dearth
 Of valor, and your hosts are gone.
 The soldier's pride is for a season,
 His day leads to a silent night ;
 But sov'reign Power, inspired by reason,
 Creates a world of fame and light ;
 We've rifled the departed ages,
 And bring their grave-gifts here to-day ;
 We sell the secrets of the sages —
 The code of Calvary and Sinai.
 To Wisdom, King ! we set no measure ;
 For Wisdom's price — there is but one —
 To value it above all treasure,
 Yet spend it freely when 'tis won.
 By every peaceful Gaelic river
 The Bookmen have a free abode,
 They celebrate each Princely giver
 And teach the arts of Man and God.
 All that we ask for, all we bring
 Is eager pupils round our cell,
 And your protection, mighty King !
 While in the realms of France we dwell.'

* * * *

" Grandson of Carl ! I need no more,
 The rest throughout the earth is known
 How learning lost to us before
 Spread like a sun around his throne.
 Till now in Saxon forests dim
 New neophytes their lore-lights trim —
 How even my own Alpine heights
 Are luminous through studious nights,
 How Pavia's learned half regain
 The glory of the Roman name —

How mind with mind and soul with soul
 Press onward to the ancient goal —
 How Faith herself smiles on the chase
 Of Chimera and Reason's race —
 How 'Wisdom-Sellers' one may meet
 In every ship and every street —
 Of how our Irish masters rest
 In graves watched by th' grateful west —
 How more than war or sanguine strength
 Of Wisdom's praise,
 Our favored days
 Have asked to hear at length."

BATTLE OF DUNDALK.

954.

BY NEIL M'DEVITT.

["Ceallachan, King of Munster, had on several occasions fought and routed the Danes under Sitrick, and had driven them completely from his territory. Sitrick, at length, professed a desire for peace, and in order to prove his sincerity, offered his sister in marriage to Ceallachan; and invited him to Dublin where he held his court, to have the marriage ceremony performed. Ceallachan and the few nobles who accompanied him were scarcely within sight of the city, when they were surrounded and attacked by Sitrick's army; they were seized and sent to Dundalk, where the Danish fleet lay at anchor, and was prepared to sail to Norway with the King and his nobles, as prisoners. Intelligence of this act of treachery having reached Mononia (Munster) the army and navy which could be brought together without delay, were despatched at once to Dundalk to rescue their King, whom they found tied with a rope to the mast of the Danish general's vessel. He being convinced that upon the loss of his own ship would in all probability follow the loss of all his fleet, exerted his skill and valor in order to save it: and that he might strike terror and dismay into the Irish, he caused the head of their admiral, Failbhe Fioun, King of Desmond, to be cut off, and exposed to view. Fingall, the admiral's second, being thus informed of his fate, resolved to avenge his death; and calling to his men to follow him, they boarded the Dane with an irresistible fury. The contest was hot and bloody: but there being so many fresh men to supply the place of the slaughtered or disabled Danes, the Irish had no prospect of obtaining the victory. Unable, however, as Fingall was to possess himself of the Danish ship, he was too valiant an Irishman to think of retreating to his own; especially without the destruction of Sitrick, in revenge of the death of Failbhe. He took a resolution, therefore, in this dilemma, which is not perhaps to be paralleled in any history. Making his way up to Sitrick, with his sword, against all that opposed him, he grasped him close in his arms and threw himself with him into the sea; where they both perished together. Two other Irish captains, being fired with the glory of this action of Fingall's, and being intent on securing the victory to their countrymen, made their way through the enemy with redoubled fury, and boarding the ship in which were Tor and Magnus, the surviving brothers of Sitrick, and then the chief commanders of the Danes, rushed violently upon them, caught them up in their arms, after the example of Fingall, and jumping overboard with them, were all lost together. The Irish perceiving the enemy dispirited and giving way, pursued their success with so much the more ardor; and boarding most of the Danish fleet, a horrible slaughter ensued. The Danes, besides their numbers, had greatly the superiority in point of skill in naval encounters; and they not only fought for their present safety,

but for their future peace and establishment in the island. On the other side the Irish contended not only for victory, but to redeem their King and country out of the hands of these treacherous and cruel enemies." — *Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 9.]

Lo, they come, they come; but all too late — their King is on the
wave,

Bound to the mast of a Danish ship, the pirate Northman's slave.
Dundalk, thy shores have often heard the roar of the boiling sea,
But wilder far is the madd'ning shout that now is heard by thee;
The voice of the soldier's rage when the foe with the prize is fled,
And the bursting yell of pale despair when hope itself is dead;
Then o'er that warrior-band in wrath a death-like silence pass'd
As they gazed where Sitrick's sails unfurl'd swell'd proudly to the
blast.

And must he go? Shall Mononia's King serve in a hostile land?
O for one ship! with Irish hearts, to crush that Danish band!
But hark! a cheer — and the list'ning hills give back the joyous
sound.

A sail — a sail is seen away where the skies the waters bound.
There's a pause anew — each searching eye is on that sail afar;
Again the cheer rings loud and high — 'tis Mononia's ships of war.
Boldly they come o'er the swelling tide, their men as wild and free
As winds that play on the mountain's side, or waves that course the

sea.

And well may they come to free their King from robbers of the main;
His sceptre ne'er a tyrant's rod, nor his rule a tyrant's chain.
And onwards towards the foe they steer — a sight sublimely grand —
War's stern array hath there an awe it never knows on land.
Soon many a sword salutes the sun, drawn in that deadly strife,
From many a heart that bounded high soon flows the tide of life.
The King — the King — to free the King bold Fionn hews his way,
And woe to him who meets his sword on this eventful day.

The King is won; but the lion heart that sets his master free
Is deeply pierced — as he cuts the cord his life-blood dyes the sea.
Brave Fionn's head is held on high, the Irish to appall,
But they rush more fiercely to the fight, led on by young Fingall.
Sternly, foot to foot and sword to sword, for death or life they meet,
And bravely, though few, they long withstand the hordes of Sitrick's
fleet;

But slowly at last, o'er heaps of slain, the Irish yield apace,
The many have the few o'ercome, and defeat is no disgrace.

O, Fingall — Fingall, what dread resolve now seizes on your mind?
All, all is done that valor can — give way, and be resigned.
Swiftly he rush'd, as one possess'd, 'mid all that hostile train,
Seizing their King, with one wild bound, plung'd both into the main,

Then sudden, as if by frenzy sped, two Irish chiefs as brave,
 The King's two brothers as quickly seized, and dash'd into the wave.
 And Freedom smiled when she saw the deed — she knew the day
 was won ;

But with that smile came a bitter tear — she had lost her favorite
 son.

With terror struck, the astonished Danes at every point gave way,
 And few were left to tell the tale of that destructive fray.

There was joy that week o'er all the land, from Bann to Shannon's
 shore ;

For they said those Danish chiefs will come to spoil our homes no
 more.

But ere the song of mirth went round, or toast in hut or hall,
 A tear was shed, and a prayer was said, for Fionn and Fingall.
 And thro' the wars of after years their name was the battle-cry,
 And many a heart that else had quail'd, by them was taught to die ;
 And oft as Freedom broke a chain, or tyrants met their fall,
 A tear was shed — a prayer was said for Fionn and Fingall.

VISION OF KING BRIAN,

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.*

THE great old Irish houses, the proud old Irish names,
 Like stars upon the midnight, to-day their lustre gleams —
 Gone are the great old houses — the proud old names are low,
 That shed a glory o'er the land a thousand years ago.
 These were the great old houses o'er whom a spirit held
 Mystic watching at life's closing, in the distant days of eld ;
 Oft foretold they of death's advent, in a slowly chanted wail,
 And often in the tones that glad a warrior in his mail.

And wheresoe'er a scion of those great old houses be,
 In the country of his fathers; or the lands beyond the sea,
 In city, or in hamlet, by the valley, on the hill,
 The spirit of his brave old sires is watching o'er him still.
 'Twas thus before the battle, that freed the Irish land,
 That crushed the Dane forever on Clontarf's empurpled strand.
 'Twas thus that brave King Brian, at the midhour of the night,
 Saw a vision as he slumbered, befitting kingly sight.

A woman pale and beautiful — a woman sad and fair —
 Proud and stately was her stature, black and flowing was her hair ;

* The battle of Clontarf was fought on Good Friday, 23d April, 1014.

White as snow the robe around her, floating shadow-like and free,
Whilst with a silver trumpet's tone, to the sleeper thus spoke she —
"King! unto thee 'tis given, to triumph o'er the Dane —
To drive his routed army forth unto the northern main;
But the palace of thy fathers, thou shalt never see again,
Thou, and the son thou lovest, shall sleep among the slain.

"Yet far into the future thy memory shall live,
And to the souls of men unborn a glorious impulse give;
Thy dynasty shall perish before a factious band,
But thy spirit shall forever dwell upon the Irish land.
Men yet unborn shall know thee as thy country's sword and shield,
Wise and prudent in the council, brave and skilful in the field,
When the factious and the spoilers shall trample on the free,
They will pray to God to raise them a Deliverer like thee.

"Thou shalt leave unto thy country, 'mid the nations, a proud name;
Thou shalt leave it peace and freedom, and a bright and glorious fame;
Thou shalt leave it upraised altars, happy homes, and smiling fields,
Where the sower shall be reaper of what Heaven's bounty yields.
Yet trampling on the country the spoiler's foot shall come,
Woo'd to conquest and to plunder by factious feud at home;
Milesian with Milesian shall battle day by day,
Till the glory of the Irish land shall pass from it away.

"The fanatic and the bigot shall come with fire and brand,
With foreign swords and foreign laws, black heart and bloody hand;
They will trample on the altar, they will desecrate the shrine,
And pollute each holy relic that thy country holds divine.
But thy country shall stand firm thro' plunder and thro' scathe,
To that which thou shalt die for, her consecrated faith;
Though her altar be in ruins, though her conquerors slay and rive,
Yet, despite of ban or guerdon, her faith shall still survive.

"Thy country's best and bravest shall struggle long in vain,
And some shall seek in distant lands to 'scape a conqueror's chain;
And some shall fall from princely hall, e'en to the peasant's shed,
And many on her hard fought fields shall slumber with the dead.
But the God whose hand is stretched forth, thy country to chastise,
In His own good time and fitting, will bid the prostrate rise;
For her faith He hath recorded where the mighty seal is set,
And His mercy, ay, it shall gush forth to vivify her yet.

"In her deepest hour of sorrow, in her hour of darkest shame,
Thy country still will treasure the glory of thy name.
In her greatest hour of triumph, when her history shall bear
To the future all her glory, thine shall still be foremost there."
No more spake she unto him, but passed like mist away,
As it floats up from the valley beneath the summer ray —

No more spake she unto him, but ever on the gale,
Until the hour of dawning, came a low and mystic wail.

* * * * *

Next day, amid the foremost, brave Morrogh fighting fell,
The flower of Irish chivalry — the son he loved so well ;
And from our shores forever was swept that day the Dane —
But the old King and his valiant son were numbered with the slain !

BRIAN THE BRAVE.*

BY THOMAS MOORE.

REMEMBER the glories of Brian the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er ;
Tho' lost to Mononia † and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora ‡ no more.
That star of the field which so often hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set ;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia ! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there ?
No ! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood §
In the day of distress by our side ;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain ; —
O ! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

* Brian Boromhe, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

‡ The palace of Brian.

§ This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favorite troops of Brian, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. — *Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be*

KING BRIAN BEFORE THE BATTLE.*

BY WILLIAM KENEALY.

STAND ye now for Erin's glory ! Stand ye now for Erin's cause !
 Long ye've groaned beneath the rigor of the Northmen's savage laws.
 What though brothers league against us ? † What, though myriads
 be the foe ?

Victory will be more honored in the myriads' overthrow.

Proud Connacians ! oft we've wrangled, in our petty feuds of yore ;
 Now we fight against the robber Dane, upon our native shore ;
 May our hearts unite in friendship, as our blood in one red tide,
 While we crush their mail-clad legions, and annihilate their pride !

Brave Eugenians ! Erin triumphs in the sight she sees to-day —
 Desmond's homesteads all deserted for the muster and the fray !
 Cluan's vale and Galtee's summit send their bravest and their best —
 May such hearts be theirs for ever, for the Freedom of the West !

Chiefs and Kerne of Dalcassia ! Brothers of my past career,
 Oft we've trodden on the pirate-flag that flaunts before us here ;
 You remember Iniscattery, ‡ how we bounded on the foe,
 As the torrent of the mountain bursts upon the plain below !

They have razed our proudest castles — spoiled the Temples of the
 Lord —

Burnt to dust the sacred relics — put the Peaceful to the sword —
 Desecrated all things holy — as they soon may do again,
 If their power to-day we smite not — if to-day we be not men !

Slaughtered pilgrims is the story at St. Kevin's rocky cell,
 And on the southern sea-shore, at Isle Helig's holy well ; §

placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops ; — never was such another sight exhibited." — *History of Ireland*, book 12th, chap. i.

* The Annals of Inisfallen give an account of Brian's address to his forces immediately before the battle of Clontarf. He rode through the ranks in the twilight of morning, Good Friday, April 23d, 1014, accompanied by his son, Morrogh ; reminded the troops of the Bloody Sacrifice which was commemorated on that day ; and, holding up the Crucifix in his left hand, and his golden-hilted sword in the right, declared he was willing to die in so just and honorable a cause.

† The Lagenians, under their king, Maelmordha, joined the Danes.

‡ The Island of Iniscattery, in the mouth of the Shannon, made remarkable by the sanctity of its eleven churches, and the tomb of St. Senanus, was seized upon by the plundering horde, who used the sacred edifices as military stores. Brian, with 1,200 of his Dalcassian heroes, landed here, and, after a fierce struggle, succeeded in recovering possession of the sacred Isle.

§ The Isles of Helig, on the coast of Kerry, famous for their monastery and holy well.

Even the anchorets are hunted, poor and peaceful though they be,
And not one of them left living in their caves beside the sea ! *

Think of all your murdered chieftains — all your rifled homes and
shrines —

Then rush down, with whetted vengeance, like fierce wolves upon
their lines !

Think of Bangor — think of Mayo — and Senanus' holy tomb † —
Think of all your past endurance — what may be your future doom !

On this day the God-man suffered — look upon the sacred sign —
May we conquer 'neath its shadow, as of old did Constantine !
May the heathen tribes of Odin fade before it like a dream,
And the triumph of this glorious day in future annals gleam !

God of Heaven, bless our banner — nerve our sinews for the strife !
Fight we now for all that's holy — for our altars, land, and life —
For red vengeance on the spoiler, whom the blazing temples trace —
For the honor of our maidens, and the glory of our race !

Should I fall before the foeman, 'tis the death I seek to-day ;
Should ten thousand daggers pierce me, bear my body not away,
Till this day of days be over — till the field is fought and won —
Then the holy Mass be chanted, and the funeral rites be done.

Curses darker than Ben Heder ‡ light upon the craven slave
Who prefers the life of traitor to the glory of the grave !
Freedom's guerdon now awaits you, or a destiny of chains —
Trample down the dark oppressor while one spark of life remains !

Think not now of coward mercy — Heaven's curse is on their blood !
Spare them not, though myriad corpses float upon the purple flood !
By the memory of great Dathi, and the valiant chiefs of yore,
This day we'll scourge the viper brood for ever from our shore !

Men of Erin ! men of Erin ! grasp the battle-axe and spear !
Chase these Northern wolves before you like a herd of frightened
deer !
Burst their ranks, like bolts from heaven ! Down on the heathen
crew,
For the glory of the Crucifix, and Erin's glory too !

* The Monastery of Bangor, according to the "Annals of Munster," and the "Annals of the Four Masters," was on one occasion attacked and plundered, St. Comgall's shrine violated, and the abbot, with 900 monks, all murdered in one day. — Monastery of the English destroyed at Mayo.

† Moore states that these barbarians did not leave a hermit alive along the
coasts.

‡ Ben Heder — the Mountain of Birds — now the Hill of Howth.

KINKORA.

1015.

FROM THE IRISH, BY J. C. MANGAN.

[This poem is ascribed to the celebrated poet Mac Liag, the secretary of the renowned monarch Brian Boru, who, as is well known, fell at the battle of Clontarf in 1014, and the subject of it is a lamentation for the fallen condition of Kinkora, the palace of that monarch, consequent on his death. The decease of Mac Liag is recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters," as having taken place in 1015. A great number of his poems are still in existence, but none of them have obtained a popularity so widely extended as his "Lament." The palace of Kinkora, which was situated on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloe, is now a heap of ruins.]

O, WHERE, Kinkora ! is Brian the Great ?
 And where is the beauty that once was thine ?
 O, where are the princes and nobles that sate
 At the feast in thy halls, and drank the red wine ?
 Where, O, Kinkora ?

O, where, Kinkora ! are thy valorous lords ?
 O, whither, thou Hospitable ! are they gone ?
 O, where are the Dalcassians of the golden swords ? •
 And where are the warriors Brian led on ?
 Where, O, Kinkora ?

And where is Morrogh, the descendant of kings ;
 The defeater of a hundred — the daringly brave —
 Who set but slight store by jewels and rings —
 Who swam down the torrent and laughed at its wave
 Where, O, Kinkora ?

And where is Donogh, King Brian's worthy son ?
 And where is Conaing, the beautiful chief ?
 And Kian and Corc ? Alas ! they are gone —
 They have left me this night alone with my grief !
 Left me, Kinkora !

And where are the chiefs with whom Brian went forth,
 The never-vanquished sons of Erin the brave,
 The great King of Onaght, renowned for his worth,
 And the hosts of Baskinn from the western wave ?
 Where, O, Kinkora ?

O, where is Duvlann of the Swift-footed Steeds ?
 And where is Kian, who was son of Molloy ?

• *Oblig n-or*, or the Swords of Gold, i. e. of the Gold-hilted Swords.

And where is King Lonergan, the fame of whose deeds
In the red battle-field no time can destroy?
Where, O, Kinkora?

And where is that youth of majestic height,
The faith-keeping Prince of the Scots? Even he,
As wide as his fame was, as great as was his might,
Was tributary, O Kinkora, to thee!
Thee, O, Kinkora!

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth,
Who plundered no churches, and broke no trust;
'Tis weary for me to be living on earth
When they, O Kinkora, lie low in the dust!
Low, O, Kinkora!

O, never again will Princes appear,
To rival the Dalcassians* of the Cleaving Swords;
I can never dream of meeting afar or anear,
In the east or the west, such heroes and lords!
Never, Kinkora!

O, dear are the images my memory calls up
Of Brian Boru! — how he never would miss
To give me at the banquet, the first bright cup!
Ah! why did he heap on me honor like this?
Why, O, Kinkora?

I am Mac Liag, and my home is on the Lake:
Thither often, to that palace whose beauty is fled,
Came Brian, to ask me, and I went for his sake,
O, my grief! that I should live, and Brian be dead!
Dead, O, Kinkora!

THE RETURN OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

[This ballad is founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran:—"The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgill, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety

* The Dalcassians were Brian's body-guard.

frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II. "Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis, (as I find in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."]

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That saddened the joy of my mind.
I looked for the lamp which she told me
Should shine when her Pilgrim returned,
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burned!

I flew to her chamber — 'twas lonely
As if the loved tenant lay dead!
Ah! would it were death, and death only!
But no — the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand, that had waked it so often,
Now throbbed to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought*!
While now — O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide — to dishonor,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But onward! — the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN!
On *theirs* is the SAXON and GUILT.

THE BATTLE OF KNOCKTUAGH.*

1189.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MONKS OF KILCREA."

[About this time (1189) the Anglo-Norman power in Ireland received a severe check by the death of Sir Armoricus Tristram, brother-in-law, and, after the chivalrous fashion of the day, sworn comrade of Sir John de Courcy. Having gone with a strong force to Connaught on an expedition, he was attacked with a more numerous army by Cathal O'Connor, surnamed "The Red Handed," and slain, with all his followers. This battle was fought by the Adventurers with a bravery unsurpassed in the annals of modern warfare. Of it the historian says: — "Cathal, surnamed the bloody-handed, one of the survivors of the race of Roderick, was now received as King of Connaught, and had united in a confederacy the chiefs of Thomond and Desmond, against the new settlers, as the common enemy. Neither De Courcy nor De Lacy could expect the support of each other. But De Courcy's trusty friend Armoric of St. Lawrence, marched without delay to assist him in the defence of Ulster, with a little band of two hundred foot and thirty cavalry. Cathal, to intercept him on his march through his province, laid an ambuscade; and St. Lawrence having fallen into it, found himself surrounded by an army, with which it would be madness to contend in any hope of victory. In this emergency the love of life so far prevailed over the cavalry, that they were on the point to trust to the fleetness of their horses, leaving the foot to their fate. The infantry were informed of this resolution, and with the brother of Armoric at their head, they gathered round their companions in arms, and reproached them for so ignoble a purpose: then reminding them of the many toils and dangers in which they had participated — the friendships and affinities they had mutually formed; they conjured them, by every tender and affecting motive, not to disgrace their former prowess by abandoning their fellow-soldiers and their brethren to the fury of a barbarous and incensed enemy. Armoric and his brave band could hear no more; he drew his sword and plunged it into his horse; the rest of the troops followed his example, and with one voice all declared they would share the fate of their companions: that death was now inevitable, and that they would meet it manfully with their weapons in their hands rather than stain their honor by submitting to the mercy of an enemy they had so often vanquished. They proceeded to the execution of their purpose, with a truly Spartan resolution and composure. Two of the youngest of their body were ordered to retire to a neighboring eminence; there to view the engagement, and to bear a faithful report to John de Courcy, of the conduct of his friends and countrymen in this last trying hour. The rest marched forward with a confidence which struck the Irish army with amazement. Cathal imagined they must have received a numerous reinforcement. Meanwhile, St. Lawrence and his band rushed desperately forward; they forced their way with terrible havoc through the crowds of the enemy, of whom one thousand are said to have fallen by their hands. As they were completely armed, they sustained repeated onsets for a long time, without receiving a wound. At length, overwhelmed by numbers, they sank under a contest so unequal: not one enduring to survive his companions. Cathal founded an Abbey on the field of action, and named it *De Colle Victorie*." — *Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ*, vol. i. part 1, page 13.]

CLOSE hemmed by foes, in Ulster hills, within his castle pent,
For aid unto the west countrie Sir John de Courcy sent;
And for the sake of knightly vow, and friendship old and tried,
He prayed that Sir Armor Tristram would to his rescue ride.

Then grieved full sore that noble knight, when he those tidings heard,
And deep a vow he made, with full many a holy word —

* Knocktuadh, "The Hill of Axes," lies within a few miles of Galway.

That aid him Heaven and good St. Lawrence, full vengeance should
 await
 The knaves who did De Courcy wrong, and brought him to this
 strait.

And a goodly sight it was, o'er Clare-Galway's glassy plain,
 To see the bold Sir Tristram pass, with all his gallant train :
 For thirty knights came with him there, all kinsmen of his blood,
 And seven score spears and ten, right valiant men and good.

And clasping close, with sturdy arms, each horseman by the waist,
 Behind each firm-fixed saddle there, a footman light was placed ;
 And fast they spurred in sweeping trot, as if in utmost need,
 Their harness ringing loudly round, and foam upon each steed.

They cross the stream — they reach the wood — the bending boughs
 give way,
 And fling upon their waving plumes light showers of sparkling
 spray ;
 But when they pass that leafy copse, and topp'd the hillock's crest,
 Then jumped each footman down — each horseman laid his lance in
 rest.

For far and wide as eye could reach, a mighty host was seen
 Of Irish kernes and gallowglass, with hobbblers between,
 And proudly waving in the front fierce Cathal's standard flies,
 With many more of Connaught's chiefs, and Desmond's tribes like-
 wise.

Then to a knight Sir Tristram spake, with fearless eye and brow,
 " Sir Hugolin, advance my flag, and do this errand now :
 Go, seek the leader of yon host, and greet him fair from me,
 And ask, why thus, with armed men, he blocks my passage free ? "

Then stout Sir Hugolin prick'd forth, upon his gallant gray,
 The banner in his good right hand, and thus aloud did say : —
 " Ho ! Irish chiefs ! Sir Armor Tristram greets ye fair, by me,
 And bids me ask, why thus in arms ye block his passage free ? "

Then stept fierce Cathal to the front, his chieftains standing nigh :
 " Proud stranger, take our answer back, and this our reason why : —
 Our wolves are gaunt for lack of food — our eagles pine away,
 And to glut them with your flesh, lo ! we stop you here this day ! "

" Now, gramercy for the thought ! " calm Sir Hugolin replied,
 And with a steadfast look and mien that wrathful chief he eyed : —
 " Yet should your wild birds covet not the dainty fare you name,
 Then, by the rood, our Norman swords shall carve them better
 game ! "

Then turned his horse, and back he rode unto the little band
That, halted on the hill, in firm and martial order stand ;
When told his tale, then divers knights began to counsel take,
How best they could their peril shun, and safe deliverance make.

"Against such odds, all human might is valueless !" they cried ;
"And better 'twere at once to turn, and thro' the thicket ride."
When, high o'er all, Sir Tristram spake, in accents bold and
free : —
"Let all depart who fear to fight this battle out with me ;

"For never yet shall mortal say, I left him in his need,
Or brought him into danger's grasp — then trusted to my steed !
And, come what will, whate'er betide, let all depart who may,
I'll share my comrades' lot, and with them stand or fall this day !"

Then drooped with burning shame full many a knightly crest,
And nobler feelings answering swell'd throughout each throbbing
breast ;
And stout Sir Hugolin spoke first : — "Whate'er our lot may be,
Come weal, come woe, 'fore Heaven, we'll stand or fall this day
with thee !"

Then from his horse Sir Tristram lit, and drew his shining blade,
And gazing on the noble beast, right mournfully he said : —
"Thro' many a bloody field thou hast borne me safe and well,
And never knight had truer friend than thou, fleet Roancelle !

"When wounded sore, and left for dead, on far Knockgara's plain,
No friendly aid or vassal near — yet thou didst still remain !
Close to thy master there thou mad'st thy rough and fearful bed,
And on thy side, that night, my steed, I laid my aching head !

"Yet now, my gallant horse, we part ! thy proud career is o'er,
And never shalt thou bound beneath an armed rider more."
He spoke, and kist the blade — then pierced his charger's glossy
side,
And madly plunging in the air, the noble courser died !

Then every horseman in his band, dismounting, did the same,
And in that company no steed alive was left, but twain ;
On one there rode De Courcy's squire, who came from Ulster wild ;
Upon the other young Oswald sate, Sir Tristram's only child.

The father kist his son, then spake, while tears his eyelids fill :
"Good Hamo, take my boy, and spur with him to yonder hill ;
Go, watch from thence, till all is o'er ; then, northward haste in
flight,
And say, that Tristram in his harness died, like a worthy knight."

Now pealed along the foeman's ranks a shrill and wild halloo !
While boldly back defiance loud the Norman bugles blew ;
And bounding up the hill, like hounds, at hunted quarry set,
The Irish kernes came fiercely on, and fiercely were they met.

Then rose the roar of battle loud — the shout — the cheer — the cry !
The clank of ringing steel, the gasping groans of those who die ;
Yet onward still the Norman band right fearless cut their way,
As move the mowers o'er the sward upon a summer's day.

For round them there, like shorn grass, the foe in hundreds bleed ;
Yet, fast as e'er they fall, each side do hundreds more succeed,
With naked breasts, undaunted meet the spears of steel-clad men,
And sturdily, with axe and skein, repay their blows again.

Now crushed with odds, their phalanx broke, each Norman fights
alone,
And few are left throughout the field, and they are feeble grown ;
But, high o'er all, Sir Tristram's voice is like a trumpet heard,
And still, where'er he strikes, the foemen sink beneath his sword.

But once he raised his beaver up — alas ! it was to try
If Hamo and his boy yet tarried on the mountain nigh ;
When sharp an arrow from the foe piercèd right thro' his brain,
And sank the gallant knight a corpse upon the bloody plain.

Then failed the fight, for gathering round his lifeless body there,
The remnant of his gallant band fought fiercely in despair ;
And one by one they wounded fell — yet with their latest breath,
Their Norman war-cry shouted bold — then sank in silent death.

And thus Sir Tristram died ; than whom no mortal knight could be
More brave in list or battle-field, — in banquet-hall more free ;
The flower of noble courtesy — of Norman peers the pride ;
O, not in Christendom's wide realms can be his loss supplied.

Sad tidings these to tell, in far Downpatrick's lofty towers,
And sadder news to bear to lone Ivora's silent bowers ;
Yet shout ye not, ye Irish kernes — good cause have ye to rue ;
For a bloody fight and stern was the battle of Knocktuagh.

THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.*

1190.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

CAN the depths of the ocean afford you not graves,
That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves;
To redden and swell the wild torrents that flow,
Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aharlow? †

The clangor of conflict o'erburdens the breeze,
From the stormy Slieve Bloom to the stately Galtees;
Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
Slievenamon, Glencolloc, and sublime Galtymore!

The Sun-burst that slumbered embalmed in our tears,
Tipperary! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers!
And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and spear,
While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain,
With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane,
His gallant breast labors, and glare his wild eyes;
He plunges in torture — falls — shivers — and dies.

Let the trumpets ring triumph! the tyrant is slain,
He reels o'er his charger deep-pierced through the brain;
And his myriads are flying like leaves on the gale,
But, who shall escape from our hills with the tale?

For the arrows of vengeance are show'ring like rain,
And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,
Till thy waves, "lordly Shannon," all crimsonly flow,
Like the billows of hell with the blood of the foe.

* This ballad relates to the time when the Irish began to rally and unite against their invaders. The union was, alas! brief; but its effects were great. The troops of Connaught and Ulster, under Cathal Cruv-dearg (Cathal O'Connor of the Red Hand), defeated and slew Armoric St. Laurence, and stripped De Courcy of half his conquests. But the ballad refers to Munster; and an extract from Moore's book will show that there was solid ground for triumph. "Among the chiefs who agreed at this crisis to postpone their mutual feuds and act in concert against the enemy, were O'Brian of Thomond, and MacCarthy of Desmond, hereditary rulers of North and South Munster, and chiefs respectively of the two rival tribes, the Dalcassians and Eoganians. By a truce now formed between those princes, O'Brian was left free to direct his arms against the English; and having attacked their forces at Thurles, in Fogarty's country, gave them a complete overthrow, putting to the sword, add the Munster Annals, a great number of knights."

— *History of Ireland*, A. D. 1190.

† Aharlow glen, County Tipperary.

Ay ! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly —
 Revenge, with the fleetness of lightning, can vie ;
 And the septs of the mountains spring up from each rock,
 And rush down the ravines like wolves on the flock.

And who shall pass over the stormy Slieve Bloom,
 To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom ;
 When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers
 Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears ?

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves,
 But the glen and the torrent have yawned for their graves —
 From the gloomy Ardfinnan to wild Templemore —
 From the Suir to the Shannon — is red with their gore.

By the soul of Heremon ! our warriors may smile,
 To remember the march of the foe through our isle ;
 Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
 And proudly they flash'd in the summer sun's ray ;

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
 And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold,
 By Saint Bride of Kildare ! but they moved in fair show —
 To gorge the young eagles of dark Aharlow !

DE COURCY'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[“ Sir John De Courcy under King Henry (the Second) was the chief conqueror of Ulster — who about the getting of the same had seven battles with the Irish, five of which he won and lost two. Having at length reduced it to English rule and order, and occupied it for twenty years or more. King John hearing that De Courcy had boldly declared that the death of the rightful heir to the English crown, Prince Arthur, was effected through his commands, he instructed the brothers, Sir Walter and Sir Hugh De Lacy, to arrest De Courcy, and send him to England to be hanged. Sir Hugh went with his host from Meath and did battle with De Courcy in Down, and after many being slain on both sides the victory was in favor of De Courcy.” — (*Finglas's Breviate* — *Harris's Hibernica*, page 43.) Among the traditional heroes of Ireland John De Courcy occupies a prominent position. The exploits which fame ascribes to him entitle him to the character of an Irish Cid. The circumstance related in the following ballad is popular in every homestead from Innishowen to Inisherkin.]

“ I'm weary of your elegies, your keenings and complaints,
 We've heard no strain this blessed night, but histories of saints ;
 Sing us some deed of daring, — of the living or the dead ! ”
 So Earl Gerald, in Maynooth, to the Bard Neelan said.

Answered the Bard Neelan, — “ O, Earl, I will obey ;
 And I will show you that you have no cause for what you say ;

A warrior may be valiant, and love holiness also,
As did the Norman Courcy, in this country long ago."

Few men could match De Courcy, on saddle or on sward,
The ponderous mace he valued more than any Spanish sword;
On many a field of slaughter scores of men lay smashed and stark,
And the victors as they saw them, said — "Lo! John De Courcy's
mark!"

De Lacy was his deadly foe, through envy of his fame;
He laid foul ambush for his life, and stigmatized his name;
But the gallant John De Courcy kept still his mace at hand,
And rode unfearing feint or force, across his rival's land.

He'd made a vow, for some past sins, a pilgrimage to pay,
At Patrick's tomb, and there to bide, a fortnight and a day;
And now amid the cloisters, the disarmed giant walks,
And with the brown beads in his hand, from cross to cross he stalks.

News came to Hugo Lacy, of the penance of the Knight,
And he rose and sent his murderers, from Durrough forth by night;
A score of mighty Methian men, proof guarded for the strife,
And he has sworn them, man by man, to take De Courcy's life.

'Twas twilight in Downpatrick town, the pilgrim in the porch,
Sat, faint with fasting and with prayer, before the darkened church;
When suddenly he heard a sound, upon the stony street —
A sound, familiar to his ears, of battle horses' feet.

He stepped forth to a hillock, where an oaken cross it stood,
And looking forth, he leaned upon the monumental wood.
"'Tis he! 'tis he!" the foremost cried — "'tis well you came to
shrive,
For another sun, De Courcy, you shall never see alive!"

Then roused the softened heart within the pilgrim's sober weeds —
He thought upon his high renown, and all his knightly deeds,
He felt the spirit swell within his undefended breast,
And his courage rose the faster, that his sins had been confest.

"I am no dog to perish thus! no deer to couch at bay!
Assassins! ware * the life you seek, and stand not in my way!"
He plucked the tall cross from the root, and waving it around,
He dashed the master murderer, stark — lifeless to the ground.

As row on row, they pressed within the deadly ring he made,
Twelve of the score in their own gore within his reach he laid;

* "Then ware a rising tempest on the main." — *Dryden*.

The rest in panic terror ran to horse and fled away,
And left the Knight, De Courcy, at the bloody cross to pray.

"And now," quoth Neelan to the Earl, "I did your will obey,
Have I not shown, you had no cause — for what I heard you say?"
"Faith, Neelan," answered Gerald, "your holy man, Sir John,
Did bear his cross right manfully, so much we have to own."

CAHAL MOR OF THE WINE-RED HAND.

(A VISION OF CONNAUGHT IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

"Et moi, j'ai été aussi en Arcadie." — And I, too, have been a dreamer. — *Description on a Painting by Poussin.*

I WALKED entranced
Through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.*

Anon stood nigh
By my side a man
Of princely aspect and port sublime.
Him queried I,
"O, my Lord and Khan,†
What clime is this, and what golden time?"
When he — "The clime
Is a clime to praise,
The clime is Erin's, the green and bland;
And it is the time,
These be the days,
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!"

* The Irish and Oriental poets both agree in attributing favorable or unfavorable weather and abundant or deficient harvests to the good or bad qualities of the reigning monarch. What the character of Cathal was will be seen below. Mor means Great.

† Identical with the Irish *Ceann*, Head, or Chief; but I the rather gave him the Oriental title, as really fancying myself in one of the regions of Araby the Blest.

Then I saw thrones,
 And circling fires,
 And a dome rose near me, as by a spell,
 Whence flowed the tones
 Of silver lyres
 And many voices in wreathed swell ;
 And their thrilling chime
 Fell on mine ears
 As the heavenly hymn of an angel-band —
 “ It is now the time,
 These be the years,
 Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand ! ”

I sought the hall,
 And, behold ! — a change
 From light to darkness, from joy to woe !
 Kings, nobles, all,
 Looked aghast and strange ;
 The minstrel-group sate in dumbest show !
 Had some great crime
 Wrought this dread amaze,
 This terror ? None seemed to understand !
 ’Twas then the time,
 We were in the days,
 Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

I again walked forth ;
 But lo ! the sky
 Showed fleckt with blood, and an alien sun
 Glared from the north,
 And there stood on high,
 Amid his shorn beams, A SKELETON ! *
 It was by the stream
 Of the castled Maine,
 One autumn eve, in the Teuton’s land,
 That I dreamed this dream
 Of the time and reign
 Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand !

* “ It was but natural that these portentous appearances should thus be exhibited on this occasion, for they were the heralds of a very great calamity that befell the Connacians in this year — namely, the death of Cathal of the Red Hand, son of Torlogh Mor of the Wine, and King of Connaught, a prince of most amiable qualities, and into whose heart God had infused more piety and goodness than into the hearts of any of his contemporaries.” — *Annals of the Four Masters*, A. D. 1224.

BATTLE OF CREDRAN. ,

1257.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

[A brilliant battle was fought by Geoffrey O'Donnell, Lord of Tirconnell, against the Lord Justice of Ireland, Maurice Fitzgerald, and the English of Connaught, at Credran Cille, Roseede, in the territory of Carburry, north of Sligo, in defence of his principality. A fierce and terrible conflict took place, in which bodies were hacked, heroes disabled, and the strength of both sides exhausted. The men of Tirconnell maintained their ground, and completely overthrew the English forces in the engagement, and defeated them with great slaughter; but Geoffrey himself was severely wounded, having encountered in the fight Maurice Fitzgerald, in single combat, in which they mortally wounded each other. — *Annals of the Four Masters.*]

FROM the glens of his fathers O'Donnell comes forth,
With all Cinel-Conall,* fierce septs of the North —
O'Boyle and O'Daly, O Dugan, and they,
That own, by the wild waves, O'Doherty's sway.

Clan Connor, brave sons of the diademed Niall,
Has poured the tall clansmen from mountain and vale —
M'Sweeny's sharp axes, to battle oft bore,
Flash bright in the sunlight by high Dunamore.

Through Inis-Mac-Durin,† through Derry's dark brakes,
Glentocher of tempests, Slieve-snacht of the lakes,
Bundoran of dark spells, Loch-Swilly's rich glen,
The red deer rush wild at the war-shout of men !

O ! why through Tir-Conall, from Cuil-dubh's dark steep,
To Samer's ‡ green border the fierce masses sweep,
Living torrents o'er-leaping their own river shore,
In the red sea of battle to mingle their roar ?

Stretch thy vision far southward, and seek for reply
Where blaze of the hamlets glares red on the sky —
Where the shrieks of the hopeless rise high to their God —
Where the foot of the Sassenach spoiler has trod !

Sweeping on like a tempest, the Gall-Oglach § stern
Contentends for the van with the swift-footed kern —

* *Cinel-Conall*, — The descendants of Conall-Gulban, the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, Monarch of Ireland in the fourth century. The principality was named Tir Chonaile, or Tyreconnell, which included the county Donegal, and its chiefs were the O'Donnells.

† Districts in Donegal.

‡ *Samer*, — The ancient name of Loch Earne.

§ *Gall-Oglach* or *Galloughliss*, — The heavy armed foot soldier. *Kern* or *Ceithernach*, — The light armed soldier.

There's blood for that burning, and joy for that wail —
The avenger is hot on the spoiler's red trail !

The Saxon hath gathered on Credran's far heights,
His groves of long lances, the flower of his knights —
His awful cross-bowmen, whose long iron hail
Finds through Cota * and Sciath, the bare heart of the Gael !

The long lance is brittle — the mailèd ranks reel
Where the Gall-Oglach's axe hews the harness of steel ;
And truer to its aim in the breast of a foeman,
Is the pike of a Kern than the shaft of a bowman.

One prayer to St. Columb † — the battle steel clashes —
The tide of fierce conflict tumultuously dashes ;
Surging onward, high-heaving its billow of blood,
While war-shout and death-groan swell high o'er the flood !

As meets the wild billows the deep-centred rock,
Met glorious Clan-Conall the fierce Saxon's shock ;
As the wrath of the clouds flashed the axe of Clan-Conell,
Till the Saxon lay strewn 'neath the might of O'Donnell !

One warrior alone holds the wide bloody field,
With barbed black charger and long lance and shield —
Grim, savage, and gory he meets their advance,
His broad shield up-lifting, and couching his lance.

Then forth to the van of that fierce rushing throng
Rode a chieftain of tall spear and battle-axe strong,
His *bracca*, ‡ and *geochal*, and *cochal*'s red fold,
And war-horse's housings, were radiant in gold !

Say who is this chief spurring forth to the fray,
The wave of whose spear holds yon armed array ?
And he who stands scorning the thousands that sweep,
An army of wolves over shepherdless sheep ?

* *Cota*, — The saffron-dyed shirt of the kern, consisting of many yards of yellow linen thickly plaited. *Sciath*, — The wicker shield, as its name imports.

† *St. Colum*, or *Colum-Cille*, the dove of the Church, — The patron saint of Tyrconnell, descended from Connall Galban.

‡ *Bracca*. — So called, from being striped with various colors, was the tight-fitting Tunic. It covered the ankles, legs, and thighs, rising as high as the loins, and fitted so close to the limbs as to discover every muscle and motion of the parts which it covered. *Geochal*. — The jacket made of gilded leather, and which was sometimes embroidered with silk. *Cochal*. — A sort of cloak with a large hanging collar of different colors. This garment reached to the middle of the thigh, and was fringed with a border like shaggy hair, and being brought over the shoulders, was fastened on the breast by a clasp, buckle, or brooch of silver or gold. In battle, they wrapped the Cochal several times round the left arm as a shield. — *Walker's Dress and Armor of the Irish*.

The shield of his nation, brave Geoffrey O'Donnell
 (Clar-Fodhla's firm prop is the proud race of Conall) •
 And Maurice Fitzgerald, the scorner of danger,
 The scourge of the Gael, and the strength of the stranger.

The launched spear hath torn through target and mail —
 The couched lance hath borne to his crupper the Gael —
 The steeds driven backwards all helplessly reel;
 But the lance that lies broken hath blood on its steel !

And now, fierce O'Donnell, thy battle-axe wield —
 The broad sword is shivered, and cloven the shield,
 The keen steel sweeps griding through proud crest and crown —
 Clar-Fodhla hath triumphed — the Saxon is down !

THE BATTLE OF LOUGH SWILLY.

1258.

["O'Donnell Geoffrey was confined by his mortal wounds at Lough Beathach, for the space of a year, after the battle of Credrain. When Bryan O'Neill received intelligence of this, he collected his forces for the purpose of marching into Tyrconnell, and sent messengers to O'Donnell, demanding sureties, hostages, and submission, as they had no lord capable of governing them, after Geoffrey. The messengers, having delivered their commands, returned with all possible speed. O'Donnell summoned the Connellians from all quarters to wait on him, and having assembled at their lord's call, he ordered them, as he was not able to lead them, to prepare for him the coffin, in which his remains should be finally conveyed, to place him therein, and to carry him in the very midst of his people. He told them to fight bravely, as he was amongst them, and not to fear the power of their enemies. They then proceeded in battle array, at the command of their lord, to meet O'Neill's force, till both armies confronted each other on the shore of Lough Swilly. They attacked each other, without regard to friend or relative, till at length the Tyrconnians were defeated and driven back, leaving behind them many of their horses, men, and property. On the day of the return of the Connellian force from their victory, the coffin in which O'Donnell was borne was laid down on the place where the battle was fought, where his spirit departed, from the mortification of his wounds received in the battle of Credrain." — *Annals of the Four Masters*, A. D. 1258.]

ALL worn, and wan, and sore with wounds, from Credran's bloody
 fray,

In Donegal, for twelve long months, the proud O'Donnell lay;
 Around his couch, in bitter grief, his trusty clansmen wait,
 And silent watch, with aching hearts, his faint and feeble state.

Full sad it was, that gallant chief, thus stricken down to see,
 The wise in hall, the brave in field, the fearless and the free;

* This is the translation of the first line of a poem of two hundred and forty-eight verses, written by Fírgal og Mac-an-Bhaird on Dominick O'Donnell, in the year 1655. The original line is —

"Gaibhle Fodhla fuil Chonaill." — *O'Reilly's Irish Writers*.

Tyrowen's scourge, Tyrconnell's pride, now as an infant weak,
And wrung with pain his manly form, all sunk his pallid cheek.

His war-shield hangs above him there, his sword is by his bed ;
And at the foot his henchman sits, — his bard is by its head ;
And on his *clairseach* * wakes at times a soft and soothing strain,
And sings the songs of other days to lull his master's pain.

A light wind touched his banner there, and waved it to and fro,
And on his couch he raised him up all wearily and slow ;
"O, bear me forth," the chieftain said, "and let me view once more,
The rustling woods of Gartan side, Lough Betagh's gentle shore.

"Methinks, upon this burning brow, right pleasant 'twere to feel
The fresh breeze from the waters sweep, and o'er it cooling steal ;
And see the stag upon the hills, the white clouds drifting by,
And feel, upon my wasted cheek, God's sunshine ere I die."

It was a summer's evening, a glorious eve in June,
When bright the sun looked back on hills, all purple in their bloom ;
And blue the lake, and fair the sky when down his gillies bore
Their wounded chief, on litter soft, to Betagh's pleasant shore.

He looked upon the hills and lake — he gazed upon the sky ;
The very harebell at his foot had beauty to his eye ;
And o'er his brow, and features pale, a quiet calmness crept,
And, leaning back, he closed his eyes, all tranquilly, and slept.

But soon his slumber passed away, and suddenly he woke,
And thus, with kindling eye and cheek, the wounded warrior spoke :
"A war-steed's tramp is on the heath, and onward cometh fast,
And, by the Rood ! a trumpet sounds ! — Hark, 'tis the Red Hand's
blast."

Nor hoof nor horn his vassals heard, nor echo from the hill ;
The lake was calm, the wood was hushed, and all around was still ;
But soon a kern all breathless ran, and told a stranger train
Across the heath was spurring fast, and then in sight it came.

"Now, bring me quick my father's sword," the noble chieftain
said ;

"My mantle o'er my shoulders fling — place helmet on my head,
And raise me to my feet, for ne'er shall clansman of my foe
Go boasting tell in far Tyrone he saw O'Donnell low !"

They brought him there his father's sword, all goodly to behold,
His mantle o'er his shoulders cast — its clasp was twisted gold —

* *Clairseach*, — Harp. *Slíán* — Short sword.

And on his brow a helmet placed, and then, though pale his face,
Yet circled by his chiefs he looked the Monarch of his Race!

And thither came the messenger, O'Niall's henchman he,
And proudly o'er the heath he stept, with bearing bold and free;
His left hand grasps a sheathed sword — then spake O'Donnell
brief,

"Stranger, you come from Clannaboy — what tidings from your
chief?"

FYTTE II.

"High Chief of Donegal" — 'twas thus the clansman back did
say —

"O'Niall sends you greeting fair, as lord a vassal may,
And bids you render homage due, as did your sires before,
And unto him this tribute pay ere thrice three days are o'er:

"A hundred hawks from out your woods, all trained their prey
to get;

A hundred steeds from off your hills uncrost by rider yet;
A hundred kine from off your plains, the best your land doth know;
A hundred hounds from out your halls, to hunt the stag and roe."

"Nor hawk, nor hound, nor steed, nor steer, O'Niall gets from me;
Nor homage yield, nor tribute send — no vassal clan are we!
And be he Lord of Clannaboy, and Chieftain at Tyrone,
Yet I am Prince in Donegal — let each man hold his own.

"We tread our hills as freeborn men! nor Lord, nor Ruler, know;
We bend the knee to God alone — go tell your chieftain so!
Mac Carthan's rocks are hard to climb; Lough Swilly's sides are
steep,
And what our fathers gave to us, our good right hands shall keep!"

The clansman heard in silent rage, then proud his sword he drew,
And boldly at O'Donnell's foot the scabbard down he threw;
And waved in air the blade aloft, and blew a trumpet blast —
Then folded stern his mantle wide, and o'er the hills he passed.

When out of sight, O'Donnell sank, all worn and weak with pain,
And from his wounded side, alas, the blood gushed forth amain;
But still unquenched his spirit burned, as brightly as of old,
And thus he to his vassals spake, in accents calm and bold.

"Go, call around Tyrconnell's chiefs, my warriors tried and true;
Send fast a friend to Donal More, a scout to Lisnahue;
Light balefires quick on Easker's towers, that all the land may know
O'Donnell needeth help and haste, to meet his haughty foe.

"O, could I but my people head, or wield once more a spear,
 Saint Angus ! but we'd hunt their hosts like herds of fallow deer ;
 But vain the wish, since I am now a faint and failing man,
 Yet, ye shall bear me to the field, in centre of my clan !

"Right in the midst, and lest, perchance, upon the march I die,
 In my coffin ye shall place me, uncovered let me lie ;
 And swear ye now, my body cold shall never rest in clay,
 Until you drive from Donegal O'Niall's host away."

Then sad and stern, with hand on *skian*, that solemn oath they
 swore,
 And in his coffin placed their chief, and on a litter bore ;
 Though ebbing fast his life-throbs came, yet dauntless in his mood,
 He marshalled well Tryconnell's chiefs, like leader wise and good.

FYTTE III.

Lough Swilly's sides are thick with spears ! — O'Niall's host is there,
 And proud and gay their battle sheen, their banners flout the air ;
 And haughtily a challenge bold their trumpet bloweth free,
 When winding down the heath-clad hills, O'Donnell's band they
 see.

No answer back those warriors gave, but sternly on they stept,
 And in their centre curtained black, a litter close is kept,
 And all their host it guideth fair, as did in Galilee
 Proud Judah's tribes the Ark of God, when crossing Egypt's sea.

"What pageant trick is this I see ?" O'Niall sternly said ;
 "Do shaven priests with stole and pall, Tyrconnell's rebels head ?
 Then shall they learn how scant I prize such mean and pompous
 show,
 O'Hanlon ! you have steeds and men, and yonder is the foe."

Then reigned that chief his panting steed, his sword above him
 flashed,
 And "Forward ! sons of Coll," he cried, and o'er the heath he
 dashed ;
 And like a rock that thunders down some dried-up torrent's bed,
 Clan Hanlon's horsemen bounded on, young Redmond at their head !

But M'Sweeney met them in the midst, and checked their fierce
 career —
 M'Sweeney, chief of Fanid broad, with many a mountain spear,
 And he slew their gallant leader, and clove both crest and shield,
 And wide Clan Hanlon's horsemen bold are scattered through the
 field !

Then rushed like fire Clan Rory's race, with shouts that rend the
 skies,

And stricken by M'Gennis stern, the stout M'Sweeny dies ;
 But from the hills O'Cahan burst, with chiefs of Innishowen,
 And falls the Tanist of Iveagh, for O'Niall and Tyrone !

Then rose the roar of battle loud, as clan met clan in fight,
 And axe and *skian* grew red with blood, a sad and woful sight ;
 Yet, in the midst o'er all, unmoved, that litter black is seen,
 Like some dark rock that lifts its head, o'er ocean's war serene !

Yet once, when blenching back fierce Bryan's charge before,
 Tyrconnell waver'd in its ranks, and all was nearly o'er ;
 Aside those curtains wide were flung, and plainly to the view,
 Each host beheld O'Donnell there, all pale and wan in hue.

And to his tribes he stretched his hands, and pointed to the foe,
 And with a shout they rally round, and on Clan Hugh they go ;
 And back they beat their horsemen fierce, and in a column deep,
 With O'Donnell in their foremost rank, in one fierce charge they
 sweep.

And on that host a panic came — a panic and a fear —
 And then their hearts wax faint and low — their hands drop sword
 and spear ;

And stricken by the ghastly sight, despite their leaders high,
 They shrink before O'Donnell's face, and turn their steeds and fly !

In vain O'Niall dashed along, with banner in his hand,
 And for the honor of Tyrone, he bade them turn and stand ;
 In wild affright his squadrons flee, as ebbs the tide away,
 Though the north wind strives to check it, in Dundrum's rocky
 bay !

Lough Swilly's banks are thick with spears ! — O'Niall's host is there,
 But rent and tost like tempest-clouds, Clan Donnell in the rere,
 Lough Swilly's waves are red with blood, as madly in its tide
 O'Niall's horsemen wildly plunge, to reach the other side !

And broken is Tyrowen's pride, and vanquished Clannaboy,
 And there is wailing through the land, from Bann to Aughnacloy :
 The Red Hand's crest is bent in grief, upon its shield a stain,
 For its stoutest clans are broken, its bravest chiefs are slain.

But proud and high Tyrconnell shouts ; but blending on the gale,
 Upon the ear ascendeth now a sad and sullen wail :
 For on that field as back they bore, from chasing of the foe,
 The spirit of O'Donnell fled ! — O, woe for Ulster, woe !

Yet died he there all gloriously — a victor in the fight —
 A Chieftain at his people's head, a warrior in his might,
 They dug him there a fitting grave, upon that field of pride —
 And a lofty cairn raised above, by fair Lough Swilly's side.*

THE BATTLE OF ARDNOCHER.

1328.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MONKS OF KILCREA."

[A. D. 1328, MacGeoghegan gave a great overthrow to the English, in which three thousand five hundred of them, together with the D'Altons, were slain. This battle, in which the English forces met such tremendous defeat, was fought near Mullingar, on the day before the feast of St. Laurence — namely, the 9th August. The Irish clans were commanded by William MacGeoghegan, Lord of Kenil Feacha, in Westmeath, comprising the present baronies of Moycashel and Rathconrath. The English forces were commanded by Lord Thomas Butler, the Petits, Tuites, Nangles, Delemiers, &c. The battle took place at the Hill of Ardnocher. — *Annals of the Four Masters.*]

On the eve of St. Laurence, at the cross of Glenfad,
 Both of chieftains and bonaghts what a muster we had,
 Thick as bees, round the heather, on the side of Slieve Bloom,
 To the trysting they gather by the light of the moon.

For The Butler from Ormond with a hosting he came,
 And harried Moycashel with havoc and flame,
 Not a hoof or a hayrick, nor corn blade to feed on,
 Had he left in the wide land, right up to Dunbreedon.

Then gathered MacGeoghegan, the high prince of Donore,
 With O'Connor from Croghan, and O'Dempsys *galore* ; †
 And, my soul, how we shouted, as dash'd in with their men,
 Bold MacCoghlan from Clara, O'Mulloy from the glen.

And not long did we loiter where the four *toghers* ‡ met,
 But his saddle each tightened, and his spurs closer set,
 By the skylight that flashes all their red burnings back,
 And by black gore and ashes fast the rieviers we track.

Till we came to Ardnocher, and its steep slope we gain,
 And stretch'd there, beneath us, saw their host in the plain :
 And high shouted our leader ('twas the brave William Roe) —
 "By the Red Hand of Niall, 'tis the Sassenach foe !

* We believe this ballad to be written by the author of "The Monks of Kilcrea."

† *Galore*, — in abundance.

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‡ *Toghers*, — roads.

"Now, low level your spears, grasp each battle-axe firm,
And for God and our Ladye strike ye downright and stern;
For our homes and our altars charge ye steadfast and true,
And our watchword be vengeance, and *Lamh Dearg Aboo!*" *

O, then down like a torrent with a *farrah* we swept,
And full stout was the Saxon who his saddle-tree kept;
For we dash'd through their horsemen till they reel'd from the
stroke,
And their spears, like dry twigs, with our axes we broke.

With our plunder we found them, our fleet garrons and kine,
And each chalice and cruet they had snatch'd from God's shrine.
But a red debt we paid them, the Sassenach raiders,
As we scatter'd their spearmen, slew chieftains and leaders.

In the Pale there is weeping and watchings in vain.
De Lacy and D'Alton, can ye reckon your slain?
Where's your chieftain, fierce Nangle? Has De Netterville fled?
Ask the Molingar eagles, whom their carcasses fed.

Ho! ye riders from Ormond, will ye brag in your hall,
How your lord was struck down with his mail'd knights and all?
Swim at midnight the Shannon, beard the wolf in his den,
Ere you ride to Moycashel on a forray again!

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ART MACMURROGH.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

[W. P. Mulchinock was born in Tralee, county Kerry, and was formerly partner in a respectable merchant firm, in his native town, which was favorably known to the Woollen Merchants of Yorkshire. After the disturbances of 1848 he emigrated to America, but soon after returned to his native land. He is loved and respected by every one who knows the genial warmth of his heart, and his high and unbending principles.]

WHEN Dynasts and Tanists, array'd on the heather,
For Erin, and vengeance, took counsel together,
Whose foot than the red deer's was freer and lighter?
Whose eye than the eagle's was keener and brighter?
Whose voice than the peal of the thunder was louder?
Whose bearing than that of a monarch's was prouder?
Whose plume was the haughtiest, air-borne, flying?
Whose sword flash'd the brightest o'er dead and o'er dying?

* *Lamh Dearg Aboo*, — the Red Hand for ever. *Lamh* is pronounced *Lawn*.

Though Saxons in herds should his person environ,
 Whose grasp on the war-horse was rigid as iron ?
 Whose heart beat the lightest in trial and danger ?
 Whose hate was the blackest for Saxon and stranger ?
 O, whose but MacMurrough's, the pride of his sireland,
 The sword and the buckler, the war-god of Ireland :
 The Pale's-men and Saxons like rabbits would burrow
 In fastness and fortress, with fear of MacMurrough !

When Fileas were chanting where red wine was flowing —
 When eyes sparkled brightly on cheeks hotly glowing —
 Whom first did they laud, and to whom first give honor ? —
 The Calnach, O'Nolan, O'Brin, or O'Connor ; —
 O ! who but MacMurrough, the chieftain so glorious,
 O'er Norman and Saxon for ever victorious.
 At the gates of the Pale, on the banks of King's river,
 Of Glory and Fame he made handmaids for ever.
 When Ormond fled fast to the Pale, for a haven,
 Leaving Mortimer's corpse to the wolf and the raven,
 The castle of Wexford he gave to the burning,
 Their ramparts and bulwarks in dust overturning.
 At Atheroe, the ford of the blood-tarnish'd water,
 Lord Thomas of England got pale for the slaughter ;
 By Butler and Perrers the tale was out-spoken,
 Of all that Art did when his vengeance was woken.

The swords of the foemen he heap'd up to heaven,
 Their owners lying near them, by thousands, unshriven —
 E'en Richard of England confess'd him his master,
 When blow followed blow, and disaster, disaster.
 From forest and fastness, from hill-top and valley,
 How bravely he'd dash — O, how wildly he'd sally !
 Till Saxon blood flowed like a stream from its fountain,
 Then hie him again to his haunts in the mountain ;
 O ! many the hearts, neither fickle nor hollow,
 With joy, e'en to death, that loved leader to follow,
 Would leave kine to starve, and untill'd leave the furrow,
 When raised was your proud flag, thou dauntless MacMurrough.

As strong as an oak, and as tall as a cedar —
 By birthright a Monarch, by Nature a Leader —
 On self and his own gallant hosting reliant,
 Of Richard and all his mailed nobles defiant —
 Of large heart and loving, the foremost to rally
 Around him the sept's of the mountain and valley ;
 O'Brin, and MacDavid, O'Toole, and O'Connor,
 All loved of green Erin, all spotless of honor —
 Through gloom, and through danger, would follow and find him,
 And peal in the fierce fight, their war-cries behind him.

Ah ! woe for the day when the hand of Death found him,
With his Maidens and Kerns, and Fileas around him.

With weeping and wailing, in sad Ross MacBruin,
The Bards and the Brehons foretold the land's ruin ;
The folds of the flag of false Ormond were given
With joy to the free air, and breezes of heaven ;
The heart of the Calvach with anguish was laden,
O'Toole of Imayle, wept aloud like a maiden,
O'Nolan, O'Brin, and MacDavid, in sorrow,
Looked down on their hostings, and thought on the morrow.
The sable-cowl'd friars the death mass were singing —
The maidens in anguish their white hands were ringing,
By river, by lake, in each valley and high-land,
The Death Caoine was rais'd for the pride of the island —
The kine roam'd at large, and untill'd lay the furrow,
When death struck the haughty and mighty MacMurrough.

DEATH OF ART MACMURROGH.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[Art M'Murrough died at Ross in 1416, after having reigned over Leinster for forty years. He was the greatest Irish soldier of his age, and the first, perhaps, that overreached the Normans by tactics and strategy. His campaigns against Roger Mortimer, Richard II., the Earl of Ormond, Sir John Stanley, and Sir Stephen Scroope, Lord Thomas of Lancaster, and the first Earl of Shrewsbury, the "British Achilles," have yet to claim the pen of an historian. He took Ross, Carlow, Enniscorthy, and other fortified places from the English; exacted an annual tribute of 80 marks, which was paid to his descendants until after the year 1603; and during his life cost the English treasury, according to the statements of their own chronicles, about 1,200,000 marks. He is spoken of by Caxton, Marlburgh, and Hollinshed, as "the chief captain of his nation," — "the canker that lay in the heart of Leinster," — "M'Murgh, at whose mighty prowess all Leinster trembled," and in the like phrases. Valor and virtue sustained him through many trials, and victory shone like a sun round his old age.]

From the King's home rose a hum
Like the rising of a swarm,
And it spread round Ross and grew
Loud and boding as a storm ;

And from the many-gated town passed Easchlaghs * in affright,
Pale as the morning hours when rushing forth from night,
And north, east, south, and westward as they sped,
They cried, "The King is dead !" — "The King is dead !"

* *Easchlagh*, — a courier among the Gadeliains, who was often a female. The word is pronounced nearly as if it was written *asla*.

As the mountain echoes mimic
The mort of the bugle-horn,
So far and farther o'er the land
The deadly tale is borne;

Echo answers echo from wood, and rath, and stream —
Easchlagh follows Easchlagh, like horrors in a dream;
And, when entreated to repose, they only said,
In accents woe-begone and brief, "The King is dead!"

The news was brought to Offaly,
To the Calvach * in his hall;
He said, "Still'd be the harp and flute —
We now are orphans all."

The news was brought to O'Tuathal, in Imayle;
He said, "We have lost the bulwark of the Gael;"
And his chosen men a-south to the royal wake he led —
Sighing, "The King is dead!" — "The King is dead!"

To O'Brin in Ballincor,
To O'Nolan in Forth it came,
To MacDavid in Riavach,
And all mourn'd the same;

They said, "We have lost the chief champion of our land,
The King of the stoutest heart and strongest hand;"
The hills of the four counties that night for joy were red,
And boastfully their Dublin bells chimed that the King was dead.

It was told in Kilkenny,
And the Ormond flag flew out,
That had hid among the cobwebs
Since the Earl's Callan rout;

But the Friars of Irishtown, they grieved for him full sore,
And Innistioge and Jerpoint may long his loss deplore.
From Clones south to Bannow the holy bells they toll,
And all the monks are praying for the Benefactor's soul.

For ages, in the eastward
Such a wake was never seen;
Since Brian's death, in Erin

Such a mourning had not been;

And as the clans to St. Mullins bore the fleshly part
That was earthy and had perished of King Art —
The crying of the keeners was heard by the last man,
Though he was three miles off when the burial rite began.

* The Calvach O'Connor Faly was Morrogh O'Connor, a renowned warrior, who beat the English in several battles; amongst others that of Killuchain, fought 'n 1413

"Mourn, mourn," they said, "ye chieftains,
From Riavach * and from Forth ; †
Mourn, ye Dynasts of the lowlands,
And ye Tanists of the north ;

The noblest man that was left us, here to-day
In the churchyard of his fathers we make his bed of clay —
Unlucky is this year above all years —
His life was more to us than ten thousand tested spears.

"No ash tree in Shillelah
Was more comely to the eye —
And like the heavens above us,
He was good as he was high.

The taker of rich tributes, the queller of our strife,
The open-handed giver, his life to us was life.
O ! Art, why did you leave us ? O ! even from the grave,
Could you not come to live for them you would have died to save ?

"When we think on your actions —
How against you, all in vain,
The King's son, and the King himself
Of London cross'd the main —

When we think of the battle at Athcroe, and the day
When Roger Mortimer, at Kells, fell in the fiery fray —
They chant the De Profundis, and we cannot help but cry —
'Defender of your nation, O ! — why did you die ?'

"If death would have hostages,
A million such as we
To bring you back to Erin,
O ! a cheap exchange 'twould be ;

But silent as the midnight, and white as your own hair,
With its sixty years of snow, noble King ! you lie there —
Your lip at last is pale — at last is clos'd your eye —
O, terror of the Saxons, Art, why did you die ?"

Thus by the gaping grave,
They moaned about his bier,
Challenging with clamorous grief
The dead that could not hear ;

Then slowly and sorrowful they laid him down to rest,
His sword beside him laid, and his cross on his breast,
And each one took his way with drooping heart and head,
Sighing, "The King is dead !" — "The King is dead !"

* *Contae Riavach*, — a name given to Wexford in the 14th and 15th centuries.
† Forth, in Carlow. Shillelah, in Carlow.

AVRAN.*

His grave is in St. Mullin's,
 But to Pilgrim eyes unknown —
 Unmarked by mournful yew,
 Unchronicled in stone ;

His bones are with his people's, his clay with common clay,
 His memory in the night that lies behind the hills of day,
 Where hundreds of our gallant dead await
 The long foretold, redeemed and honored fate.†

THE TRUE IRISH KING.‡

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

THE Cæsar of Rome has a wider demesne,
 And the *Ard-Righ* § of France has more clans in his train ;
 The sceptre of Spain is more heavy with gems,
 And our crowns cannot vie with the Greek diadems ;
 But kinglier far before heaven and man
 Are the emerald fields, and the fiery-eyed clan,
 The sceptre, and state, and the poets who sing,
 And the swords that encircle A TRUE IRISH KING !

For, he must have come from a conquering race —
 The heir of their valor, their glory, their grace ;
 His frame must be stately, his step must be fleet,
 His hand must be trained to each warrior feat,
 His face, as the harvest moon, steadfast and clear,
 A head to enlighten, a spirit to cheer,
 While the foremost to rush where the battle-brands ring,
 And the last to retreat is A TRUE IRISH KING !

Yet, not for his courage, his strength, or his name,
 Can he from the clansmen their fealty claim.
 The poorest, and highest, choose freely to-day
 The chief, that to-night, they'll as truly obey ;
 For loyalty springs from a people's consent,
 And the knee that is forced had been better unbent —
 The Sassenach serfs no such homage can bring
 As the Irishmen's choice of A TRUE IRISH KING !

* A concluding stanza, generally intended as a recapitulation of the entire ballad.

† The coming of an historian who shall liberate our illustrious dead from the bondage of neglect and calumny is foretold in our prophecies.

‡ See Appendix L. to O'Donovan's "Hy-Fiachra," p. 425, &c.

§ *Ard-Righ*, — Great King.

Come, look on the pomp when they "make an O'Neill;"
 The muster of dynasts — O'Hagan, O'Sheil,
 O'Cahan, O'Hanlon, O'Breslen, and all,
 From mild Ardes and Orior to rude Donegal.
 "St. Patrick's *comharba*," * with bishops thirteen,
 And ollaves,† and brehons,‡ and minstrels, are seen,
 Round Tulach-Og Rath,§ like the bees in the spring,
 All swarming to honor A TRUE IRISH KING.

Unsandalled he stands on the foot-dinted rock,
 Like a pillar-stone fix'd against every shock.
 Round, round is the Rath on a far-seeing hill,
 Like his blemishless honor, and vigilant will.
 The gray-beards are telling how chiefs by the score
 Have been crowned on "The Rath of the Kings" heretofore,
 While, crowded, yet ordered, within its green ring,
 Are the dynasts and priests round THE TRUE IRISH KING.

The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,
 And pledged him to bide by their blessing and ban;
 His *skian* and his sword are unbuckled to show
 That they only were meant for a foreigner foe;
 A white willow wand has been put in his hand —
 A type of pure, upright, and gentle command —
 While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling,
 And O'Cahan proclaims him A TRUE IRISH KING!

Thrice looked he to Heaven with thanks and with prayer —
 Thrice looked to his borders with sentinel stare —
 To the waves of Loch Neagh, the heights of Strabane;
 And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his clan —
 One clash on their bucklers! — one more! — they are still —
 What means the deep pause on the crest of the hill?
 Why gaze they above him? — a war-eagle's wing!
 "'Tis an omen! — Hurrah! for THE TRUE IRISH KING!"

God aid him! — God save him! — and smile on his reign —
 The terror of England — the ally of Spain.
 May his sword be triumphant o'er Sassenach arts!
 Be his throne ever girt by strong hands, and true hearts!
 May the course of his conquest run on till he see
 The flag of Plantagenet sink in the sea!
 May minstrels forever his victories sing,
 And saints make the bed of THE TRUE IRISH KING!

* Successor, — the Archbishop of Armagh.

† Ollaves, — Doctors or learned men.

‡ Brehons, — Judges.

§ Tulach-Og, — between Cookstown and Stewartstown, County Tyrone.

THE DESMOND.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

[Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependants, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her; and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation to his family. Thus persecuted, the unhappy young lord retired to Rouen, in Normandy, where he died in 1420, and was buried in a convent of Friars Preachers, at Paris—the King of England, it is said, attending his funeral.]

By the Feal's wave benighted, no star in the skies,
To thy door by Love blighted, I first saw those eyes,
Some voice whisper'd o'er me, as the threshold I crost,
There was ruin before me, if I lov'd, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet that to-morrow 'twere welcome again.
Though misery's full measure my portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure if pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonor to bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her, and blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness for growing near earth?

No — Man for his glory to ancestry flies;
But woman's bright story is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces, ranks next to Divine!

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

[Of the monuments most worthy of notice in the chapel of Malahide is an altar tomb surmounted with the effigy, in bold relief, of a female habited in the costume of the 14th century, and representing the Honorable Maude Plunket, wife of Sir Richard Talbot. She had been previously married to Mr. Hussey, son to the Baron of Galtrim, who was slain on the day of her nuptials, leaving her the singular celebrity of having been "a maid, wife, and widow on the same day." — *Dalton's History of Drogheda.*]

THE joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing along the sea-side;
The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
And the harpstrings are trembling in all the glad bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure ! roll trumpet and drum !
 'Mid greetings of pleasurè in splendor they come !
 The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide
 For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride.

What years, ere the latter, of earthly delight
 The future shall scatter o'er them in its flight !
 What blissful caresses shall Fortune bestow,
 Ere those dark-flowing tresses fall white as the snow !

Before the high altar young Maud stands array'd ;
 With accents that falter her promise is made —
 From father and mother for ever to part,
 For him and no other to treasure her heart.

The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
 The rite is completed — the two, they are one ;
 The vow, it is spoken all pure from the heart,
 That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark ! 'mid the gay clangor that compass'd their car,
 Loud accents in anger come mingling afar !
 The foe's on the border, his weapons resound
 Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found.

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold,
 When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold,
 So rises already the chief in his mail,
 While the new-married lady looks fainting and pale.

“ Son, husband, and brother, arise to the strife,
 For the sister and mother, for children and wife !
 O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and plain,
 Up, true men, and follow ! let dastards remain ! ”

Farrah ! to the battle ! they form into line —
 The shields, how they rattle ! the spears, how they shine !
 Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue —
 On, burgher and yeoman, to die or to do !

The eve is declining in lone Malahide,
 The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the bride ;
 She marks them unheeding — her heart is afar,
 Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

Hark ! loud from the mountain 'tis Victory's cry !
 O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky !
 The foe has retreated ! he flies to the shore ;
 The spoiler's defeated — the combat is o'er !

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come —
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield?
And where does he tarry, the lord of the field?

Ye saw him at morning how gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning the star of the day:
Now weep for the lover — his triumph is sped,
His hope it is over! the chieftain is dead!

But O for the maiden who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen and rending with grief!
She sinks on the meadow in one morning-tide,
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!

Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole!
Your comfort is rending the depths of her soul.
True — true, 'twas a story for ages of pride
He died in his glory — but, O, he *has* died!

The war-cloak she raises all mournfully now, —
And steadfastly gazes upon the cold brow.
That glance may for ever unaltered remain,
But the Bridegroom will never return it again.

The dead-bells are tolling in sad Malahide,
The death-wail is rolling along the sea-side;
The crowds, heavy-hearted, withdraw from the green,
For the sun has departed that brighten'd the scene!

Ev'n yet in that valley, though years have roll'd by,
When through the wild sally the sea-breezes sigh,
The peasant, with sorrow, beholds in the shade
The tomb where the morrow saw Hussey convey'd.

How scant was the warning, how briefly reveal'd,
Before on that morning death's chalice was fill'd!
The hero who drunk it there moulders in gloom,
And the form of Maud Plunket weeps over his tomb.

The stranger who wanders along the lone vale
Still sighs while he ponders on that heavy tale:
"Thus passes each pleasure that earth can supply —
Thus joy has its measure — we live but to die!"

LAMENT FOR EILEEN O'BRIN (OR O'BYRNE),

WHOM ROGER TYRREL, OF CASTLEKNOCK,* FORCIBLY CARRIED AWAY.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

SHE is gone — she is gone ! where shall Dermot find rest,
 From the grief of his spirit — the rage of his breast ?
 Since the child of his chieftain no more may he view
 As fair as the morning and pure as its dew.
 She is gone ! Now at eve, by the Liffey's gay tide,
 Who shall lead the aged warrior and watch by his side ?
 O ! hate to thee, Tyrrel, for black is thy sin,
 Who hast nipp'd in its bloomhood the flow'r of O'Brin.

Young Armoric loved her, and once as she hung
 O'er her harp, and the wrongs of green Erin she sung,
 He vowed by her beauty, the strength of the land,
 He would marshal for freedom, or forfeit her hand.
 Poor Eileen was silent ; still trembling she play'd,
 While the tears in her dark eye her bosom betrayed :
 Ah, madd'ning the thought ! that the foes of her kin
 And her country, should rob us of Eileen O'Brin.

As here in the depths of the dark tangled wood,
 When the throistle, sweet bird, rears his promising brood,
 The spoiler, to mark them, is oft wont to come
 Ere he, merciless, plunders their moss-covered home ;
 So Tyrrel, while ruin his heart had long plann'd,
 Watch'd Eileen, to see all her beauties expand,
 Then, fiend-like, that heart which he never could win
 He tore from the homestead of Turlogh O'Brin.

How smooth was the Liffey — how blooming the lawn !
 When she went forth as playful and light as a fawn ;

* Castleknock (the castle hill), and from its green appearance sometimes called Glasteknue (the green hill), is a well-known locality, a short distance N. W. of the Phoenix Park. It was granted by Henry II. to Hugh Tyrrell, together with a moiety of the river Liffey. In the early part of the 16th century the Tyrrell of Castleknock was also named Hugh, during whose absence with Skeffington in Ulster, his brother, Roger Tyrrell, seized Eileen O'Brin (or O'Byrne) near her father's residence, and carried her to that "stronghold of iniquity," where she died by her own hand. A part of a tower densely covered with ivy, and a wall some eight or ten feet in thickness, still stand to verify the site of the "stronghold." A treble line of circumvallation is nearly perfect, where the writer of these lines, when freed from his task, has often gambolled in happy ignorance of the fate of Eileen O'Brin, and all the other "iniquities" of the place, *ferula* excepted. — O'Brin's residence was on a woody "rath" to the west of where Chapelized now stands. — Turlogh O'Brin, one of the chiefs of Wicklow, had come down and fixed his residence in the Pale under the protection of the English government. — *Burton's Kilmainham*; and *Dalton's Dublin*.

Young Armoric greets her — no more could he say,
 The ambush are on him — he falls — she's away !
 We missed her at twilight, and swift in her track
 Our kerns rush fiercely to conquer her back ;
 But in vain — she's secured the strong castle within,
 And the accents of woe fill the home of O'Brin.

We trusted the stranger — we've dwelt on his plain,
 Our safeguard his honor — 'tis black with a stain ;
 Yet he recks not, but laughs in the face of our wail,
 For they wrong, then insult us, those lords of the Pale.
 Glendalough ! O, thy deep sunny valleys for me,
 And thy mountains that watch o'er the homes of the free,
 Where chieftains, as brave as e'er battle did win,
 Would bow to the beauty of Eileen O'Brin.

But we've lost her — up Cuallane,* thy warriors awake !
 Glenduff, send thy bravest to fight for her sake —
 O'Brin ! see your name is dishonored — repay
 The tyrant whose minions forced Eileen away ;
 O'Tooles and O'Dempsies, your weapons unsheathe —
 Come down, let your war-cry be "Vengeance or death,"
 Nor cease ye one moment, when once ye begin,
 Till the life-blood of Tyrrell atone to O'Brin. MIBO.

THE SIEGE OF MAYNOOTH.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

Crom, Crom-aboo ! † The Geraldine rebels from proud Maynooth,
 And with Him are leagued four hundred, the flower of Leinster's
 youth.

Take heart once more, O, Erin ! The great God gives thee hope ;
 And thro' the mists of Time and Woe thy true Life's portals ope !

* An ancient name of Wicklow.

† The war-cries of the principal Irish septs or families were the following :—
 The FITZGERALDS', Earls of Kildare, *Crom-aboo ! Crom for Ever !* or *Hurrah for Crom !* This cry has been suggested by their stronghold of Croom, in the County Limerick. The FITZGERALDS', Knights of Kerry, *Farrí-buidhe-aboo ! The Yellow Troop for Ever !* The O'NEILLS', Earls of Tyrone, *Lamh-dearg-aboo ! The Red Hand for Ever !* The Crest of the family is the Red Hand. The O'BRIENS', *Lamh-laidir-aboo ! The Strong Hand for Ever !* Crest, a dexter arm holding a naked sword. The M'CARTHYS' and FITZMAURICES' was the same as the BRIENS'. But the M'CARTHYS', Earls of Desmond, took *Seán-ait-aboo ! The Old Place for Ever !* The DE BURGOS' or BOURKES', Earls of Clanricarde, *Gall-ruath-aboo ! The Red Stranger for Ever !* Richard De Burgo, the second Earl of Ulster, was red haired, and hence he was called the Red Earl, and his descendants the Red Strangers. The FITZPATRICKS' or MAC-GILLE-PATRICKS', *Geair-laidir-aboo ! The Sharp and Strong for Ever !* Crest, a Lion and a Dragon. The MAC-SWEENEYS', *Battailah-aboo ! The*

Earl Thomas of the Silken Robes! — here doubtless burns thy soul?
 Thou beamest here a Living Sun, round which thy planets roll?
 O! would the Eternal Powers above that this were only so!
 Then had our land, now scorned and banned, been saved a world
 of woe!

No more! — no more! — it maddeneth so! — But rampart, keep,
 and tower,
 At least are still — long may they be — a part of Ireland's power!
 But — who looks 'mid his warriors from the walls, as gleams a
 pearl
 'Mid meaner stones? 'Tis Parez — foster-brother of the Earl.

Enough! — we shall hear more of him! Amid the hundred
 shafts
 Which campward towards the Saxon host the wind upbears and
 wafts,
 One strikes the earth at Talbot's feet, with somewhat white — a
 scroll —
 Impaled upon its barb — O! how exults the leader's soul!

He grasps it — reads — “Now, by St. George, the day at last is
 ours!
 Before to-morrow's sun arise we hold yon haughty towers!
 The craven traitor! — but, 'tis well! — he *shall* receive his hire,
 And somewhat more to boot, God wot, than perchance he may
 desire!”

Alas! alas! — 'tis all too true! A thousand marks of gold
 In Parez' hands, and Leinster's bands are basely bought and sold!
 Earl Thomas loses fair Maynooth and a hundred of his clan —
 But, worse! he loses half his hopes, for he loses trust in Man!

The morn is up: the gates lie wide; the foe pour in amain.
 O! Parez, pride thee in thy plot, and hug thy golden chain!
 There are cries of rage from battlements, and mellays beneath in
 court.
 Bnt Leinster's Brave, ere noon blaze high, shall mourn in donjon
 fort!

Noble Staff for Ever! — in allusion to a part of the family arms. The HEEFER-
 NANS', *Clear-na-Suas-aboo!* *The Right from Above for Ever!* intimating that no
 justice was to be expected without the aid of Heaven. The HUSSEYS', Barons of
 Galtrim, *Cair-direach-aboo!* *Strict Justice for Ever!* These cries mean, Success
 to the cause of the family! Hurrah for the family! or the family and cause for
 ever! Previously to attacking an enemy it was customary among the Irish in
 former times to cry out, *Furrah! Furrah!* which meant, *Fall on! Fall on!* It is
 not unusual for the Irish soldiers to-day to shout the cry of *Faug-a-ballagh!* *Clear*
the way! Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, says, “Nothing so start-
 led the French soldiery as the wild yell with which the Irish regiments sprung
 to the charge.”

"Ho! Master Perez! thou?" So spake in the hall the Saxon chief—

"How hast thou proved this tentless loon? But, come, we will stanch thy grief!

Count these broad pieces over well!" He flung a purse on the ground,

Which in wrathful silence Perez grasped, 'mid the gaze of all around.

"So!—right?" "Yes, right, Sir John! Enough! I now depart for home!"

"Home, sayest thou, Master Perez? Yes, and by my Halidome, Mayest reach *that* sooner than thou dreamest. But before we part, I would a brief, blunt parle with thee. Nay, man, why dost thou start?"

"A sudden spasm, Sir John."—"Ay, ay! those sudden spasms *will* shock,

As when, thou knowest, a traitor lays his head upon the block!"

"Sir John!"—"Hush, man, and answer me! Till then thou art in bale—

Till then mine enemy and thrall!" The fallen Chief turned pale.

"Say, have I kept good faith with thee?"—"Thou hast—good faith and true!"—

"I owe thee nought, then?"—"Nought, Sir John; the gold lies here to view."

"Thou art the Earl's own foster-brother?"—"Yes, and bosom-friend!"

"WHAT?"—"Nay, Sir John, I need those pieces, and ——"—"Come, there an end!"

"The Earl heaped favors on thee?"—"Never King heaped more on Lord!"

"He loved thee? honored thee?"—"I was his heart, his arm, his sword!"

"He trusted thee?"—"Even as he trusted his own lofty soul!"

"AND THOU BETRAYEDST HIM? Base wretch! thou knowest the traitor's goal!"

"Ho! Provost-Marshal, hither! Take this losel caitiff hence—I mark, methinks, a scaffold under yonder stone defence.

Off with his head! By Heaven, the blood within me boils and seethes

To look on him! So vile a knave pollutes the air he breathes!"

'Twas but four days thereafter, of a stormy evening late,
When a horseman reared his charger in before the castle gate,
And gazing upwards, he descried by the light the pale moon shed,
Impaled upon an iron stake, a well-known gory head!

"So, Parez ! thou hast met thy meed !" he said and turned away —
 "And was it a foe that thus avenged me on that fatal day ?
 Now, by my troth, albeit I hate the Saxon and his land,
 I could, methinks, for one brief moment press the Talbot's hand !"

PANEGYRIC OF BLACK THOMAS BUTLER,

EARL OF ORMOND, BETWEEN THE REIGNS OF HENRY VIII. AND
 ELIZABETH.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

STRIKE the loud lyre for Dark Thomas, the Roman,
 Roman in Faith, but Hibernian in Soul !
 Him who, the idol of warrior and woman,
 Never feared peril, and never knew dole.
 Who is the Man whom I name with such rapture ?
 Who but our Ossory's and Ormond's Great Chief —
 He whom his foes battled vainly to capture —
 He whom his friends loved beyond all belief !

Him the Great Henry * gave rubies and rings to —.
 Him the King Edward for fleetness admired ;
 Even as his body, his spirit had wings, too,
 And defied efforts that Death alone tired.
 Southwards this morn into deep Tipperary,
 Northward ere night on the shores of the Erne,
 Always he showed his contempt of those chary
 Shifts of the Soul that no BUTLER could learn !

Oriel of Streams, and Duhallow of Harbors,
 Yielded him shorewards their silver and gold † —
 All he despised ! — as those greenwoods and arbors
 Girdling his towers from the ages of old.
 Riches he loved not — his trust and his treasure
 Lay in the midst of his far-flaming sword ;
 War was his pastime and battle his pleasure,
 And his own glory the God he adored !

Thrice, and a fourth time, he humbled Clan Caura ; ‡
 His were the warriors that wasted Dunlo —
 How his bands ravaged and fired Glen-na-Maura
 Who throughout green Inisfail doth not know ?

* Henry VIII.

† Viz.: — Their white and yellow fish.

‡ The MacCarthies.

Munster beheld his achievements of wonder,
 Connaught and Ulster his bands left bereaven;
 Wrath, like the wrath of his lightning and thunder,
 Cast into shade the high anger of Heaven!

Woe unto us! This great man has departed!
 Quenched lies his lamp in the dust of the tomb!
 He, the land's giant, the great Lion-hearted!
 He; even he, hath succumbed unto Doom!
 Rest is his lot for whom Life yielded no rest—
 Darkling and lone is his dwelling to-night—
 On the proud thousand-yearred Oak of the Forest
 Hath on a sudden come blastment and blight!

Toll ye his funeral dirge, ye dark waters,
 O'er which so often his fleets held their march!
 Mourn for the Earl, thou Iernà of Slaughters;
 Build up his pillar and laurel his arch!
 Thy foes were his, and with them he warred only—
 Weep for him, then, from the depths of thy core!
 Weep for the Chief who hath left thee thus lonely—
 One like to him thou shalt never see more!

O! for myself, my two eyes are as fountains—
 Flowing, o'erflowing, by night and by morn,
 Gloomily roam I on Banba's * gray mountains,
 Feeling all wretched, all stricken and lorn.
 Jewels and gold in profusion he gave me—
 Would they, not he, were now under the sod!
 I shall soon follow him; these cannot save me—
 Death is my guerdon, but, Glory to God!

Glory to God in the Highest—and Lowest!
 His are the Power and the Glory alone—
 Pay Him, O, Man, the high homage thou owest,
 Whether thou rest on a footstool or throne!
 Yet may His glory be mirrored in others—
 As in the waves the rich poop of the bark;
 And the mean man stands apart from his brothers,
 Who doth not trace it in Thomas the Dark!

* *Banba* (Banva) was one of the ancient names of Ireland.

SIR MORROGH'S RIDE TO THE DESMOND'S
GATHERING.

1569.

BY G. H. SUPPLE.

[Gerald FitzGerald, the sixteenth and last Earl of Desmond, could bring into the field 600 knights of his own name, and 2,000 footmen, of his immediate following. His principality extended over the greater portion of four counties of Munster, and he kept sovereign state in his great castles of Mogeely and Adare. On the 2d November, 1569, he joined the national cause, and raised the standard of revolt against Elizabeth, and thence ensued, with varying success, a protracted and sanguinary war of years, until at last the Earl was overpowered, and South Munster reduced to a howling desert — without cow, sheep, goat, or living thing, save the wolf and the famine-stricken remnant of the broken clans. The Earl, hunted from fastness to fastness, was at length betrayed and murdered near Tralee, and his head carried to England, and spiked over the gates of London. This was the Chieftain, who, when, in the battle of Affane, taken prisoner, desperately wounded by the Ormond Butlers, on being tauntingly asked by his captors, bearing him away on a litter — "Where is the proud Earl of Desmond now?" — gave the haughty reply — "Where he ought to be — on the necks of the Butlers." Maurice, generally translated "Morrogh," was a favorite name among the Geraldines. The "Sir Shaune," alluded to below, was Sir John Desmond, who succeeded to the command of the national army on the death of the gallant Sir James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald. Of terms in the ballad which may require explanation or translation, for the English reader, "Red Dog" is the literal rendering of *modhera ruadh*, the Gaelic for "Fox;" *Slua Shee* signifies the Fairy Host; *Beluch*, the keeper of a house of hospitality. *Collough rue*, "Red Hag," was an Irish appellation of England's "Good Queen Bess." The *Phooka* was a demon-horse.]

THE Moon is bright on Muskerry — broad Muskerry's dark moun-
tains;

Her beams are in its gliding streams and holy gushing fountains.
The gray wolf's howl is on the breeze — the red dog quits his cover;
But man is housed in hall and hut, all broad Muskerry over;
For on this night — All-hallows Night — no longer covert keeping,
By fairy moat, the *Slua Shee* o'er hill and dale are sweeping.
But who is he who spurs so late across the dreary highland?
And holds his path by bog and stream as boldly as on dry land.
A black plume in his *baradh* * high, the red steel in his right hand,
Less black, I trow, than his grim brow — than his fierce eye less
bright, and

The moonbeams showed how, as he rode, like fiend's it glared and
lightened.

On Ballyhowra side 'tis noon — on Awbeg's rushing water;
On many a crest of pride, and shield and spear of coming slaughter;
On many a long-locked, steel-clad knight, and mantled chieftain
stern;

On galloglass, with axe in hand, and saffron-shirted kern:

* *Baradh*, — Head-dress. *Seamus*, — James. *Tomás*, — Thomas. *Con Gorrav*,
— Coarse, or pockmarked, Cornelius. *Mavrone*, — My grief!

Beneath the gray November sky, in the chill West wind curling,
 O'er gathering bands and gleaming brands, a standard proud's
 unfurling —
 The Desmond Flag ! on whose broad fold is scroll'd heraldic
 story,
 Of him, the knightly Geraldine, his clansmen's shield and glory :
 " Earl Gerald of the open hand, and eye that scowls on danger —
 The scourge of Sassenach, and stately *betach* of the stranger,
 God and St. Coleman speed to-day the spears that round him
 ranged are ! "

" The steed our chief so featly reins was bred by Guadalquiver,
 And never bolder body-guard engirdled prince or riever.
 Fourscore MacSheehies, stark and swart, in that grim troop
 assemble ;
 Now, soon at wild Clan-Gerralt's war-shout Youghal town will
 tremble ;
 And soon the *Collough-rue's* array by Cappoquin will scatter,
 When yonder Imokilly axes casque and corselet shatter."
 So sang the harper, as he strode the green hill-side before us,
 While screamed from many a bagpipe round, a goodly battle-
 chorus.
 He sang Earl Seamus, wise and great — Earl Tomàs, conquered
 never,
 And him who tamed the Butler's pride by Nore's oak-shadow'd
 river,
 And knightly deeds, the which, God wot, a bard might rhyme
 forever.

The chief had turned his rein to greet some Condons tall and
 Roches,
 When thro' the clan's dividing ranks a wounded knight ap-
 proaches.
 He lighted slowly down — good sooth ! 'twas well his ride was
 ended,
 And raised his black-plumed cap, and grasped the cordial hand
 extended.
 " Brave kinsman, Morrogh ! welcome to our hosting," quoth Earl
 Gerald —
 " Thy tidings from Sir Shaune have fared but hardly with their
 herald : "
 — " The Saxons barred my path ere I had crossed the Kerry border ;
 Con Gorrav fell, my henchman true ! by false steel of marauder.
 Dundarerk's lord purvey'd fresh steed, and escort thro' his passes,
 And then the Barry More beset me with his galloglasses.
 But here I am, and need thine ear far more than leech or masses.

" For, all along my devious path, by Araglin and Allo,
 The *Banshee* of our clan danced ghastly in the moonbeam's halo —

Beside me, thro' the roaring flood, across the silent heather !
While shrilly rose her plaintive scream o'er wind and stream
together.

' *Mavrone ! mavrone !* ' she wailed — ' Mogeely's princely pride is
ended !

Mavrone ! mavrone ! ' the Geraldine — the high and far-descended !
The oak is hewn — the flame is quenched ; and who shall heir his
glory ?

Foes rend his spoil, and with his blood their bandog's maw is gory !
My Chief ! I pledge my knightly word, beside that apparition,
My charger sprang like *Phooka* steed, on Hell's own wrathful
mission.

St. Bride befriend me ! 'twas a ride might craze both brain and
vision."

The Desmond's brow grew black at night — then red as stormy
morning,

And curled his lip, and shook his long white locks in ireful
scorning : —

" But that thy sword drank, at Affane, of Ormond blood so deeply,
I'd hold, Sir Morrogh ! kinsman mine ! thy manhood somewhat
cheaply.

There rides the fierce O'Sullivan, from tempest-lash'd Ivèra !

There proud Clan Caura, and the sons of savage Iveleara !

Here wheel my haughty kindred, too, with plume and banner
streaming !

'Twere well to greet such men to-day, with tale of brain-sick
dreaming !

Less meet for ear of helmèd knight, than friar cowed and shaven.

If fall we must, Clan-London shall not vaunt us false or craven :

Their bandogs thirst, forsooth ! — so do *our* Gaelic wolf and raven."

THE RAID OF FITZMAURICE.*

BY G. H. SUPPLE.

" St. Brigid, see yon gallant show along the green plain wending,
Yon goodly troop of Habilaris,† o'er rough-maned war-steeds
bending —

* Sir James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald, a kinsman of the Earl of Desmond, was the life and soul of the national cause against Elizabeth. He fell, as is related above, before his heroic exertions came to a head, and the English Queen rewarded this Sir William De Burgo for ridding her of so formidable an enemy, and consoled him for the loss of his son, by creating him Baron of Castleconnell, with a pension of 100 marks a year from her exchequer — whereat, says the chronicler, " he took so sudden joy that he swoned and seemed to be quite dead " — an appreciation of English rewards which will not appear wonderful in this generation.

† The Irish cavalry were called Habilaris, and Gallowglasses, the heavy armed

Their glaives and lances flashing in the glorious noon-tide sun,
Their arms and laughter ringing blithe — O, heavens! that I were
one.

A *gorsoon-bo*, my chieftain's steers, I tend all idly here,
And save when fierce Clan-Brien came, I never grasped a spear.
And now careering nearer, are plainer given to view,
Full many a scar on sun-browed cheek, beneath the *baradh* blue,
And flashing eye and *crommeal* grin, and *coolun* turned to gray,
And hands on steel and rein, that speak a veteran array —
And out before them, prancing on a charger sleek and fair,
Rides one with eagle plume and eye, and noble knightly air.
But come they here in friendship, or bent for raid or fray —
No band so scant durst harry bold Clan-William's lands by day."

They halt — the fierce Fitzmaurice to the Shannon turns his eye,
To the pastures broad and castle there, to Castleconnell * high.
"Tho' bards invoke and priests beseech, and bleeding patriots call,
The lord of yon proud castle lounges listless in his hall —
His sword is in its scabbard and his charger in his stall;
We've spurred a weary way, my men, since dawned the morning's
light —

What say you if we sup on this De Durgo's beeves to-night?"
So spake the bold Fitzmaurice — and his warriors with a shout
Broke forth and drove their *creaght* from the meads in joyous rout;
O'er the plain and thro' the leafy groves, and up the hill-side then,
Westward speed the low of oxen, and the urging shouts of men.

But see Clanwilliam, kith and kin, is mustering behind —
Ho! — bold raiders look and leave your prey, and ride ye like the
wind;

Or as your knightly chief commands, array for combat now —
Brace tight each girth, and loose the axe that gleams at saddle-bow.
Now, as they come, Fitzmaurice spurs alone to meet their train,
And before his lordly glance and mien, their shouts of vengeance
wane,

Then courteously he bendeth down, all to his charger's mane —
"Ho, Sir Chief of stout Clanwilliam, list, ere we join in fray,
For methinks despite my raid we may be brethren to-day —
Take back your kine, and let your strokes crush Saxon helm and
mail,

For the sake of bleeding Eirè, and the black wrongs of the Gael,
Take back your kine — in sooth, Sir Knight, scant courtesy have I
When hungry men are round me, and when food is tempting
nigh.

foot. *Gorssoon-bo*, — literally a Cow-boy. *Baradh*, — the conical cap, or head dress. *Crommeal*, — the mustache. *Coolun*, — the flowing hair. *Shanet-aboo*, — the war-cry of the Desmond Geraldines. *Gall ruadh aboo*, — (the cause of the red stranger) the war-cry of the Burkes. *Creaght*, — a drove of cattle.

* Castleconnell, within six miles of Limerick city.

Fame says too, stout De Burgo, that you have sheathed your brand,
When this death-strife with the Sassenagh needs every heart and
hand.

Ah! — felt ye but as I have felt," — and here he dropped his rein,
And crossed his arms upon his breast, in dark and musing strain,
And drooped that haughty brow, deep bronzed by scorching foreign
skies,

While an almost woman's wistfulness grew sadly in his eyes.

"I strove in beauteous Italy, I strove in stately Spain,
And now I strive amongst mine own — are all my strivings vain?
The pleasures of their kings and courts, my wearied soul abhorr'd —
They'd feast me in their palace-halls, but would not aid my sword;
And he could give, the haughty prince, beside the Ebro's wave,
Small help to such ambassador, the Saxons' begging slave —
In our own hands this cause doth rest, and we are supine still,
And I'm forsaken, foiled, deceived, while England works her will.

"This morning left I Holycross, a long and bootless ride —
The Leinster chiefs can gloze and whine, but durst not yet decide —
But come, De Burgo, here's my hand, and pledge your knightly
word

To back this cause of native land, with head and heart and sword."
De Burgo silence held a space, then stroked his long gray hairs,
And said, "Sir Geraldine, a rash and fruitless strife but fares
Too harshly with its partisans; thou know'st I've suffered much
Betimes from Saxon war — I may not risk another such.
My counsel is yon flag to furl, and meeter time to bide;
And then perchance if" — "Hold!" Fitzmaurice fiercely cried —
"No, by my father's mouldering bones and ancient name I swear,
I'll keep the green flag flying, tho' they beard me in my lair;
I'll flaunt that flag o'er field and tower, thro' Eirè wide displayed,
Despite each dastard's treason and King Philip's niggard aid."

"And God's red lightnings blast the slave that shuns such holy fray!
Accursed be the craven hand that lacks a brand to-day —
To-day's the time — none other — ha! thou wilt not then decide?
Well, hear, Sir Waverer, yonder herd must leave your Shannon side,
And more, tho' thrice my number stand so grimly round you now,
My true men's strokes ring somewhat sharp on traitors' crests, I
trow."

He wheeled his charger, and regained his fierce, impatient band,
And leads them on with cheering shout and leader's guiding hand;
They burst upon Clan-William, and the foremost squadrons reel
Before their furious onset and wide-sweeping veteran steel.

"*Shanet aboo!*" — "*Gall ruadh aboo!*" shouts each opposing
rank;

But soon some chosen gallowglass — men drawn from either flank,
And led by young De Burgo, on the rearmost forayers fell,
And their battle-axes quickly 'mongst the fewer horsemen tell.

Fitzmaurice turns his bloody sword, like a meteor in the fight,
Rearwards, where danger loometh, dealing death-strokes left and
right ;

Two Burkes, in steel from head to heel, their life-blood hath he spilt,
And a gallowglass in mail hath pierced up to his falchion's hilt ;
He seeks the young De Burgo, Clanwilliam's stalwart pride,
And soon to meet right furiously the knightly foemen ride —
All reeling from their saddles, lifeless, down the warriors fall,
While aghast and spell-bound, breathless group, their grief-struck
followers all.

The stillness of the grave usurps the fury of the strife,
As if all strength and enmity passed with each chieftain's life ;
Then slowly raising each grim corpse upon its bloody shield,
They homeward wend, nor heed the herd that cost so dear a field.

There's man's grief and maid's lamenting, and the woe is Desmond
wide

'Mongst the princes in Adare and in Mogeely's halls of pride —
The Caoiner's wail swells o'er each hill from many a chieftain's
tower ;

For of all Clan-Gerralt, stark and dead's the proudest knightlied
flower ;

Seamus-eusal * of the brow of thought, and helmet-cleaving
brand —

The scourge of the false Sassenach, and hope of lost Ireland.

THE RATH OF MULLAGHMAST.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

[In the year 1577 the English published a proclamation inviting the well-affected Irish to an interview on the Rathmore at Mullaghmast, in the King's County. A safe-conduct was given to those who accepted the invitation to return as they came—for good and not evil was intended towards them. Some hundreds of the most peaceable and well-affected came, and they were hardly assembled when they found themselves surrounded by three or four lines of English horse and foot, completely accoutred, by whom they were treacherously attacked and cut to pieces; not a single man escaped. Speaking of this massacre, Captain Lee, in his Memorial to Queen Elizabeth, says: "They have drawn unto them by protection three or four hundred of these country people, under color to do your Majesty service, and brought them to a place of meeting, where your garrison soldiers were appointed to be, who have there most dishonorably put them all to the sword; and this hath been by the consent and practice of the Lord Deputy for the time being."—*Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*, vol. i. p. 91.]

O'ER the Rath of Mullaghmast,
On the solemn midnight blast,
What bleeding spectres past,
With their gash'd breasts bare ?

* *Seamus-eusal*, — James the cavalier, or nobleman.

Hast thou heard the fitful wail
That o'erloads the sullen gale,
When the waning moon shines pale
O'er the curs'd ground there ?

Hark ! hollow moans arise
Thro' the black tempestuous skies,
And curses, strife, and cries,
From the lone Rath swell ;
For bloody SYDNEY there,
Nightly fills the lurid air
With the unholy pomp and glare
Of the foul, deep hell.

He scorches up the gale,
With his knights in fiery mail ;
And banners of the Pale
O'er the red ranks rest.
But a wan and gory band
All apart and silent stand,
And they point th' accusing hand
At that hell-hound's crest !

Red streamlets trickling slow,
O'er their clotted *cuilins* flow,
And still and awful woe,
On each pale brow weeps —
Rich bowls bestrew the ground,
And broken harps around,
Whose once enchanting sound,
In the bard's blood sleeps.

False Sydney ! knighthood's stain,
The trusting brave in vain —
Thy guests — ride o'er the plain
To thy dark cow'rd snare.
Flow'r of Offaly and Leix,
They have come thy board to grace —
Fools ! to meet a faithless race
Save with true swords bare.

While cup and song abound,
The triple lines surround
The closed and guarded mound,
In the night's dark noon.
Alas ! too brave O'More,
Ere the revelry was o'er
They have spill'd thy young heart's gore,
Snatch'd from love too soon !

At the feast, unarmed all,
 Priest, bard, and chieftain fall
 In the treacherous Saxon's hall,
 O'er the bright wine-bowl;
 And now nightly round the board,
 With unsheath'd and reeking sword,
 Strides the cruel felon lord
 Of the blood-stain'd soul.

Since that hour the clouds that pass'd
 O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,
 One tear have never cast
 On the gore-dyed sod;
 For the shower of crimson rain,
 That o'erflowed that fatal plain,
 Cries aloud, and not in vain,
 To the most high God.

Tho' the Saxon snake unfold
 At thy feet his scales of gold,
 And vow thee love untold,
 Trust him not, Green Land!
 Touch not with gloveless clasp
 A coil'd and deadly asp,
 But with strong and guarded grasp
 In your steel-clad hand!

TYRRELL'S PASS.

1597.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MONKS OF KILCREA."

[In the valuable notes to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, the following account of the battle of Tyrrell's-pass is given at page 621: "The Captain Tyrrell mentioned in the Annals was Richard Tyrrell, a gentleman of the Anglo-Norman family of the Tyrrells, Lords of Fertullagh, in Westmeath. He was one of the most valiant and celebrated commanders of the Irish in the war against Elizabeth, and during a period of twelve years had many conflicts with the English forces in various parts of Ireland; he was particularly famous for bold and hazardous exploits, and rapid expeditions. Copious accounts of him are given by Fynes Morrison, MacGeoghegan, and others. After the reduction of Ireland he retired to Spain. The battle of Tyrrell's-pass is described by MacGeoghegan, and mentioned by Leland, and other historians. It was fought in the summer of 1597, at a place afterwards called Tyrrell's-pass, now the name of a town in the Barony of Fertullagh, in Westmeath. When Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, heard that the English forces were preparing to advance into Ulster, under the Lord Deputy Borrough, he detached Captain Tyrrell, at the head of 400 chosen men, to act in Meath and Leinster, and by thus engaging some of the English forces, to cause a diversion, and prevent their joining the Lord Deputy, or coöperate with Sir Conyers Clifford. The Anglo-Irish of Meath, to the number of 1000 men, assembled under the banner of

Barnwell, Baron of Trimbleston, intending to proceed and join the Lord Deputy Tyrrell was encamped with his small force in Fertullagh, and was joined by young O'Connor Fally of the King's County. The Baron of Trimbleston, having heard where Tyrrell was posted, formed the project of taking him by surprise, and for that purpose despatched his son at the head of the assembled troops. Tyrrell, having received information of their advance, immediately put himself in a posture of defence, and making a feint of flying before them as they advanced, drew them into a defile covered with trees, which place has since been called Tyrrell's-pass, and having detached half of his men, under the command of O'Connor, they were posted in ambush, in a hollow adjoining the road. When the English were passing, O'Connor and his men sallied out from their ambuscade, and with their drums and fifes played Tyrrell's march, which was the signal agreed upon for the attack. Tyrrell then rushed out on them in front, and the English being thus hemmed in on both sides, were cut to pieces, the carnage being so great that out of their entire force only one soldier escaped, and, having fled through a marsh, carried the news to Mullingar. O'Connor displayed amazing valor, and being a man of great strength and activity, hewed down many of their men with his own hand; while the heroic Tyrrell, at the head of his men, repeatedly rushed into the thick of the battle. Young Barnwell being taken prisoner, his life was spared, but he was delivered to O'Neill. A curious circumstance is mentioned by Mac-Geoghegan, that from the heat and excessive action of the sword-arm the hand of O'Connor became so swelled that it could not be extricated from the guard of his sabre until the handle was cut through with a file."]

THE Baron bold of Trimbleston hath gone in proud array,
To drive afar from fair Westmeath the Irish kerns away,
And there is mounting brisk of steeds and donning shirts of mail,
And spurring hard to Mullingar 'mong Riders of the Pale.

For, flocking round his banner there, from east to west there came,
Full many knights and gentlemen of English blood and name,
All prompt to hate the Irish race, all spoilers of the land,
And mustered soon a thousand spears that Baron in his band.

For, trooping in rode Nettervilles and D'Altons not a few,
And thick as reeds pranced Nugent's spears, a fierce and godless crew;
And Nagle's pennon flutters fair, and, pricking o'er the plain,
Dashed Tuite of Sonna's mail-clad men, and Dillon's from Glen-Shane.

A goodly feast the Baron gave in Nagle's ancient hall,
And to his board he summons there his chiefs and captains all;
And round the red wine circles fast, with noisy boast and brag
How they would hunt the Irish kerns like any Cratloe stag.

But 'mid their glee a horseman spurr'd all breathless to the gate,
And from the warder there he crav'd to see Lord Barnwell straight;
And when he stept the castle hall, then cried the Baron, "Ho!
You are De Petit's body-squire, why stops your master so?"

"Sir Piers De Petit ne'er held back," that wounded man replied,
"When friend or foeman called him on, or there was need to ride;
But vainly now you lack him here, for, on the bloody sod,
The noble knight lies stark and stiff — his soul is with his God.

"For yesterday, in passing through Fertullah's wooded glen,
Fierce Tyrrell met my master's band, and slew the good knight
then;

And wounded sore with axe and *skian*, I barely 'scaped with life,
To bear to you the dismal news, and warn you of the strife.

"MacGeoghegan's flag is on the hills! O'Reilly's up at Fore!
And all the chiefs have flown to arms, from Allen to Donore,
And as I rode by Granard's moat, right plainly might I see
O'Ferall's clans were sweeping down from distant Annalee."

Then started up young Barnwell there, all hot with Spanish wine —
"Revenge," he cries, "for Petit's death, and be that labor mine;
For, by the blessed rood I swear, when I Wat Tyrrell see,
I'll hunt to death the rebel bold, and hang him on a tree!"

Then rose a shout throughout the hall, that made the rafters ring,
And stir'd o'erhead the banners there, like aspen leaves in spring;
And vows were made, and wine-cups quaff, with proud and bitter
scorn,
To hunt to death Fertullah's clans upon the coming morn.

These tidings unto Tyrrell came, upon that selfsame day,
Where, camped amid the hazel boughs, he at Lough Ennel lay.
"And they will hunt us so," he cried — "why, let them if they will;
But first we'll teach them greenwood craft, to catch us, ere they
kill."

And hot next morn the horsemen came, Young Barnwell at their
head;
But when they reached the calm lake banks, behold! their prey was
fled!
And loud they cursed, as wheeling round they left that tranquil
shore,
And sought the wood of Garracune, and searched it o'er and o'er.

And down the slopes, and o'er the fields, and up the steeps they
strain,
And through Moylanna's trackless bog, where many steeds remain,
Till wearied all at set of sun, they halt in sorry plight,
And on the heath, beside his steed, each horseman passed the night.

Next morn, while yet the white mists lay, all brooding on the hill,
Bold Tyrrell to his comrade spake, a friend in every ill —
"O'Conor, take ye ten score men, and speed ye to the dell,
Where winds the path to Kinnegad — you know that *togher* well.

"And couch ye close amid the heath, and blades of waving fern,
So glint of steel, or glimpse of man, no Saxon may discern,

Until ye hear my bugle blown, and up O'Conor then,
And bid the drums strike Tyrrell's march, and charge ye with your
men."

"Now by his soul who sleeps at Cong," O'Conor proud replied,
"It grieves me sore, before those dogs, to have my head to hide;
But lest, perchance, in scorn they might go brag it thro' the Pale,
I'll do my best that few shall live to carry round the tale."

The mist roll'd off, and "Gallants up!" young Barnwell loudly
cries,

"By Bective's shrine, from off the hill, the rebel traitor flies;
Now mount ye all, fair gentlemen — lay bridle loose on mane,
And spur your steeds with rowels sharp — we'll catch him on the
plain."

Then bounded to their saddles quick a thousand eager men,
And on they rushed in hot pursuit to Darra's wooded glen.
But gallants bold, tho' fair ye ride, here slacken speed ye may —
The chase is o'er! — the hunt is up! — the quarry stands at bay!

For, halted on a gentle slope, bold Tyrrell placed his band,
And proudly stept he to the front, his banner in his hand,
And plung'd it deep within the earth, all plainly in their view;
And waved aloft his trusty sword, and loud his bugle blew.

Saint Colman! 'twas a fearful sight, while drum and trumpet
played,

To see the bound from out the brake that fierce O'Conor made,
As waving high his sword in air he smote the flaunting crest
Of proud Sir Hugh De Geneville,* and clove him to the chest!

"On, comrades, on!" young Barnwell cries, "and spur ye to the
plain,

Where we may best our lances use!" That counsel is in vain,
For down swept Tyrrell's gallant band, with shout and wild halloo,
And a hundred steeds are masterless since first his bugle blew!

From front to flank the Irish charge in battle order all,
While pent like sheep in shepherd's fold the Saxon riders fall;
Their lances long are little use, their numbers block the way,
And mad with pain their plunging steeds add terror to the fray!

And of the haughty host that rode that morning through the dell,
But one has 'scaped with life and limb his comrades' fate to tell;
The rest all in their harness died, amid the thickets there,
Yet fighting to the latest gasp, like foxes in a snare!

* The De Genevilles succeeded the De Lacys as Lords of Meath.

The Baron bold of Trimbleston has fled in sore dismay,
 Like beaten hound at dead of night from Mullingar away,
 While wild from Boyne to Brusna's banks there spreads a voice of
 wail,
Mavrone! the sky that night was red with burnings in the Pale!

And late next day to Dublin town the dismal tidings came,
 And Kevin's-Port and Watergate are lit with beacons twain,
 And scouts spur out, and on the walls there stands a fearful crowd,
 While high o'er all Saint Mary's bell tolls out alarms loud!

But far away beyond the Pale, from Dunluce to Dunboy,
 From every Irish hall and rath there bursts a shout of joy,
 As eager Asklas hurry past o'er mountain, moor, and glen,
 And tell in each the battle won by Tyrrell and his men.

Bold Walter sleeps in Spanish earth; long years have passed away —
 Yet Tyrrell's-pass is called that spot, ay, to this very day,
 And still is told as marvel strange, how from his swollen hand,
 When ceased the fight the blacksmith filed O'Connor's trusty brand!

THE PASS OF PLUMES.

1599.

DY R. D. WILLIAMS.

[To the pompous preparations of the Earl of Essex, the results of his government in Ireland formed a most lamentable sequel. Rarely, if ever, indeed, had there been witnessed, in any military expedition, a more wretched contrast between the promises and performances of its leader; or a wider departure in the field from the plans settled in the council. Provided with an army the largest that Ireland had ever witnessed on her shores, consisting of 20,000 foot and 2,000 horse, his obvious policy, and at first his purpose, was to march directly against Tyrone, and grapple at once with the strength of the rebellion in its great source and centre, the north. Instead of pursuing this course of policy, at once the boldest and most safe, he squandered both time and reputation on a march of parade into Munster, and the sole result of his mighty enterprise was the reduction of two castles and the feigned submission of three native chiefs. When passing through Leinster, in his way back to Dublin, he was much harassed by the O'Moores, who made an attack upon his rear-guard, in which many of his men and several of his officers were killed; and among the few traditional records we have of his visit, it is told that, from the quantity of plumes of feathers of which his soldiers were despoiled, the place of action long continued to be called the Pass of Plumes. — "Thus," says Moryson, in describing the departure of Essex from London, "at the head of so strong an army as did ominate nothing but victory and triumphs, yet with a sunshine thunder happening (as Camden notes for an ominous ill token) this lord took his journey." — *Moore's Ireland*, vol. iv. p. 112.]

"Look out," said O'Moore to his clansmen, "afar —
 Is yon white cloud the herald of tempest or war?
 Hark! know you the roll of the foreigner's drums?
 By Heaven! Lord Essex in panoply comes,

With corselet, and helmet, and gay bannerol,
 And the shields of the nobles with blazon and scroll;
 And, as snow on the larch in December appears,
 What a winter of plumes on that forest of spears!
 To the clangor of trumpets and waving of flags
 The clattering cavalry prance o'er the crags;
 And their plumes — By St. Kyran! false Saxon, ere night,
 You shall wish these fine feathers were wings for your flight.

Shall we leave all the blood and the gold of the Pale
 To be shed at Armagh and be won by O'Neill?
 Shall we yield to O'Ruark, to M'Guire, and O'Donnell,
 Brave chieftains of Breffny, Fermanah, — Tyrconnell;
 Yon helmets, that 'Erick' * thrice over would pay
 For the Sassenach heads they'll protect not to-day?
 No! By red Mullaghmast, fiery clansmen of Leix,
 Avenge your sires' blood on their murderers' race.
 Now, sept of O'Moore, fearless sons of the heather,†
 Fling your scabbards away, and strike home and together!

Then loudly the clang of commingled blows,
 Upwell'd from the sounding fields,
 And the joy of a hundred trumps arose,
 And the clash of a thousand shields;
 And the long plumes danc'd, and the falchions rung,
 And flash'd the whirl'd spear,
 And the furious barb through the wild war sprung,
 And trembled the earth with fear;
 The fatal bolts exulting fled,
 And hiss'd as they leap'd away;
 And the tortur'd steed on the red grass bled,
 Or died with a piercing neigh.

I see their weapons crimson'd — I hear the mingled cries
 Of rage and pain and triumph, as they thunder to the skies.
 The Coolun'd kern rushes upon armor, knight, and mace,
 And bone and brass are broken in his terrible embrace!
 The coursers roll and struggle; and the riders, girt in steel,
 From their saddles, crush'd and cloven, to the purple heather reel,
 And shatter'd there, and trampled by the charger's iron hoof,
 The seething brain is bursting thro' the crashing helmet's roof.
 Joy! Heaven strikes for Freedom! and Elizabeth's array,
 With her paramour to lead 'em, are sore beset to-day.

Their heraldry and plumery, their coronets and mail,
 Are trampled on the battle field, or scattered on the gale!

* Fine for manslaughter in the Irish code.

† The O'Moores wore a sprig of heather in their helmets.

As the cavalry of ocean, the living billows bound,
 When lightnings leap above them, and thunders clang around,
 And tempest-crested dazlingly, caparison'd in spray,
 They crush the black and broken rocks, with all their roots away ;
 So charg'd the stormy chivalry of Erin in her ire —
 Their shock the roll of ocean, their swords electric fire —
 They rose like banded billows that when wintry tempests blow,
 The trembling shore, with stunning roar and dreadful wreck o'erflow.

And where they burst tremendously, upon the bloody groun',
 Both horse and man, from rere to van, like shiver'd barques, went
 down.

Leave your costly Milan hauberks, haughty nobles of the Pale,
 And your snowy ostrich feathers as a tribute to the Gael.
 Fling away gilt spur and trinket, in your hurry, knight and squire,
 They will make our virgins ornaments or decorate the lyre.
 Ho ! Essex ! how your vestal Queen will storm when she hears
 The " Mere Irish " chased her minion and his twenty thousand spears.

Go ! tell the royal virgin that O'Moore, M'Hugh, O'Neill,
 Will smite the faithless stranger while there's steel in Innisfail.
 The blood you shed shall only serve more deep revenge to nurse,
 And our hatred be as lasting as the tyranny we curse :
 From age to age consuming, it shall blaze a quenchless fire,
 And the son shall thirst and burn still more fiercely than his sire.
 By our sorrows, songs, and battles — by our cromleachs, raths, and
 tow'rs —

By sword and chain, by all our slain — between your race and ours
 Be naked glaives and yawning graves, and ceaseless tears and gore,
 Till battle's flood wash out in blood your footsteps from the shore !

THE CAPTURE OF RED HUGH O'DONNELL.

[The kidnapping of Red Hugh O'Donnell is perhaps better known than any of the other family histories of Ireland. Red Hugh was born about 1571, and was fostered by his relative, the O'Doherty of Innishowen. From youth upwards, the beauty of his person, his courage, and literary acquirements, were the subject of praise and admiration throughout Ireland. Jealousy and fear of those qualities so early developed in the presumptive heir of the Chief of Tyrconnell, alarmed Sir John Perrot, then Lord Justice of Ireland. Under the sanction of Queen Elizabeth he determined upon getting Hugh into his hands, — although at this very time Hugh's father was an ally of the English, against the O'Neill, Prince of Tirowen. To gain possession of young Hugh, a ship was fitted up in the autumn of 1587, laden with some Spanish wines and other liquors ; she sailed for Lough Swilly, where she soon cast anchor. Under the guise of a Spanish merchantman, the Captain decoyed young O'Donnell and a few of his friends on board to purchase some wines. Amongst these were Henry and Art, the sons of Con O'Neill. No sooner were they safely in the cabin, where they were invited to taste the wines, than the hatches were closed, — they were then heavily ironed, and brought up to Dublin Castle as prisoners. After more than three years' con-

finement they escaped one stormy winter's night. In making their way towards the Wicklow mountains, the blinding violence of a snow storm impeded their progress, until, exhausted by fatigue and worn out by the toilsome journey, young Art O'Neill laid down and died in his bed of snow. O'Donnell and Henry O'Neill were found by the O'Byrnes in Glenmalur beside their dead companion, so benumbed and frostbitten that they were unable to walk. Having been treated hospitably by the head of the clan, they pursued their way through Meath, Drogheda, Dundalk, and Dungannon, to the castle of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, who kindly but privately, for fear of the vengeance of the English government, entertained them for four nights and days. On the arrival of Red Hugh in his father's territory, he was elected Chief, and upon the request of his father, who was advanced in years, he was solemnly inaugurated and proclaimed "The O'Donnell" on 3d May, 1592. He entered at once into a solemn league with the Earl of Tyrone to extirpate the English root and branch. After the defeat of the Spaniards at Kinsale under Don Juan in 1602, he went to Spain to urge the immediate fulfilment of the King's promise to send another army to aid the Irish. In travelling from Corunna to have a personal interview with the King, who was at Valladolid, he reached only as far as Simanca, where he died of a broken heart on the 21st September, 1602. Thus perished a great captain, the flower of Irish chivalry, and the most dangerous and uncompromising foe of English rule in Ireland.]

On the calm ocean's purple breast the kindling sunbeams sleep,
And scarce a ripple mars the picture mirrored on the deep;
The iron cliffs of Donegal like bristling armies stand,
With nature's rough-hewn battlements, to sentinel the land.

No hand hath carved those giant rocks, the tempest and the wave
Shaped, in their maddening revelry, the column, arch, and cave;
Where foot of man hath never trod, the eagle's famished brood
Rush from their eyrie in the cleft, above the threatening flood.

Upon the horizon's distant verge, a stately ship appears,
Right onward to the welcome shore, her course she proudly steers;
Her white sails glow like silken sheets, her spars like shafts of
gold,
Her freight — a store of Spanish wine — deep hidden in the hold.

Beneath the noon-day radiance, her cables brightly gleam,
In the dim lessening distance, like silver cords they seem —
She cleaves the waters gallantly, through the white path of spray, —
Some mermaid's hand hath surely strewn with pearls her glitter-
ing way.

'Mid the cold waters struggling, the fleet ship hastens on;
The stranded rocks and shoals are passed, the land is safely won;
Beneath O'Donnell's castle towers in wild Tirconnell's bay,
The Saxons furl the sails, and quick the ponderous anchor weigh.

The chieftain, from the ramparts, hails the good ship's trusty
band,
And, with an Irish greeting, bids them welcome to the land:
"O, tarry here, the night comes on, no farther shall ye roam,
For, ever in Tirconnell's halls, the stranger finds a home!"

They may not stay — the wind blows fair, and, ere the morrow rise,
 Their bark must spread her swelling sails 'neath colder, darker
 skies;

Mayhap the Prince would graciously their simple banquet share,
 For royalty hath oftentimes partook their frugal fare.

No need to press the warm appeal, the generous prince, Red Hugh
 Unguarded, quits the fortress walls, and stands amid the crew :

“Down with the hatches, set the sails, we've won the wished-for
 prize,

Above the rebel's prison cell to-morrow's sun shall rise.”

Untasted foams the Spanish wine — the board is spread in vain,
 The hand that waved a welcome forth is shackled by a chain.

Yet faster, faster through the deep, the vessel glideth on ;
 Tirconnell's towers like phantoms fade, the last faint trace is gone.

O ! trusting prince, betrayed and lost, through Saxon treachery,
 Let those who mourn thy fate take heed, for they may fall like thee ;
 The flowers they tender to our grasp but veil the hidden thorn,
 And 'neath the smiling mask of love, the frown of hatred's worn.

FINOLA.

THE O'NEILL.

[Hugh O'Neill, representative and chief of the powerful family of that name, in the year 1587, accepted of a patent from Queen Elizabeth, creating him Earl of Tir-owen ; in the eyes of his kinsmen and followers this acceptance was an act of submission, and the title itself a degradation ; The O'Neill being a royal name, and conferring on its holder kingly authority. The mark of favor bestowed by Elizabeth, was held by the Earl until 1595, in the spring of which year he suddenly called an assembly of the chiefs of his country, formally renounced the act of submission, and resumed the original distinguishing appellation of his forefathers — The O'Neill. The cause of this alteration in his conduct has been variously accounted for ; but an old tradition, which is still current in the country where he flourished, attributes it wholly to the interference of a supernatural agent. After relating in a simple style what is stated above, it tells that for three nights previous to the calling of the assembly, the Banshee, or guardian spirit of the family, was heard in his castle of Dungannon, upbraiding him with his submission, conjuring him to throw off the odious epithet with which his enemies had branded him, rousing him to a sense of his danger by describing the sufferings of some of the neighboring chiefs, charging him to arm, and promising him assistance.]

“CAN aught of glory or renown,
 To thee from Saxon titles spring ?
 Thy name a kingdom and a crown,
 Tir-owen's chieftain, Ulster's king !”

These were the sounds that on the ear
 Of Tir-owen's startled Earl arose,

That blanch'd his alter'd cheek with fear,
And from his pillow chas'd repose.

In vain was closed his weary eye,
In vain his prayer for peaceful sleep,
Still from a viewless spirit nigh,
Broke forth in accents loud and deep :

" Can aught of glory or renown,
To thee from Saxon titles spring ?
Thy name a kingdom and a crown,
Tir-owen's chieftain, Ulster's king !

" Oft did thy eager youthful ear,
Bend to the tale of Thomond's shame,*
And in thy pride of blood didst swear
To hold with life thy glorious name !

" Yet thou didst leave thy native land,
For honors on a foreign shore,
And for submission's purchas'd brand,
Barter'd the name thy fathers bore !

" Where are those fathers' glories gone ?
The pride of ages that have been !
While tamely bows their traitor son,
The vassal of a Saxon queen :

" While still within a dungeon's walls,
Armdira's fetter'd prince reclines,†
While Imayle for her chieftain calls,‡
Who in a distant prison pines :

" While from that corse, yet reeking warm,
O'er his own fields the life-streams flow,
Well mayst thou start ! that mangled form
Once was thy friend, Mac Mahon Roe.§

" Forget'st thou that a vessel came
To Cineal's strand, in gaudy pride,

* In the reign of Henry VIII., the palace of Cluan-road, near Ennis, in the county of Clare, the magnificent mansion of the chief of the O'Briens, was burned to the ground by those of his own blood, in revenge for his having accepted of the comparatively degrading title of Earl of Thomond.

† O'Dogherty of Ardmir, who was seized and thrown into prison by the lord deputy Fitzwilliam.

‡ O'Toole of I'Maoile, father to the wife of O'Neill, also imprisoned by Fitzwilliam.

§ Hugh Roe Mac Mahon, chief of Monaghan, who was tried before Fitzwilliam by a jury of common soldiers, and butchered at his castle door.

Fraught with each store of valued name,
That nature gave or art supplied :

“ No voice to bid the youth beware,
Of banquets by the Saxon spread ;
He tasted, and the treacherous snare
Clos'd o'er the young O'Donnell's head.*

“ Hopeless, desponding, still he lies,
No aid his griefs to soothe or end ;
And oft in vain his languid eyes
Turn bright'ning on his father's friend :

“ Who was that friend ? — a chief of power,
The guardian of a kingdom's weal,
Tir-owen's pride and Ulster's flower,
A prince, a hero, THE O'NEILL !

“ He at whose war-horn's potent blast,
Twice twenty chiefs in battle tried,
Unsheath'd the sword in warlike haste,
And rang'd their thousands on his side.

“ But now he dreads the paths to tread,
That lead to honors, power, and fame,
And stands, each nobler feeling dead,
Nameless, who own'd a monarch's name.

“ Shall Ardmir's prince for ever groan,
And Imayle's chief still fetter'd lie ?
None for Mac Mahon's blood atone ?
Nought cheer O'Donnell's languid eye ?

“ To thee they turn, on thee they rest :
Release the chain'd, revenge the dead,
Or soon the halls thy sires possess,
Shall echo to a stranger's tread !

“ And in the sacred chair of stone,†
The base Ne Gaveloc ‡ shalt thou see
Receive the name, the power, the throne,
That once was dear as life to thee !

* O'Donnell, son of the chief of Tyrconnell, who was decoyed on board a vessel and carried prisoner to Dublin, where he was detained nearly four years.

† The chair of stone on which the chiefs of the O'Neils were solemnly invested with the power and titles of chief of Tir-owen, and paramount prince of Ulster.

‡ Hugh O'Nial, illegitimate son of John, formerly chief of Tir-owen, surnamed *Ne Gaveloc*, or the fettered, from his having been born during the captivity of his mother.

" Arise! for on his native plains
His father's warriors marshall'd round, —
O'Donnell, freed from Saxon chains,
Shall soon the signal trumpet sound:

" And soon, thy sacred cause to aid,
The brave O'Cahan,* at thy call,
Shall brandish high the flaming blade,
That filled the grasp of Cuie-na-gall:

" Resume thy name, in arms arise,
Tear from thy breast the Saxon star,
And let the coming midnight skies
Be crimson'd with thy fires of war!

" And bid around the echoing land
The war-horn raise thy vassal powers;
And, once again, the Bloody Hand
Wave on Dungannon's royal towers!"

LAMENT FOR THE PRINCES OF TYRONE AND TYRCONNELL.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

[This is an Elegy on the death of the princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who having fled with others from Ireland in the year 1607, and afterwards dying at Rome, were interred on St. Peter's Hill, in one grave. The poem is the production of O'Donnell's bard, Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Ward, who accompanied the family in their exile, and is addressed to Nuala, O'Donnell's sister, who was also one of the fugitives. As the circumstances connected with the flight of the Northern Earls, which led to the subsequent confiscation of the six Ulster Counties by James I., may not be immediately in the recollection of many of our readers, it may be proper briefly to state, that it was caused by the discovery of a letter directed to Sir William Ussher, Clerk of the Council, dropped in the Council-chamber on the 7th of May, and which accused the Northern chieftains generally of a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The charge is now totally disbelieved. As an illustration of the poem, and as an interesting piece of hitherto unpublished literature in itself, we extract the account of the flight as recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, and translated by Mr. O'Donovan: "Maguire (Cuconnaught) and Donogh, son of Mahon, who was son of the Bishop O'Brien, sailed in a ship to Ireland, and put in at the harbor of Swilly. They then took with them from Ireland the Earl O'Neill (Hugh, son of Fedoragh) and the Earl O'Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Magnus) and many others of the nobles of the province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O'Neill, namely, his Countess, Catherina, daughter of Magennis, and her three sons; Hugh, the Baron, John,

* O'Cahan of *Cinachta*, descended from the famous *Cuie-na-gall*, or the "Terror of the Stranger," who was celebrated for his exploits against the English.

and Brian; Art Oge, son of Cormac, who was son of the Baron; Ferdoragh, son of Con, who was son of O'Neill; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, who was son of Art O'Neill; and many others of his most intimate friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell, namely, Caffar, his brother, with his sister Nuala; Hugh, the Earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old; Rose, daughter of O'Doherty and wife of Caffar, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months; his (Rory's) brother's son Donnell Oge, son of Donnel, Naghtan son of Calvach, who was son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell, and many others of his intimate friends. They embarked on the Festival of the Holy Cross in autumn. This was a distinguished company; and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valor, feats of arms, and brave achievements than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until the children should arrive at the age of manhood! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should, to the end of their lives, be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies." The Earl of Tyrone was the illustrious Hugh O'Neill, the Irish leader in the wars against Elizabeth.]

O, WOMAN of the Piercing Wail,
 Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
 With sigh and groan,
 Would God thou wert among the Gael!
 Thou would'st not then from day to day
 Weep thus alone.
 'Twere long before, around a grave
 In green Tirconnell, one could find
 This loneliness;
 Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
 Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
 Companionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegal,
 In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
 Or Killillee,
 Or where the sunny waters fall,
 At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
 This could not be.
 On Derry's plains — in rich Drumclieff —
 Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
 In olden years,
 No day could pass but woman's grief
 Would rain upon the burial-ground
 Fresh floods of tears!

O, no! — from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
 From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
 From Lissadill,
 Would flock alike both rich and poor,
 One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
 To Tara's hill;
 And some would come from Barrow-side,

And many a maid would leave her home
 On Leitrim's plains,
 And by melodious Banna's tide,
 And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
 And swell thy strains !

O, horses' hoofs would trample down
 The Mount whereon the martyr-saint *
 Was crucified.
 From glen and hill, from plain and town,
 One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
 Would echo wide.
 There would not soon be found, I ween,
 One foot of ground among those bands
 For museful thought,
 So many shriekers of the *keen* †
 Would cry aloud, and clap their hands,
 All woe-distraught !

Two princes of the line of Conn
 Sleep in their cells of clay beside
 O'Donnell Roe :
 Three royal youths, alas ! are gone,
 Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
 For Erin's woe !
 Ah ! could the men of Ireland read
 The names these noteless burial stones
 Display to view,
 Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
 Their tears gush forth again, their groans
 Resound anew !

The youths whose relics moulder here
 Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
 Of Aileach's lands ;
 Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
 Thy nephew, long to be deplored
 By Ulster's bands.
 Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
 Could domicile Decay or house
 Decrepitude !
 They passed from Earth ere Manhood's prime,
 Ere years had power to dim their brows
 Or chill their blood.

* St. Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one: the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—Tr.

† *Keen*, or *Cuoine*, the funeral-wail.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
 Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
 That knows their source?
 O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
 Cut off amid his vernal years,
 Lies here a corse
 Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
 Tirconnell of the Helms mourns
 In deep despair —
 For valor, truth, and comely bloom,
 For all that greatens and adorns,
 A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,
 The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
 Their mate in death —
 A prince in look, in deed and word —
 Had these three heroes yielded on
 The field their breath,
 O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
 There would not be a town or clan
 From shore to sea,
 But would with shrieks bewail the Slain,
 Or chant aloud the exulting *rann* *
 Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,
 On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
 Through Erin's gloom,
 If one, if barely one of those
 Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
 The hero's doom!
 If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
 Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
 The shock of spears,
 Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
 Long must the north have wept his death
 With heart-wrung tears!

If on the day of Ballachmyre
 The Lord of Mourne had met, thus young,
 A warrior's fate,
 In vain would such as thou desire
 To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
 From Niall the Great!
 No marvel this — for all the Dead,
 Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
 At Mullach-brack,

Were scarce an *eric** for his head,
 If Death had stayed his footsteps while
 On victory's track!

If on the Day of Hostages
 The fruit had from the parent bough
 Been rudely torn
 In sight of Munster's bands — Mac-Nee's —
 Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
 Could ill have borne.

If on the day of Balloch-boy
 Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
 The chieftain low,
 Even our victorious shout of joy
 Would soon give place to rueful cries
 And groans of woe!

If on the day the Saxon host
 Were forced to fly — a day so great
 For Ashanee † —
 The Chief had been untimely lost,
 Our conquering troops should moderate
 Their mirthful glee.
 There would not lack on Lifford's day,
 From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
 From Limerick's towers,
 A marshalled file, a long array,
 Of mourners to bedew the soil
 With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate
 Compelled his flight from Athenree,
 His blood had flowed,
 What numbers all disconsolate
 Would come unasked, and share with thee
 Affliction's load!
 If Derry's crimson field had seen
 His life-blood offered up, though 'twere
 On Victory's shrine,
 A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
 A thousand voices of despair
 Would echo thine!

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
 That bloody night on Fergus' banks
 But slain our Chief,

* A compensation or fine.

† Ballyshannon.

When rose his camp in wild alarm —
 How would the triumph of his ranks
 Be dashed with grief !
 How would the troops of Murbach mourn
 If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
 Which England rued,
 Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
 By shedding there, amid the fray,
 Their prince's blood !

Red would have been our warrior's eyes
 Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
 A gory grave,
 No Northern Chief would soon arise
 So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
 So swift to save.
 Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
 Had met the death he oft had dealt
 Among the foe ;
 But, had our Roderick fallen too,
 All Erin must, alas ! have felt
 The deadly blow !

What do I say ? Ah, woe is me !
 Already we bewail in vain
 Their fatal fall !
 And Erin, once the Great and Free,
 Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,
 And iron thrall !
 Then, daughter of O'Donnell, dry
 Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
 Thy heart aside,
 For Adam's race is born to die,
 And sternly the sepulchral urn
 Mocks human pride !

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
 Nor place thy trust in arm of clay
 But on thy knees
 Uplift thy soul to God alone,
 For all things go their destined way
 As He decrees.
 Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
 And seek the path of pain and prayer
 Thy Saviour trod ;
 Nor let thy spirit intermix
 With earthly hope and worldly care
 Its groans to God !

And Thou, O mighty Lord ! whose ways
 Are far above our feeble minds
 To understand,
 Sustain us in these doleful days,
 And render light the chain that binds
 Our fallen land !
 Look down upon our dreary state,
 And through the ages that may still
 Roll sadly on,
 Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
 And shield at least from darker ill
 The blood of Conn !

"The Saturday before the flight, the Earl of Tyrone was with the lord-deputy at Slane, where he had spoken with his lordship of his journey into England, and told him he would be there about the beginning of Michaelmas term, according to his Majesty's directions. He took leave of the lord-deputy in a more sad and passionate manner than was usual with him. From thence he went to Mellifont and Garret Moore's house, where he wept abundantly when he took his leave, giving a solemn farewell to every child and every servant in the house, which made them all marvel, because in general it was not his manner to use such compliments. On Monday he went to Dungarvan, where he rested two whole days, and on Wednesday night they say he travelled all night. It is likewise reported that the countess, his wife, being exceedingly weary, slipped down from her horse, and weeping, said, 'she could go no further.' Whereupon the earl drew his sword, and swore a great oath that 'he would kill her on the spot if she would not pass on with him, and put on a more cheerful countenance.' When the party, which consisted (men, women, and children) of fifty or sixty persons, arrived at Loch Foyle, it was found that their journey had not been so secret but that the governor there had notice of it, and sent to invite Tyrone and his son to dinner. Their haste, however, was such that they accepted not his courtesy, but hastened on to Rathmulla, a town on the west side of Lough Swilly, where the Earl of Tyrconnell and his company met with them. From thence the whole party embarked, and, landing on the coast of Normandy, proceeded through France to Brussels. Davies concludes his curious narrative with a few pregnant words, in which the difficulties that England had to contend with in conquering Tyrone are thus acknowledged with all the frankness of a generous foe:—'As for us that are here,' he says, 'we are glad to see the day wherein the countenance and majesty of the law and civil government hath banished Tyrone out of Ireland, which the best army in Europe, and the expense of two millions of sterling pounds had not been able to bring to pass.'—*Moore's Ireland.*

THE BATTLE OF BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.*

1598.

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN.

"[The Irish Kerne were at the first rude souldiers, so as two or three of them were employed to discharge one peece — but now they were growne ready in managing their peeces, and bold to skirnish in boggs and woody passages; they became so disastrous to the English, as they shaken the gouvernement in this kingdome, till it tottered, and wanted little of fatall ruine. Captaine Williams,

* Beal-an-atha-buidhe literally means "The Mouth of the Yellow Ford," and is pronounced *Beal-un-ath-buie*.

(who occupied the Fort of the Blackwater which Hugh O'Neill had vigorously besieged) and his few warders did with no lesse courage suffer hunger, and having eaten the few horses they had, lived vpon hearbes growing in the ditches and wals, suffering all extremities, till the Lord Lieutenant in the moneth of August sent Sir Henry Bagnell, Marshall of Ireland, with the most choice companies of foote and horse troopes of the English army, to victuall this Fort and to raise the Rebels siege. When the English entered the Pace, and thicke woods beyond Armagh, on the east side, Tyrone with all the Rebels forces assembled to him, pricked forward with the rage of enuy and settled rancour against the Marshal, assayed the English, and turning his full force against the Marshals person, had the successe to kill him, valiantly fighting among the thickest of the Rebels. Whereupon the English being dismayed with his death, the Rebels obtained a great victory against them; the English from their first arrual in that Kingdome, never had received so great an overthrow. Thirteen valiant Captaines, and 1,500 common souldiers, whereof many were of the old companies which had serued in *Brittany* vnder Generall Norreys, were slain in the field; and the yeelding of the Fort of *Blackwater* followed this disaster. By this victory the rebels got plenty of armes and victuals, — Tyrone was among the Irish, celebrated as the Deliuierer of his Country from thraldome, and the combined Traytors on all sides were puffed up with intolerable pride. The rebels of Leinster swarmed into the English pale, while the English lay in their garrisons, so farre from assailing the Rebels, as they rather lived in continuall feare to be surprised by them. After the defeat of *Blackwater*, Tyrone sent Owen Mac Rory O'More, and one Captaine Tyrel, of English race, but a bold and vnnatural enemy to his countrie and the English, to trouble the prouince of Mounster." — *Fynes Moryson's Itinerary*, part ii. book i.]

By O'Neill close beleaguer'd, the spirits might droop
Of the Saxon — three hundred shut up in their coop,
Till Bagenal drew forth his Toledo, and swore,
On the sword of a soldier to succor Portmore.

His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried —
Their features how bronz'd and how haughty their stride —
Stept steadily on; it was thrilling to see
That thunder-cloud brooding o'er BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.

The flash of their armor, inlaid with fine gold, —
Gleaming matchlocks and cannons that mutteringly roll'd —
With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuirassiers,
Dyed in blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

And are the mere Irish, with pikes and with darts —
With but glibb-covered heads, and but rib-guarded hearts —
Half-naked, half-fed, with few muskets, no guns —
The battle to dare against England's stout sons?

Poor Bonnochts,* and wild Gallowglasses, and Kern —
Let them war with rude brambles, sharp furze, and dry fern;
Wirrastrue for their wives — for their babes ochanie,
If they wait for the Saxon at BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.

* *Bonnocht*, — a billeted soldier. *Wirrastrue*, *A Mhuire as truagh*, — O! Mary, what sorrow! *Fug-a-Bealach*, — Clear the way. *Go leor*, — in abundance. *Fuil-leluah*, — joyous exclamation. *Cead mile faillte go*, — a hundred thousand welcomes to.

Yet O'Neill standeth firm — few and brief his commands —
“Ye have hearts in your bosoms, and pikes in your hands;
Try how far ye can push them, my children, at once;
Fag-a-Bealach! — and down with horse, foot, and great guns.

“They have gold and gay arms — they have biscuit and bread;
Now, sons of my soul, we'll be found and be fed;
And he clutch'd his claymore, and — “look yonder,” laughed he,
“What a grand commissariat for *BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH*.”

Near the chief, a grim tyke, an O'Shanaghan stood,
His nostril dilated seemed snuffing for blood;
Rough and ready to spring, like the wiry wolf-hound
Of Ierne, who, tossing his pike with a bound,

Cried, “My hand to the Sassenach! ne'er may I hurl
Another to earth if I call him a churl!
He finds me 'in clothing, in booty, in bread —
My Chief, won't O'Shanaghan give him a bed?”

“Land of Owen, aboo!” and the Irish rush'd on —
The foe fir'd but one volley — their gunners are gone;
Before the bare bosoms the steel-coats have fled,
Or, despite casque or corselet, lie dying and dead.

And brave Harry Bagenal, he fell while he fought
With many gay gallants — they slept as men ought:
Their faces to Heaven — there were others, alack!
By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

And my Irish got clothing, coin, colors, great store,
Arms, forage, and provender — plunder *go leor!*
They munch'd the white manchets — they champ'd the brown
chine,
Fuilleluah! for that day, how the natives did dine!

The Chieftain looked on, when O'Shanaghan rose,
And cried, hearken O'Neill! I've a health to propose —
“To our Sassenach hosts!” and all quaff'd in huge glee.
With “*Cead mile failte go, BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH!*”

THE RUINS OF DONEGAL CASTLE.*

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

O MOURNFUL, O forsaken pile,
What desolation dost thou dree!
How tarnished is the beauty that was thine ere while,
Thou mansion of chaste melody!

Demolished lie thy towers and halls;
A dark, unsightly, earthen mound
Defaces the pure whiteness of thy shining walls,
And solitude doth gird thee round.

Fair fort! thine hour has come at length,
Thine older glory has gone by.
Lo! far beyond thy noble battlements of strength,
Thy corner-stones all scattered lie!

Where now, O rival of the gold
Emania, be thy wine-cups all?
Alas! for these thou now hast nothing but the cold,
Cold stream that from the heavens doth fall!

Thy clay-choked gateways none can trace,
Thou fortress of the once bright doors!
The limestones of thy summit now bestrew thy base,
Bestrew the outside of thy floors.

Above thy shattered window-sills
The music that to-day breaks forth
Is but the music of the wild winds from the hills,
The wild winds of the stormy North!

What spell o'ercame thee, mighty fort,
What fatal fit of slumber strange,
O palace of the wine! — O many-gated court!
That thou should'st undergo this change?

Thou wert, O bright-walled, beaming one,
Thou cradle of high deeds and bold,
The Tara of Assemblies to the sons of Con,
Clan-Connell's Council-hall of old!

* This fine old castle of his ancestors was razed to the ground by Hugh Roe O'Donnell, previously to his journey to Spain, lest it should fall into the hands of the English.

Thou wert a new Emania, thou !
A northern Cruachan in thy might —
A dome like that which stands by Boyne's broad water now,
Thou Erin's Rome of all delight !

In thee were Ulster's tributes stored,
And lavished like the flowers in May ;
And into thee were Connaught's thousand treasures pour'd,
Deserted though thou art to-day !

How often from thy turrets high,
Thy purple turrets, have we seen
Long lines of glittering ships, when summer time drew nigh,
With masts and sails of snow-white sheen !

How often seen, when gazing round,
From thy tall towers, the hunting trains,
The blood-enlivening chase, the horseman and the hound,
Thou fastness of a hundred plains !

How often to thy banquets bright
We have seen the strong-armed Gaels repair,
And when the feast was over, once again unite
For battle, in thy bass-court fair !

Alas, for thee, thou fort forlorn !
Alas, for thy low, lost estate !
It is my woe of woes, this melancholy morn,
To see thee left thus desolate !

O ! there hath come of Connell's race
A many and many a gallant chief,
Who, if he saw thee now, thou of the once glad face !
Could not dissemble his deep grief.

Could Manus of the lofty soul
Behold thee as this day thou art,
Thou of the regal towers ! what bitter, bitter dole,
What agony would rend his heart !

Could Hugh Mac Hugh's imaginings
Portray for him thy rueful plight,
What anguish, O, thou palace of the northern kings
Were his through many a sleepless night !

Could even the mighty Prince whose choice
It was to o'erthrow thee — could Hugh Roe
But view thee now, methinks he would not much rejoice
That he had laid thy turrets low !

O! who could dream that one like him,
 One sprung of such a line as his,
 Thou of the embellished walls, would be the man to dim
 Thy glories by a deed like this!

From Hugh O'Donnell, thine own brave
 And far-famed sovereign, came the blow!
 By him, thou lonesome castle o'er the Eaky's wave,
 By him was wrought thine overthrow!

Yet not because he wished thee ill
 Left he thee thus bereaven and void;
 The prince of the victorious tribe of Dalach still
 Loved thee, yea, thee whom he destroyed!

He brought upon thee all his woe,
 Thou of the fair-proportioned walls,
 Lest thou shouldst ever yield a shelter to the foe,
 Shouldst house the black ferocious Galls!

Shouldst yet become in saddest truth
 A *Dun-na-Gall** — the stranger's own.
 For this cause only, stronghold of the Gaelic youth,
 Lie thy majestic towers o'erthrown.

It is a drear, a dismal sight,
 This of thy ruin and decay,
 Now that our kings, and bards, and men of mark and might
 Are nameless exiles far away!

Yet, better thou shouldst fall, meseems,
 By thine own King of many thrones,
 Than that the truculent Galls should rear around thy streams
 Dry mounds and circles of great stones.

As doth in many a desperate case
 The surgeon by the malady,
 So hath, O shield and bulwark of great Coffey's race,
 Thy royal master done by thee!

The surgeon, if he be but wise,
 Examines till he learns and sees
 Where lies the fountain of his patient's health, where lies
 The germ and root of his disease;

Then cuts away the gangrened part,
 That so the sounder may be freed

* Fort of the foreigners.

Ere the disease hath power to reach the sufferer's heart,
And so bring death without remead.

Now thou hast held the patient's place,
And thy disease hath been the foe ;
So he, thy surgeon, O proud house of Dalach's race,
Who should he be if not Hugh Roe ?

But he, thus fated to destroy
Thy shining walls, will yet restore
And raise thee up anew in beauty and in joy,
So that thou shalt not sorrow more.

By God's help, he who wrought thy fall
Will reinstate thee yet in pride ;
Thy variegated halls shall be rebuilt all,
Thy lofty courts, thy chambers wide.

Yes ! thou shalt live again, and see
Thine youth renewed ! Thou shalt outshine
Thy former self by far, and Hugh shall reign in thee,
The Tirconnellian's king and thine !

O ! BLAME NOT THE BARD *

BY THOMAS MOORE.

O ! BLAME not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame ;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart ;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country ! — her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend ;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his State of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
 And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
 He should try to forget what he never can heal:
 O! give but a hope — let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
 Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.*

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved Erin,† shall live in his songs;
 Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

THE LAST O'SULLIVAN BEARE.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

[Philip O'Sullivan Beare, a brave captain, and the author of many works relating to Ireland, commanded a ship-of-war for Philip IV. of Spain. In his "Catholic History," published at Lisbon in 1609, he has alluded to the sad story of his family. It is in brief thus:— In 1602 his father's castle of Dunbuidhe, being demolished by cannonade, the family — consisting of a wife, two sons, and two daughters — emigrated to Spain, where his youngest brother, Donald, joined him professionally, but was soon after killed in an engagement with the Turks. The old chief, at the age of one hundred, died at Corunna, and was soon followed by his long-wedded wife. One daughter entered a convent and took the veil; the other, returning to Ireland, was lost at sea. In this version the real names have been preserved.]

ALL alone — all alone, where the gladsome vine is growing —
 All alone by the wave of the Tagus darkly flowing,
 No morning brings a hope for him, nor any evening cheer,
 To O'Sullivan Beare through the seasons of the year.

* See the Hymn attributed to Alcæus:—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius, and Aristogiton," &c.

† It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland, called the land of *Ire*, from the constant broils therein for 400 years, was now become the land of concord."—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, art. *The Lord Grandison*.

He is thinking — ever thinking of the hour he left Dunbuie,
 His father's staff fell from his hand, his mother wept wildly ;
 His brave young brother hid his face, his lovely sisters twain,
 How they wrung their maiden hands to see him sail away for Spain.

They were Helen bright and Norah staid, who in their father's
 hall,
 Like sun and shadow, frolicked round the grave armorial wall ;
 In Compostella's cloisters he found many a pictured saint,
 But the Spirit's boyhood canonized no human hand can paint.

All alone — all alone, where the gladsome vine is growing —
 All alone by the wave of the Tagus darkly flowing —
 No morning brings a hope for him, nor any evening cheer,
 To O'Sullivan Beare through the seasons of the year.

O ! sure he ought to take a ship and sail back to Dunbuie —
 He ought to sail back, back again to that castle o'er the sea ;
 His father, mother, brother, his lovely sisters twain,
 'Tis they would rise the roof with joy to see him back from Spain.

Hush ! hush ! I cannot tell it — the tale will make me wild —
 He left it, that gray castle, in age almost a child ;
 Seven long years with Saint James's Friars he conned the page of
 night —
 Seven long years for his father's roof was sighing every night.

Then came a caravel from the north, deep freighted, full of woe,
 His houseless family it held, their castle it lay low,
 Saint James's shrine, through ages famed as pilgrim haunt of yore,
 Saw never wanderers so wronged upon its scalloped shore.

Yet it was sweet — their first grief past — to watch those two fond
 girls

Sit by the sea, as mermaiden hold watch o'er hidden pearls —
 To see them sit and try to sing for that sire and mother old
 O'er whose heads five score winters their thickening snows had
 rolled.

To hear them sing and pray in song for *them* in deadly work,
 Their gallant brothers battling for Spain against the Turk —
 Corunna's port at length they reach, and seaward ever stare,
 Wondering what belates the ship their brothers home should bear.

Joy ! joy ! — it comes — their Philip lives ! — ah ! Donald is no
 more :

Like half a hope one son kneels down the exiled two before ;
 They spoke no requiem for the dead, nor blessing for the living ;
 The tearless heart of parentage has broken with its grieving.

Two pillars of a ruined pile — two old trees of the land —
 Two voyagers on a sea of grief, long sufferers hand in hand.
 Thus at the woful tidings told left life and all its tears,
 So died the wife of many a spring, the chief of an hundred years.

One sister is a black veiled nun of Saint Ursula, in Spain,
 And one sleeps coldly far beneath the troubled Irish main;
 'Tis Helen bright who ventured to the arms of her true lover,
 But Cleena's * stormy tides now roll the radiant girl over.

All alone — all alone, where the gladsome vine is growing —
 All alone by the wave of the Tagus darkly flowing,
 No morning brings a hope for him, nor any evening cheer,
 To O'Sullivan Beare thro' the seasons of the year.

DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEARE.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

[In 1756 one of the Sullivans of Bearhaven, who went by the name of Morty Oge, fell under the vengeance of the law. He had long been a very popular character in the wild district which he inhabited, and was particularly obnoxious to the local authorities, who had good reason to suspect him of enlisting men for the Irish brigade in the French service, in which it was said he held a captain's commission. Information of his raising these "wild geese," (the name by which such recruits were known,) was given by a Mr. Puxly, on whom, in consequence, O'Sullivan vowed revenge, which he executed by shooting him on Sunday while on his way to church. This called for the interposition of the higher powers, and accordingly a party of military was sent round from Cork to attack O'Sullivan's house. He was daring and well armed; and the house being fortified, he made an obstinate defence. At last, a confidential servant of his, named Scully, was bribed to wet the powder in the guns and pistols prepared for his defence, which rendered him powerless. He attempted to escape, but while springing over a high wall in the rear of his house, he received a mortal wound in the back. They tied his body to a boat, and dragged it in that manner through the sea from Bearhaven to Cork, where his head was cut off, and fixed on the county jail, where it remained for several years. Such is the story current among the people about Bearhaven. In the version given of it in the rude chronicle of the local occurrences of Cork, there is no mention made of Scully's perfidy; and perhaps that circumstance might have been added by those to whom O'Sullivan was deemed a hero, in order to save his credit as much as possible. The dirge was composed by his nurse, who has made no sparing use of the peculiar energy of cursing, which the Irish language is by all allowed to possess. In the following song, Morty, in Irish, *Muirtach*, is a name very common among the old families of Ireland. It signifies *expert at sea*. Oge, is *young*. Where a whole district is peopled, in a great measure, by a sept of one name, such distinguishing titles are necessary, and in some cases even supersede the original appellation. I-vera, or Aoi-vera, is the original name of *Bearhaven*; Aoi, or I, signifying an *island*.]

THE sun on Ivera
 No longer shines brightly;
 The voice of her music
 No longer is sprightly;

* The waves off the coast of Cork, so called.

No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
O'Sullivan Beare.

Scully ! thou false one,
You basely betrayed him,
In his strong hour of need,
When thy right hand should aid him.
He fed thee — he clad thee —
You had all could delight thee :
You left him — you sold him —
May heaven requite thee !

Scully ! may all kinds
Of evil attend thee !
On thy dark road of life
May no kind one befriend thee !
May fevers long burn thee,
And agues long freeze thee !
May the strong hand of God
In his red anger seize thee !

Had he died calmly,
I would not deplore him ;
Or if the wild strife
Of the sea-war closed o'er him :
But with ropes round his white limbs
Through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter,
'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
Of his people pursue them ;
Scully, that sold him,
And soldier that slew him !
One glimpse of heaven's light
May they see never !
May the hearth-stone of hell
Be their best bed for ever !

In the hole, which the vile hands
Of soldiers had made thee ;
Unhonored, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee.
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee !

Dear head of my darling,
 How gory and pale
 These aged eyes see thee,
 High spiked on their jail !
 That cheek in the summer sun
 Ne'er shall grow warm ;
 Nor that eye e'er catch light,
 But the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean,
 Is on thy green water,
 From the haven of Cork,
 To Ivera of slaughter :
 Since thy billows were dyed
 With the red wounds of fear
 Of Muiertach Oge,
 Our O'Sullivan Beare !

SIR CAHIR O'DOHERTY.*

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

By the Spanish plumed hat, and the costly attire,
 And the dark eye that's blended of midnight and fire,
 And the bearing and stature so princely and tall,
 Sir Cahir you'll know in the midst of them all.

Like an oak on the land, like a ship on the sea,
 Like the eagle above, strong and haughty is he,
 In the greenness of youth — yet he's crowned as his due,
 With the fear of the false, and the love of the true.

Right fiercely he swoops on their plundering hordes,
 Right proudly he dares them, the proud English lords !
 And darkly you'll trace him by many a trail,
 From the hills of the North to the heart of the Pale.

* Sir Cahir was the son of Sir John O'Doherty, Chief of Innishowen, and was born in 1587. At that time, and during his whole life, Ireland was the arena of the most sanguinary warfare between the native princes and the armies of Queen Elizabeth. When about twenty years of age he was described as "a man to be marked amongst a thousand—a man of the loftiest and proudest bearing in Ulster; his Spanish hat with the heron's plume was too often the terror of his enemies and the rallying-point of his friends not to bespeak the O'Doherty." Like most of the Irish chiefs, Sir Cahir was plundered of his castle and lands, which were given to the Chichesters of Belfast and other English adventurers. He was killed in 1608 by a random shot, after having held Ulster for five months against the armies of England. He was brave and chivalrous, faithful to his engagements, firm and prompt in the execution of his designs, but implacable in his resentments.

By red field, ruined keep, and fire-shrouded hall,
By the tramp of the charger o'er buttress and wall;
By the courage that springs in the breach of despair,
Like the bound of the lion erect from his lair!

O'Neill and O'Donnell, Maguire and the rest,
Have sheathed the sabre, and lowered the crest;
O'Cahan is crushed, and Macmahon is bound,
And Magennis slinks after the foe like his hound.

But high and untrimmed, o'er the valley and height,
Soars the proud sweeping pinion so young in its flight;
The toil and the danger are braved all alone,
By the fierce-taloned falcon of old Innishowen!

And thus runs his story — he fought and he fell,
Young, honored and brave — so the *scanachies* tell;
The foremost of those who have guarded "the green,"
When men wrote their names with the sword and the *skian*!

O'HUSSEY'S ODE TO THE MAGUIRE.*

BY J. C. MANGAN.

[O'Hussey, the last hereditary bard of the great sept of Maguire, of Fermanagh, who flourished about 1630, possessed a fine genius. He commenced his vocation when quite a youth, by a poem celebrating the escape of the famous Hugh Roe O'Donnell from Dublin Castle, in 1691, into which he had been treacherously betrayed, as already noticed. The noble ode which O'Hussey addressed to Hugh Maguire, when that chief had gone on a dangerous expedition, in the depth of an unusually severe winter, is as interesting an example of the devoted affection of the bard to his chief, and as vivid a picture of intense desolation, as could be well conceived.]

WHERE is my Chief, my Master, this bleak night, *mavrone*!
O, cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh,
Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth one through and through,
Pierceth one to the very bone!

* Mr. Ferguson, in a fine piece of criticism on this poem, remarks: "There is a vivid vigor in these descriptions, and a savage power in the antithetical climax, which claim a character almost approaching to sublimity. Nothing can be more graphic, yet more diversified, than his images of unmitigated horror — nothing more grandly startling than his heroic conception of the glow of glory triumphant over frozen toil. We have never read this poem without recurring, and that by no unworthy association, to Napoleon in his Russian campaign. Yet, perhaps O'Hussey has conjured up a picture of more inclement desolation, in his rude idea of northern horrors, than could be legitimately employed by a poet of the present day, when the romance of geographical obscurity no longer permits us to imagine the Phlegrean regions of endless storm, where the snows of Hæmus fall mingled with the lightnings of Etna, amid Bistonian wilde or Hyrcanian forests." — *Dublin University Magazine*, vol. iv.

Rolls real thunder? Or, was that red, livid light
Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight dim
The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the hate that persecutes *him*
Nothing hath crueler venomy might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this, meseems!
The flood gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have been burst wide—
Down from the overcharged clouds, like unto headlong ocean's tide,
Descends gray rain in roaring streams.

Though he were even a wolf ranging the round green woods,
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the unchainable sea,
Though he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear *he*,
This sharp sore sleet, these howling floods.

O, mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire!
Darkly, as in a dream, he strays! Before him and behind
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,
The wounding wind, that burns as fire!

It is my bitter grief — it cuts me to the heart —
That in the country of Clan Darry this should be his fate!
O, woe is me, where is he? Wandering, houseless, desolate,
Alone, without or guide or chart!

Medreams I see just now his face, the strawberry-bright,
Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the tempestuous winds
Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet-shower blinds
The hero of Galang to-night!

Large, large affliction unto me and mine it is,
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair, stately form,
Should thus be tortured and o'erborne — that this unsparing storm
Should wreak its wrath on head like his!

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppressed,
Should this chill, churlish night, perchance, be paralyzed by frost —
While through some icicle-hung thicket — as one lorn and lost —
He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead,
It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds —
The lawns and pasture-grounds lie locked in icy bonds,
So that the cattle cannot feed.

The pale bright margins of the streams are seen by none.
Rushes and sweeps along the untamable flood on every side —
It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings far and wide —
Water and land are blent in one.

Through some dark woods, 'mid bones of monsters, Hugh now strays,
 As he confronts the storm with anguished heart, but manly brow —
 O ! what a sword-wound to that tender heart of his were now
 A backward glance at peaceful days !

But other thoughts are his — thoughts that can still inspire
 With joy and an onward-bounding hope the bosom of Mac Nee —
 Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of the sea,
 Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire !

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,
 And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble fine fair fingers o'er,
 A warm dress is to him that lightning-garb he ever wore,
 The lightning of the soul, not skies.

AVRAN.*

Hugh marched forth to the fight — I grieved to see him so depart ;
 And lo ! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad, betrayed —
*But the memory of the limewhite mansions his right hand hath laid
 In ashes warms the hero's heart !*

O'BRIEN OF ARRA.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

[This was a branch of the old family of that name, well celebrated in the Annals of Munster — and descended from Brian Roë O'Brien, prince of Thomond, who was expelled from his own territory in the early part of the fourteenth century, and settled in the district of Arra in the north-west of the county Tipperary. It is a small mountain tract north of the Camailte, or Keeper Hills. *Cead Míle Failte* means a hundred thousand welcomes.]

TALL are the towers of O'Kennedy —
 Broad are the lands of MacCaura —
 Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day ;
 Yet here's to O'Brien of Arra !
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Clansmen and kinsmen are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MÍLE FAILTE.

See you the mountains look huge at eve —
 So is our chieftain in battle —
 Welcome he has for the fugitive,
 Usquebaugh, fighting, and cattle !

* A concluding stanza, generally intended as a recapitulation of the entire poem.

Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Gossip and ally are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

Horses the valleys are tramping on,
 Sleek from the Sassenach manger —
 Creaghts the hills are encamping on,
 Empty the bawns of the stranger !
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Kern and bonaght are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

He has black silver from Killaloe —
 Ryan and Carroll are neighbors —
 Nenagh submits with a fuililiú —
 Butler is meat for our sabres !
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Ryan and Carroll are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

'Tis scarce a week since through Ossory
 Chased he the Baron of Durrow —
 Forced him five rivers to cross, or he
 Had died by the sword of Red Murrough !
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 All the O'Briens are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

Tall are the towers of O'Kennedy —
 Broad are the lands of MacCaura —
 Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day ;
 Yet here's to O'Brien of Arra !
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Clansman and kinsman are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

[Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighborhood is most interesting.—See "*Smith's Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork*," vol. i. p. 270.]

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carb'ry's hundred isles —
 The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles —
 Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird ;
 And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard ;
 The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease their play ;
 The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to pray —
 And full of love, and peace, and rest — its daily labor o'er —
 Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there ;
 No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
 The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem conscious of the calm ;
 The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
 So still the night, these two long barks, round Dunashad that glide,
 Must trust their oars — methinks not few — against the ebbing tide —
 O ! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore —
 They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
 And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet —
 A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! " the roof is in a flame ! "
 From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and
 dame —

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,
 And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl —
 The yell of " Allah ! " breaks above the pray'r, and shriek, and
 roar —
 O, blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword ;
 Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was
 gor'd ;
 Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching
 wild ;
 Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child ;

But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel —
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avengèd in the sack of Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing —
They see not now the milking maids — deserted is the spring !
Midsummer day — this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town —
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown ;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbors' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went —
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléir, and saw five leagues
before

The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

O ! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed —
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.
O ! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles ;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey —
She's safe — she's dead — she stabbed him in the midst of his Serai ;
And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled — O'Driscoll's child — she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen —
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan — he, who steered the Algerine !
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there —
Some muttered of M'Morrogh, who had brought the Norman o'er —
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

RORY O'MOORE.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

ANON.

[Roger, or Rory O'Moore, is one of the most honored and stainless names in Irish history. Writers, who concur in nothing else, agree in representing him as a man of the loftiest motives and the most passionate patriotism. In 1640, when Ireland was weakened by defeat and confiscation, and guarded with a jealous care constantly increasing in strictness and severity, O'Moore, then a private gentleman, with no resources beyond his intellect and his courage, conceived the vast design of rescuing her from England ; and accomplished it. In three years England did not retain a city in the island but Dublin and Drogheda. For eight years her power was barely nominal ; the land was possessed and the supreme authority exercised by the Confederation created by O'Moore. History contains no stricter

instance of the influence of an individual mind. Before the insurrection broke out, the people had learned to know and expect their Deliverer, and it became a popular proverb and the burden of national songs, that the hope of Ireland was in "God, the Virgin, and Rory O'Moore." It is remarkable that O'Moore, in whose courage and resources this great insurrection had its birth, was a descendant of the chieftains of Leix, massacred by English troops at Mullaghmast, a century before. But if he took a great revenge, it was a magnanimous one: none of the excesses which stained the first rising in Ulster are charged upon him. On the contrary, when he joined the Northern Army, the excesses ceased, and strict discipline was established, as far as it was possible, among men unaccustomed to control, and wild with wrongs and sufferings.]

ON the green hills of Ulster the white cross waves high,
And the beacon of war throws its flames to the sky;
Now the taunt and the threat let the coward endure,
Our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore!

Do you ask why the beacon and banner of war
On the mountains of Ulster are seen from afar?
'Tis the signal our rights to regain and secure,
Through God and our Lady and Rory O'Moore.

For the merciless Scots, with their creed and their swords,
With war in their bosoms, and peace in their words,
Have sworn the bright light of our faith to obscure,
But our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore.

O! lives there the traitor who'd shrink from the strife—
Who, to add to the length of a forfeited life,
His country, his kindred, his faith would abjure?—
No! we'll strike for our God and for Rory O'Moore.

UNA PHELMY.

AN ULSTER BALLAD, A. D. 1641.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. B. L. A.

[This ballad was intended to illustrate the same period in Irish History as the last, but the author looks at it from a different and more unfavorable point of view. Together they furnish another evidence of how infallibly truth sooner or later comes to be recognized.—Two Northern Protestants, writing of a civil war, where the strife lay between their ancestors and the plundered Catholics (fighting for their lands and their lives), one of them vehemently sympathizes with the Insurgents, the other speaks bitterly to be sure, but not uncharitably of the contest.]

"AWAKEN, Una Phelimy,
How canst thou slumber so?
How canst thou dream so quietly
Through such a night of woe?

Through such a night of woe," he said,
 "How canst thou dreaming lie,
 When the kindred of thy love lie dead,
 And he must fall or fly?"

She rose and to the casement came ;
 "O, William dear, speak low ;
 For I should bear my brothers' blame
 Did Hugh or Angus know."
 "Did Hugh or Angus know, Una ?
 Ah, little dreamest thou
 On what a bloody errand bent
 Are Hugh and Angus now."

"O, what has chanced my brothers dear !
 My William, tell me true !
 Our God forebode that what I fear
 Be that they're gone to do !"
 "They're gone on bloody work, Una,
 The worst we feared is done ;
 They've taken to the knife at last,
 The massacre's begun !

"They came upon us while we slept
 Fast by the sedgy Bann ;
 In darkness to our beds they crept,
 And left me not a man !
 Bann rolls my comrades even now
 Through all his pools and fords ;
 And their hearts' best blood is warm, Una,
 Upon thy brothers' swords !

"And mine had borne them company,
 Or the good blade I wore,
 Which ne'er left foe in victory
 Or friend in need before ;
 In theirs as in their fellows' hearts
 Also had dimmed its shine,
 But for these tangling curls, Una,
 And witching eyes of thine !

"I've borne the brand of flight for these,
 For these the scornful cries
 Of loud insulting enemies ;
 But busk thee, love, and rise ;
 For Ireland's now no place for us ;
 'Tis time to take our flight,
 When neighbor steals on neighbor thus,
 And stabbers strike by night.

" And black and bloody the revenge
 For this dark midnight's sake,
 The kindred of my murdered friends
 On thine and thee will take,
 Unless thou rise and fly betimes,
 Unless thou fly with me,
 Sweet Una, from this land of crimes
 To peace beyond the sea.

" For trustful pillows wait us there,
 And loyal friends beside,
 Where the broad lands of my father are,
 Upon the banks of Clyde;
 In five days hence a ship will be
 Bound for that happy home :
 Till then we'll make our sanctuary
 In sea-cave's sparry dome :
 Then busk thee, Una Phelimy,
 And o'er the waters come ! "

* * *
 The midnight moon is wading deep ;
 The land sends off the gale ;
 The boat beneath the sheltering steep
 Hangs on a seaward sail ;
 And, leaning o'er the weather-rail,
 The lovers hand in hand,
 Take their last look of Innisfail ;
 " Farewell, doomed Ireland ! "

" And art thou doomed to discord still ?
 And shall thy sons ne'er cease
 To search and struggle for thine ill,
 Ne'er share thy good in peace ?
 Already do thy mountains feel
 Avenging Heaven's ire ?
 Hark — hark — this is no thunder peal,
 That was no lightning fire ! "

It was no fire from heaven he saw,
 For, far from hill and dell,
 O'er GOBBIN'S brow the mountain flaw
 Bears musket-shot and yell,
 And shouts of brutal glee, that tell
 A foul and fearful tale,
 While over blast and breaker swell
 Thin shrieks and woman's wail.

Now fill they far the upper sky,
 Now down 'mid air they go,
 The frantic scream, the piteous cry,
 The groan of rage and woe ;
 And wilder in their agony
 And shriller still they grow —
 Now cease they, choking suddenly,
 The waves boom on below.

“ A bloody and a black revenge !
 O, Una, blest are we
 Who this sore-troubled land can change
 For peace beyond the sea ;
 But for the manly hearts and true
 That Antrim still retain,
 Or be their banner green or blue,
 For all that there remain,
 God grant them quiet freedom too,
 And blithe homes soon again ! ”

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

1641.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, M. P.

[The Irish Pale resembled the borders between Scotland and England so closely in its general character, that it is no extravagant assumption to suppose that it must have given birth to a host of poems of the same class as the Border Ballads collected by Sir Walter Scott in his own country. The same incessant feuds, the same daring adventures, the same deadly hatred, and an equally poetic people to sing their own achievements, existed in both countries; and if there are few remains of our legendary and local ballads, the disuse of the Irish language in which they were written, and the neglect of our national literature since the Elizabethan war, will account for their loss without throwing the smallest doubt on their former existence. In fact, they may be deduced as plainly from the physical and intellectual condition of the country, without any other evidence, as the use of weapons for war or castles for defence, which it needs no ruins and no museums to establish. If they are as completely lost as the ballads on which the early history of Rome was founded, they as surely existed; and we have, in lieu of a better, that remedy for our loss which Macaulay has so successfully adopted in the case of his “Lays of Ancient Rome” — to sing for our ancestors such ballads as they probably sung for themselves. Historical songs and ballads are the best nutriment for the nationality and public spirit of a country — the recollection of the men and achievements they celebrate act on its youth like a second conscience — they become ashamed to disgrace a land that was the mother of such men. The memory of Wallace does more for Scotland than the sermons of ten Dr. Chalmers, and Kosciuszko makes every Pole respectable throughout the world. Scott's own legendary ballads and poems did a thousand times more for Scotland than all he ever collected, and Burns's “Scots wha hae” was worth a hundred “Minstrelsies of the Border” in its national influence. The present ballad is founded on the rising of Ulster in 1641, at the commencement of the ten years' war. We have always denied the alleged massacre of that era, and the atrocious

calumnies on Sir Phelim O'Neill; but that the natives, in ejecting the English from their towns and castles, committed various excesses is undeniable—as is equally the bitter provocation—in the plunder of their properties by James I., and the long persecution that ensued. The object of the ballad is not to excuse these excesses, which we condemn and deplore, but to give a vivid picture of the feelings of an outraged people in the first madness of successful resistance.]

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride,
And see! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing tide,
And gladsome bell, and bugle-horn from Newry's captured Towers,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, is ours!

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of Down,
My ears have drunk the joyful news, "Stout Phelim hath his own."
O! may they see and hear no more, O! may they rot to clay,
When they forget to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish maw,
Now, now the Courts may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law,
Now, shall the Undertaker * square, for once, his loose accounts,
We'll strike, brave boys, a fair result, from all his false amounts.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal spawn,
Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and their lawn;
With all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own,
And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er twice ten thousand men,
Down have we pluck'd the pirate Red never to rise agen;
The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—
The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with Saxon blood!

Pity! † no, no, you dare not, Priest—not you our Father, dare
Preach to us now that godless creed—the murderer's blood to
spare;

To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughter'd kin implore,
"Graves and revenge" from Gobbin-Cliffs and Carrick's bloody
shore! ‡

Pity! could we "forget—forgive," if we were clods of clay,
Our martyr'd priests, our banish'd chiefs, our race in dark decay,
And worse than all—you know it, Priest—the daughters of our
land,

With wrongs we blushed to name until the sword was in our hand!

* The Scotch and English adventurers planted in Ulster by James I. were called Undertakers.

† Leland the Protestant historian states that the Catholic Priests "*labored zealously to moderate the excesses of war*;" and frequently protected the English by concealing them in their places of worship, and even under their altars.

‡ The scene of the massacre of the unoffending inhabitants of Island Magee by the garrison of Carrickfergus.

Pity ! well, if you needs must whine, let pity have its way,
 Pity for all our comrades true, far from our side to-day ;
 The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who poured
 Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian sword.

They smote us with the swearer's oath, and with the murderer's knife,
 We in the open field will fight, fairly for land and life ;
 But, by the Dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-day,
 One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they —

They bann'd our faith, they bann'd our lives, they trod us into earth,
 Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth ;
 Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *we* but *they* have bred,
 Yes, this is their own work, and now, **THEIR WORK BE ON THEIR HEAD.**

Nay, Father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman Peers,
 If we but shape our holy cause to match their selfish fears, —
 Helpless and hopeless be their cause who brook a vain delay,
 Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come or stay.

Let Silken Howth, and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's rod,
 And pale Dunsany still prefer his Master to his God,
 Little we'd miss their fathers' sons, the Marchmen of the Pale,
 If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish blade and mail ?

Then, let them stay to bow and fawn, or fight with cunning words ;
 I fear me more their courtly acts than England's hireling swords,
 Nathless their creed they hate us still, as the Despoiler hates,
 Could they love us, and love their prey, our kinsmen's lost estates !

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's power,
 Or need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious hour ;
 Of yore he led his Hebrew host to peace through strife and pain,
 And us he leads the self-same path, the self-same goal to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a SAINT * commun'd with God,
 Up from the vale where Bagnall's blood manured the reeking sod,
 Out from the stately woods of Truagh, M'Kenna's plundered home,
 Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful clansmen come.

Then, brethren, *on !* — O'Neill's dear shade would frown to see you
 pause —

Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er your
 cause —

His generous error lost the land — he deemed the Norman true,
 O ! forward ! friends, it must not lose the land again in you !

* St. Patrick, whose favorite retreat was Lecale, in the County Down.

BATTLE OF BENBURB.

1646.

[About the end of May, 1646, Owen Roe O'Neill, at the head of five thousand foot and five hundred horse, approached Armagh. Monroe, who was then stationed within ten miles of the city, marched thither on the 4th of June, at midnight, with eight hundred horse and six thousand foot. Meanwhile, O'Neill, aware of his advance, had encamped his troops at Benburb, betwixt two small hills. The rear of his army was protected by a wood, and the right by the river Blackwater. Here Monroe determined to attack him, and for this purpose marched thither on the 5th of June, at the head of his troops. He had ordered his brother, George Monroe, to proceed expeditiously with his corps from Coleraine, and to join him at Glasslough or Benburb. O'Neill, aware of this movement, had despatched Colonel Bernard McMahon and Patrick Mac Neny, with their regiments, to prevent this force from joining with Monroe. Monroe himself had passed the river, at a ford near Kinnard (now Caledon) and marched towards Benburb. As he advanced, he was met by Colonel Richard O'Farrell, who occupied a strait through which it was necessary for him to pass; but the fire of his cannon compelled that commander, after a short rencontre, to retreat. And now the two armies met in order of battle. The wary O'Neill amused his enemy, during several hours, with various manœuvres and trifling skirmishes, until the sun, which at first had been favorable to the Scots, began to descend in the rear of the Irish troops, and shed a dazzling glare on their enemies. The detachment which O'Neill had sent against George Monroe was seen returning towards the hostile armies. The Scottish general at first imagined that this was the expected reinforcement from Coleraine: but when he perceived his error, he prepared instantly to retreat. O'Neill, however, seized the opportunity with the promptitude of an experienced commander, and charged the Scots and British with the most determined valor. The gallant Lord Blaney, at the head of an English regiment, made a noble defence. He fell combating with the most undaunted resolution, and his men maintained their ground till they were hewn to pieces, fighting around their beloved commander. Meanwhile the Scottish cavalry was broken by O'Neill's horse, and a general rout ensued. One regiment, indeed, commanded by Colonel Montgomery, retreated with some regularity, but the rest of the British troops fled in total disorder. Lord Montgomery, twenty-one officers, and one hundred and fifty soldiers were taken prisoners: three thousand two hundred and forty-three men were slain on the field of battle, and many perished the succeeding day in the rout. Monroe himself fled with the utmost precipitation, leaving his artillery, tents, and baggage, with the greater part of his arms, booty, and provisions to the enemy. Colonel Conway, accompanied by Captain Burke, also escaped to Newry, after having two horses slain under him in his flight. The loss of O'Neill in this decisive battle was only seventy men killed and two hundred wounded. — *Moore's Ireland*, vol. iv. page 284.]

GIVE praise to the Virgin Mother ! O'Neill is at Benburb,
The Chieftain of the martial soul, who scorns the Saxon curb ;
Between two hills his camp is pitch'd, and in its front upthrown,
The " Red Hand " points to victory from the standard of Tyrone ;
Behind him rise the ancient woods, while on his flank anear him,
The deep Blackwater calmly glides and seems to greet and cheer him.

'Tis a glorious morn in glowing June ! Against the sapphire sky,
Bright glancing in the golden light the adverse banners fly ;
With godly boast the Scottish host, led on by stout Monroe,
Have crossed the main with venal swords to aid our ruthless foe,
And never in sorer need than now, the steel of the hireling fenc'd him,
For a dauntless Chief, and mighty host, stand in array against him !

By all the Saints they are welcome ! across the crested wave,
 For few who left Kinard this morn, ere night shall lack a grave.
 The hour — the man, await them now, and retribution dire
 Shall sweep their ranks from front to rear, by our avenging fire ;
 Yet on they march in pride of heart — the hell-engendered gloom
 Of the grim, predestin'd Puritan impels them to their doom.

A thrilling charge their trumpets blow, but the shout — “ O'Neill
 aboo ! ”

Is heard above the clarion call — ringing the wild woods through !
 “ On,” cries Lord Ardes, “ On, Cunninghame ! Forward with
 might and main.”

And the flower of Scottish chivalry comes swooping down the
 plain —

Fiercely they dash and thunder on, — as the wrathful waves come
 leaping

Toward Rathlin gray on a wild March day, when western winds are
 sweeping.

Now, where are thy hardy kerne, O'Neill ? O, whither have they
 fled ?

Hurrah ! that volley from out the brakes hath covered the sward
 with dead.

The horses rear, and in sudden fear, the Scottish warriors flee,
 And the field is dyed with a crimson tide from their bravest cavalry !
 All praise to the Right-protecting God, who guards his own in
 danger,

None fell save one of the Irish host by the guns of the baffled
 stranger.

“ On, to the charge ! ” cries fierce Monroe, — “ Fear not the bush
 and scrog —

Nor that the river bound your right, and your left be flanked with
 bog.”

And on they come right gallantly, — but the Fabius of the West
 Receives the shock, unmoved as a rock, and calm as a lion at rest.
 The red artillery flashes in vain, or standeth spent and idle,
 While the war-steeds bound across the plain, and foaming champ the
 bridle.

From the azure height of his realm of light the sun is sinking low,
 And the blinding gleams of his parting beams dazzle the chafing foe ;
 And Owen's voice like a trumpet note, rings clear through his serried
 ranks —

“ Brave brothers in arms, the hour has come, give God and the Vir-
 gin thanks,

Strike home to-day, or heavier woes will crush our homes and altars,
 Then trample the foeman in his blood, and curst be the slave who
 falters ! ”

A wild shout rends the lurid air, and at once from van to rear,
Of the Irish troops each soldier grasps his matchlock, sword, or
spear ;

The chieftains haste their steeds to loose, and spring upon their feet,
That every chance be thus cut off, of a coward's base retreat.
And "Onward! Forward!" swells the cry, in one tumultuous
chorus,

"By God and the Virgin's help we'll drive these hireling Scots be-
fore us !"

'Tis body to body with push of pike — 'tis foe confronting foe,
'Tis gun to gun and blade to blade — 'tis blow returning blow.
Fierce is the conflict, — fell the strife, — but Heaven defends the
right, —

The Puritan's sword is broken, and his army put to flight.
They break away in wild dismay, while some to escape the slaughter
Plunge panting into the purple tide that dyes the dark Blackwater !

May Mary our Mother be ever praised, for the battle fought and won !
By Irish hearts and Irish hands, beneath that evening sun ;
Three thousand two hundred and forty foes lay dead upon the plain,
And the Scots bewailed of their noble chiefs, Lord Blaney among the
slain ;

And ever against a deadly foe no weaponed hand should falter,
But strike as the valiant Owen Roe, for home, and shrine, and
altar !

THE RED HAND FOR EVER.

(LAWH'-DEARG-ABOO.*)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MONKS OF KILCREA."

HIGH face of O'Neill ! will no Feardan bring thee
His *clearsach* of power to honor and sing thee ?
From the hills of the North hath thy glory departed ?
Are the bards of Tyr-Owen grown false and cold-hearted ?
That when wine cups are fill'd and true hearts are meeting,
All silent, they pay thee nor homage nor greeting ? —
No ! though sad is my soul that thy house, once the greatest,
Hath left but one minstrel, the meanest and latest.
The broken in spirit, the weigh'd down by sorrow —
And, O ! how unlike to the bard of MacCaura,
Yet weak though his harp, as the reed by the river,
Its chords are his heart-strings — The Red Hand for ever !

* Pronounced *Lauw-dearg-aboo* ! — The Red or Bloody Hand for ever ! the war-
cry of the O'Neills.

Proud Lords of Tirowen ! high chiefs of Lough Neagh,
 How broad stretch'd the lands that were ruled by your sway,
 What eagle would venture to wing them right through,
 But would droop on his pinion o'er half ere he flew.
 From the hills of MacCarthan, and waters that ran
 Like steeds down Glen Swilly to soft flowing Bann —
 From Clannaboy's heather to Carrick's sea-shore,
 And high Armagh of Saints to wild Innismore —
 From the cave of the hunter on Tyrconnel hills
 To the dells of Glenarm, all gushing with rills —
 From Antrim's bleak rocks to the woods of Rosstrevor —
 All echoed thy war-shout — The Red Hand for ever !

Ah ! show me on earth coronation so splendid
 As when the *Lia-fail* * thy chieftain ascended —
 His Brehons around him — the blue heavens o'er him —
 His true clan behind, and his broad lands before him ;
 While grouped far below him on moor and on heather
 His tanists and chiefs are assembled together ;
 They give him a sword, and he swears to protect them ;
 A slender white wand, and he vows to direct them ;
 And then, in God's sunshine, O'NEILL, they proclaim him,
 Through life, unto death, ne'er to flinch from or fail him ;
 And earth hath no spell that can shatter or sever
 That bond from their true hearts — The Red Hand for ever !

When the Saxon, with slaughter, swept fierce from the Pale,
 Who arose, in their might, with their flag on the gale ? —
 Unconquer'd and strong met the foe in their pride,
 And, as Rathlin the sea, dash'd their billows aside,
 Who, like straw in the stubble, trod down Nugent's spears,
 And MacAlister tore from his stout mountaineers ?
 Who humbled proud Essex ? stern Bagnall, and bore
 His flag, without check, from Armagh to Dunmore ? —
 Who conquer'd at *Baelbreac*, † made Munroe to flee,
 Like a stag from the deer-hounds, on high Clan-hugh-bwee ? —
 Who scatter'd the Saxons, by plain, ford, and river ?
 Hark ! answers Benburb with — The Red Hand for ever !

And, O ! what a time for the scorner and scoffer,
 When the Saxons to *Shane* ‡ their poor coronet offer —
 He, son of Great Nial, brave Owen's descendant,
 And heir to a line through long centuries splendent —
 Whose vassals were princes — O'Donnell, MacMahon,
 O'Hanlon, MacSweeney, Maguire, and O'Cahan ! —

* *Lia-fail*, — the stone of destiny, and the chair on which the O'Neills were crowned.

† *Beal-breac*, — the spotted mouth, in allusion to the Battle of Beal-an-athabuidh.

‡ *Shane*, — John O'Neill.

Full well it became him, proud chief, back to hurl
 In the teeth of the braggarts their title of *Earl*,
 When the *Calliagh*,* their Queen, all shame be upon her!
 Strove the crest of his sires to lessen in honor —
 When she gave to each Knight, from Loch Lene to Dunkever,
 To blazon his shield with — The Red Hand for ever!

And yet, gallant the sight, when thy proud chieftain came
 To the halls of the Tudor, with nobles and train,
 All brave men and true, young and goodly withal,
 As ere charged in the battle, or paced within hall;
 Apparel'd in saffron, all 'broidered with gold,
 With banner and brand, like a monarch of old;
 And many fair dames, as they bent to the tale
 Of the greenwoods and bowers that bloom'd 'cross the Pale,
 In secret soft murmur'd — "How happy 'twould be
 With those strangers to dwell in their Isle o'er the sea,"
 And the proud Queen herself, despite her endeavor,
 In love as in war own'd — The Red Hand for ever!

High race of O'Neill! thy splendor has faded,
 And the star of thy line sets, all altered and shaded;
 From Dungannon no more thy proud chieftains sally,
 And burst on the Pale from each mountain and valley.
 The horn of thy hunters hath no lip to sound it,
 And the hearth of thy halls hath no joy twin'd round it!
 The Saxons have conquer'd — thy glories are over —
 And darkness descends on the house of Ceancover!
 Yet — yet, though the Fate-Stone be loos'd on Shane Tower,†
 It totters, 'twill fall soon — O, woe for the hour.
 Some chief may arise with a soul to inherit
 The fame of his sires with their freedom and spirit.
 What, though the old tree may be worn out and drooping,
 And each time-honored branch all leafless and stooping,
 There are saplings abroad by mountain and river,
 And Tyr-Owen shall yet shout — The Red Hand for ever!

* * *

* *Calliagh*, — an old woman.

† A head carved in stone is pointed out upon one of the old walls at Shane's Castle, concerning which there is a tradition that when it falls the race will be extinct — it is already tottering.

LAMENT FOR OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

1649.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

[Thomas Osborne Davis was born in Mallow, county Cork, in 1814, and died in September, 1845, in Dublin. In early youth he was distinguished for the ardor and severe discipline with which he pursued his studies, and this closeness of application he steadily continued till the twenty-sixth year of his age, when he had accumulated an amount of knowledge rarely possessed by a man of his years. He finished his education in Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1840 was called to the Irish Bar. Upon the dismissal of Chancellor Plunket in that year, Davis first directed his mind to politics; he and his friend John Dillon, becoming contributors to one of the Dublin papers. Some time after, this Journal having changed its independent tone (the proprietor was looking for place which he subsequently obtained), they withdrew their support, and transferred their services to the silent but practical work of the Committee of the Repeal Association, — of which they were both members. The want of a thoroughly independent and national Journal being felt by the young men of the country, — Thomas Davis, John Dillon, and Charles Gavan Duffy determined in 1842 to establish the *Nation* as a political and literary Journal, under the editorial management of Mr. Duffy, who had previously conducted the *Belfast Vindicator*. The *Nation's* principal aim was to teach the people that in education and industrial pursuits their true dignity consisted, and to impress upon them the importance of temperance and self-reliance as the means best calculated to secure the nationality and independence of the country. It was then that Davis became a man of great and noble purposes; he threw his whole heart and soul into the new undertaking, — and possessing the rare power of imbuing others with his own burning spirit, the *Nation* was supported by a staff of writers never equalled before in Irish journalism. To promote the object for which this journal was established, the editor held it to be indispensable that songs and ballads for the people should form a prominent feature. He knew their stirring and fascinating influence upon the Irish heart. A poet who could produce such national ballads as would find a ready acceptance with the people was required; and though Davis had previously never attempted verse, he did not hesitate in this emergency to undertake to supply this great desideratum. The following vigorous and highly dramatic ballad was his first contribution; this, and his other productions in these volumes, will amply prove that he did not mistake his vocation. He not only wrote himself but incited others to do the like, until the *Nation* became the medium of giving to the world some of the finest ballads of modern times. A more earnest or sincere man than Davis never lived. In his total abnegation of self, — in his unwearied industry, which no obstacles could abate, — in his fiery genius and generous impulses, he was “his own parallel.” The characteristics of his nature were a strict love of truth and right, and an exuberant, joyous spirit; and though confident of his power and influence as a poet and essayist, his ambition was to rank beside Owen Roe and Grattan, rather than beside Moore and Goldsmith. He estimated talents and fame, however brilliant and dazzling, and liberty, however broad and secure, in proportion only as they promoted solid virtue and permanent happiness. Acting upon these principles, he effected during his short career, more than most others in a long life could accomplish. His devoted love for Ireland knew no bounds, his fidelity to her interests has rarely been equalled; and he served her with intense zeal, without stint or reserve, for the sole gratification of doing good to his kind. His simplicity and almost womanly tenderness of nature were beautifully blended with the severe integrity of his principles. His masculine understanding, his high enthusiasm, his marvellous energy and unconquerable resolution preëminently fitted him for the achievement of any noble or patriotic enterprise. He bore nature's impress of a great man, — and she had marked him as the faithful champion of his country's rights and freedom.]

Time—10th Nov. 1649. Scene—Ormond's Camp, County Waterford. **Speakers**—A Veteran of Owen O'Neill's clan, and one of the horsemen, just arrived with an account of his death.

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill!"
 'Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel.'
 "May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!
 May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!"

Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words."
 'From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords;
 But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his way,
 And he died at Clough-Oughter, upon St. Leonard's Day.'

"Wail, wail ye for The Mighty One! Wail, wail ye for the Dead;
 Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the
 head.

How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
 Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

Sagest in the council was he, — kindest in the hall,
 Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.
 Had he lived — had he lived — our dear country had been free;
 But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

O'Farrell and Clanrickard, Preston and Red Hugh,
 Audley and MacMahon — ye are valiant, wise, and true;
 But — what, what are ye all to our darling who is gone?
 The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's corner stone!

Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for our pride!
 Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
 Weep the Victor of Benburb — weep him, young man and old;
 Weep for him, ye women — your Beautiful lies cold!

We thought you would not die — we were sure you would not go,
 And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow —
 Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky —
 O! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?

Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill! bright was your eye.
 O! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
 Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;
 But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen! — why did you die!"

THE WEXFORD MASSACRE.

1649.

BY MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

["The Mayor and Governor offered to capitulate; but whilst their commissioners were treating with Cromwell, — Strafford, the Governor of the Castle, perfidiously opened it to the enemy; the adjacent wall was immediately scaled, and, after a stubborn but unavailing resistance in the Market-place, Wexford was abandoned to the mercy of the assailants. The tragedy so recently acted at Drogheda was renewed. No distinction was made between the defenceless inhabitant and the armed soldier; nor could the shrieks and prayers of three hundred females, who had gathered round the Great Cross, preserve them from the swords of these ruthless barbarians." — *Lingard's England*, vol. viii. p. 276. Under date of 19th October, 1649, Cromwell says: — "I meddle not with any man's conscience; but if by liberty of conscience be meant a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing: where the Parliament of England have power, that will not be allowed of." — *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches by Carlyle*, vol. ii. p. 228.]

THEY knelt around the Cross divine,
 The matron and the maid —
 They bow'd before redemption's sign
 And fervently they prayed —
 Three hundred fair and helpless ones,
 Whose crime was this alone —
 Their valiant husbands, sires, and sons,
 Had battled for their own.

Had battled bravely, but in vain —
 The Saxon won the fight,
 And Irish corsees strewed the plain
 Where Valor slept with Right.
 And now, that Man of demon guilt,
 To fated Wexford flew —
 The red blood reeking on his hilt,
 Of hearts to Erin true !

He found them there — the young, the old —
 The maiden and the wife ;
 Their guardian Brave in death were cold,
 Who dared for *them* the strife.
 They prayed for mercy — God on high !
 Before *thy* cross they prayed,
 And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
 To glut the Saxon blade !

Three hundred fell — the stifled prayer
 Was quenched in woman's blood ;
 Nor youth nor age could move to spare
 From slaughter's crimson flood.

But nations keep a stern account
Of deeds that tyrants do ;
And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
And Heaven avenge it too !

“IN-FELIX FELIX.”

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[Sir Phelim O'Neill was executed by Cromwell's order, at Dublin, in 1652, as a punishment for the alleged “great Popish Massacre” of 1641. He was offered his life, on the scaffold, if he would consent to inculpate King Charles. He “stoutly refused,” and was instantly executed.]

WHY is his name unsung, O ! Minstrel host ?
Why do you pass his memory like a ghost ?
Why is no rose, no laurel, on his grave ?
Was he not constant, vigilant, and brave ?
Why, when that hero-age you deify,
Why do you pass “*In-felix Felix*” by ?

He rose the first — he looms the morning star
Of the long, glorious, unsuccessful war.
England abhors him ! Has she not abhorr'd
All who for Ireland ventured life or word ?
What memory would she not have cast away,
That Ireland hugs in her heart's-heart to-day ?

He rose in wrath to free his fettered land,
“There's blood — there's Saxon blood — upon his hand.”
Ay, so they say ! — three thousand less or more,
He sent untimely to the Stygian shore —
They were the keepers of the prison-gate —
He slew them, his whole race to liberate.

O ! clear-eyed Poets, ye who can descry,
Through vulgar heaps of dead, where heroes lie —
Ye to whose glance the primal mist is clear —
Behold there lies a trampled Noble here.
Shall we not leave a mark ? shall we not do
Justice to one so hated and so true ?

If ev'n his hand and hilt were so distained,
If he was guilty, as he has been blamed,
His death redeemed his life — he chose to die,
Rather than get his freedom with a lie ;
Plant o'er his gallant heart a laurel tree,
So may his head within the shadow be.

I mourn for thee, O, hero of the North —
 God judge thee gentler than we do on earth !
 I mourn for thee, and for our Land, because
 She dare not own the Martyrs in her cause.
 But they, our poets, they who justify —
 They will not let thy memory rot or die.

OLIVER'S ADVICE.

AN ORANGE BALLAD.

BY COLONEL BLACKER.

THE night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing fast —
 The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and angry blast —
 The thunder clouds are driving athwart the lurid sky —
 But, "put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."*

There *was* a day when loyalty was hail'd with honor due,
 Our banner the protection wav'd to all the good and true —
 And gallant hearts beneath its folds were linked in honor's tie,
 We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our powder dry.

When Treason bar'd her bloody arm, and madden'd round the land,
 For king, and laws, and order fair, we drew the ready brand ;
 Our gathering spell was William's name — our word was, "do or
 die,"
 And still we put our trust in God, and kept our powder dry.

But now, alas ! a wondrous change has come the nation o'er,
 And worth and gallant services remember'd are no more,
 And, crush'd beneath oppression's weight, in chains of grief we lie —
 But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Forth starts the spawn of Treason, the 'scap'd of Ninety-Eight,
 To bask in courtly favor, and seize the helm of state —
 E'en *they* whose hands are reeking yet with murder's crimson dye —
 But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose deeds incarnadin'd the Slaney's silver wave —
 They come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome gave ;
 He comes, the open rebel fierce — he comes the Jesuit sly ;
 But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

* There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words : "Put your trust in God ; but mind to keep your powder dry."

They come, whose counsels wrapp'd the land in foul rebellious flame,
 Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks unting'd by
 shame.

Be still, be still, indignant heart — be tearless, too, each eye,
 And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Pow'r that led his chosen, by pillar'd cloud and flame,
 Through parted sea and desert waste, that Pow'r is still the same.
 He fails not — He, the loyal hearts that firm on him rely —
 So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Pow'r that nerv'd the stalwart arms of Gideon's chosen few,
 The Pow'r that led great William, Boyne's reddening torrent
 thro', —

In his protecting aid confide, and every foe defy —
 Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emits its orient blaze,
 The cheering beacon of relief it glimmers thro' the haze.
 It tells of better days to come, it tells of succor nigh,
 Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,
 But brightest beams its radiance from Donard's lofty head.
 Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide, and "Roden" is the cry —
 Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Then cheer, ye hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark despair,
 Our banner shall again unfold its glories to the air.
 The storm that raves the wildest, the soonest passes by ;
 Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the ready sword,
 For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated word,
These, these the war-cry of our march, our hope the Lord on high ;
 Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.
 1834.

THE DEATH OF SCHOMBERG.

1690.

BY DIGBY PILOT STARKEY, M. R. I. A., (AUTHOR OF "THEORIA.")

[“Frederick Schonberg, or Schomberg, first developed his warlike talents under the command of Henry and William II. of Orange; afterwards obtained several victories over the Spaniards; reinstated on the throne the house of Braganza; defeated in England the last hopes of the Stuarts; and finally died at the advanced age of eighty-two, at the battle of the Boyne, in 1690.”]

'Twas on the day when Kings did fight beside the Boyne's dark water,
And thunder roar'd from every height, and earth was red with
slaughter, —

That morn an aged chieftain stood apart from mustering bands,
And, from a height that crown'd the flood, surveyed broad Erin's lands.

His hand upon his sword-hilt leant, his war-horse stood beside,
And anxiously his eyes were bent across the rolling tide :
He thought of what a changeful fate had borne him from the land
Where frown'd his father's castle-gate,* high o'er the Rhenish strand,

And plac'd before his opening view a realm where strangers bled,
Where he, a leader, scarcely knew the tongue of those he led !
He looked upon his checkered life, from boyhood's earliest time,
Through scenes of tumult and of strife, endur'd in every clime,

To where the snows of eighty years usurped the raven's stand,
And still the din was in his ears, the broadsword in his hand !
He turn'd him to futurity, beyond the battle plain,
But then a shadow from on high, hung o'er the heaps of slain ; —

And through the darkness of the cloud, the chief's prophetic glance
Beheld, with winding-sheet and shroud, his fatal hour advance :
He quail'd not, as he felt him near th' inevitable stroke,
But, dashing off one rising tear, 'twas thus the old man spoke :

“ God of my fathers ! death is nigh, my soul is not deceived —
My hour is come, and I would die the conqueror I have lived ;
For thee, for freedom, have I stood — for both I fall to-day ;
Give me but victory for my blood, the price I gladly pay !

“ Forbid the future to restore a Stuart's despot-gloom,
Or that, by freemen dreaded more, the tyranny of Rome !
From either curse, let Erin freed, as prosperous ages run,
Acknowledge what a glorious deed upon this day was done ! ”

He said : fate granted *half* his prayer. His steed he straight bestrode,
And fell, as on the routed rear of James's host he rode.
He sleeps in a cathedral's gloom,† amongst the mighty dead,
And frequent, o'er his hallow'd tomb, redeedful pilgrims tread.
The other half, though fate deny, we'll strive for, one and all,
And William's — Schomberg's spirits nigh, we'll gain — or, fighting,
fall !

1833.

* Schonberg, or “ the mount of beauty,” is one of the most magnificent of the many now ruinous castles that overhang the Rhine. — It had been the residence of the chiefs of a noble family of that name, which existed as far back as the time of Charlemagne, and of which the Duke of Schomberg was a member.

† St. Patrick's, Dublin.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

1690.

BY COLONEL BLACKER.

It was upon a summer's morn, unclouded rose the sun,
And lightly o'er the waving corn their way the breezes won ;
Sparkling beneath that orient beam, 'mid banks of verdure gay,
Its eastward course a silver stream held smilingly away.

A king^{ly} host upon its side a monarch camp'd around,
Its southern upland far and wide their white pavilions crown'd;
Not long that sky unclouded show'd, nor long beneath the ray
That gentle stream in silver flow'd, to meet the new-born day.

Through yonder fairy-haunted glen, from out that dark ravine,
Is heard the tread of marching men, the gleam of arms is seen;
And plashing forth in bright array along yon verdant banks,
All eager for the coming fray, are rang'd the martial ranks.

Peals the loud gun — its thunders boom the echoing vales along,
While curtain'd in its sulph'rous gloom moves on the gallant throng;
And foot and horse in mingled mass, regardless all of life,
With furious ardor onward pass to join the deadly strife.

Nor strange that with such ardent flame each glowing heart beats
high,
Their battle word was William's name, and "Death or Liberty!"
Then, Oldbridge, then thy peaceful bowers with sounds unwonted
rang,
And Tredagh, 'mid thy distant towers, was heard the mighty clang;

The silver stream is crimson'd wide, and clogg'd with many a corse,
As floating down its gentle tide come mingled man and horse.
Now fiercer grows the battle's rage, the guarded stream is cross'd,
And furious, hand to hand engage each bold contending host ;

He falls — the veteran hero falls, † renowned along the Rhine —
And *he*, whose name, while Derry's walls endure, shall brightly
shine. †
O ! would to heav'n that churchman bold, his arms with triumph
blest,
The soldier spirit had controll'd that fir'd his pious breast.

* King William's Glen, near Townley Hall.

† Duke Schomberg.

† Walker, the gallant defender of Derry.

And he, the chief of yonder brave and persecuted band,*
 Who foremost rush'd amid the wave, and gain'd the hostile strand;
 He bleeds, brave Caillemotte — he bleeds — 'tis clos'd, his bright
 career,

Yet still that band to glorious deeds his dying accents cheer.

And now that well-contested strand successive columns gain,
 While backward James's yielding band are borne across the plain.
 In vain the sword green Erin draws, and life away doth fling —
 O! worthy of a better cause and of a bolder king.

In vain thy bearing bold is shown upon that blood-stain'd ground;
 Thy tow'ring hopes are overthrown, thy choicest fall around.
 Nor, shamed, abandon thou the fray, nor blush, though conquer'd
 there,

A power against thee fights to-day no mortal arm may dare.

Nay, look not to that distant height in hope of coming aid —
 The dastard thence has ta'en his flight, and left thee all betray'd.
 Hurrah! hurrah! the victor shout is heard on high Donore;
 Down Platten's vale, in hurried rout, thy shatter'd masses pour.

But many a gallant spirit there retreats across the plain,
 Who, change but kings, would gladly dare that battle field again.†
 Enough! enough! the victor cries; your fierce pursuit forbear,
 Let grateful prayer to heaven arise, and vanquished freemen spare.

Hurrah! hurrah! for liberty, for her the sword we drew,
 And dar'd the battle, while on high our Orange banners flew;
 Woe worth the hour — woe worth the state, when men shall cease
 to join

With grateful hearts to celebrate the glories of the Boyne!

THE BOYNE WATER.

(FROM W. R. WILDE'S "BEAUTIES OF THE BOYNE AND THE
 BLACKWATER.")

'Twas bright July's first morning clear,
 Of unforgotten glory,
 That made this stream, through ages dear,
 Renown'd in song and story.

* Caillemotte, who commanded a regiment of French Protestants.

† This alludes to the expression attributed to Sarsfield — "Only change kings,
 and we will fight the battle over again."

Yet, not her charms on history's page —
 For Nature's own I sought her ;
 And took my pleasant pilgrimage,
 To see the sweet Boyne water.

Here, musing on these peaceful banks,
 The mind looks back in wonder ;
 And visions rise of hostile ranks,
 Impatient, kept asunder :
 From every land a warrior band —
 For Europe owns the quarrel —
 His hand shall clinch no barren branch,
 That snatches this day's laurel.

All-conquering William — great Nassau !
 Her crown a realm decreed him ;
 And here he vindicates her law,
 And champions here her freedom.
 And ne'er let valor lose its meed —
 A foe right nobly banded,
 Though changeless love for king and creed
 With treason's stain be branded.

Ah, wherefore cannot kings be great,
 And rule with man approving ?
 Or why should creeds enkindle hate,
 And all their precepts, loving ?
 Here, on a cast, land, life, and fame,
 Faith, freedom, — all abide it :
 A glorious stake ! play out the game,
 Let war's red die decide it !

Now strike the tents — the rolling drums,
 Their loud defiance beating,
 Right for the ford brave Schomberg comes,
 And Sarsfield gives him greeting.
 Grenade and musket — hut and hedge
 In flame unintermitting ;
 I' the very sedge, by the water's edge,
 The angry fuse is spitting.

The banks are steep, the stream is deep,
 The cannon deadly knelling ;
 On man and horse, o'er many a corse,
 Th' impeded tide is swelling ;
 Yet firm, as 'twere some pageant brave,
 To their trumpets' notes advancing,
 And plumes and pennons proudly wave,
 And their eager swords are glancing.

With arms held high, and powder dry,
Fast on the bank they're forming : —
Shame on those Kerne ! the steeps they fly,
Should baffle England's storming.
But stand together — firmly stand !
Down the defile, and crushing
Like loosen'd rocks, to the crowded strand,
Come headlong squadrons rushing.

Gallantly done, bold Hamilton !
The scared Dane flies before him ;
What can the Huguenot's pikeless gun
'Gainst the sabres flashing o'er him ?
Their leader down — down in his blood —
And William at a distance
Unhors'd, but toiling through the flood
To back their brave resistance.

And back they go, the unsated foe,
Still threatening, though retreating.
Away ! the Walloon broadsword's blow
Will never need repeating.
And away together, hilt to hilt,
Through the frightened hamlet going ;
The lavish blood, like water spilt,
In its narrow street-way flowing.

The heights are carried : far and wide
Are battle-lines extended ;
Morass and mound — on every side,
And at every point defended ;
A moment well might William halt,
In front a force so shielded ;
But prompt th' impetuous assault,
And post on post is yielded.

But still the rattle and the roar,
And flight, and hot pursuing ;
And Berwick rallies on Donore,
The conflict fierce renewing.
No toil too great that wins renown ;
The fight seems still beginning ;
Proud valor's meed is fortune's crown,
And that crown is William's winning.

But where is James ? What ? urged to fly
Ere quailed his brave defenders !
Their dead in Oldbridge crowded lie,
But not a sword surrenders :

Again they've found the 'vantage ground ;
 Their zeal is still untiring ;
 As slowly William hems them round
 In narrowing ring still firing.

O'Neill's upon the English front
 With whirlwind fury wheeling ;
 And, flank or front, where'er the brunt,
 Their stoutest columns reeling :
 Up, Brandenburg ! the bravest yield,
 The hoof they're trodden under ;
 On Inniskillings ! and the field
 Shakes to their tramp of thunder !

And through and through the stubborn spears
 Such awful gaps they're cleaving —
 Though Hamilton, still charging cheers,
 The field's beyond retrieving.
 O, Hamilton ! a hero now
 O'er prostrate foemen riding :
 A moment more, and where art thou ?
 A foe thy rein is guiding.

Thy routed comrades crowd the pass :
 The weak impede the stronger ;
 And terror strikes the yielding mass,
 And the brave are bold no longer.
 'Tis done : that beacon of the fight —
 That hope — the crown redeeming !
 In heaven's sight, in victory's light,
 The English Banner's gleaming !

Now, Drogheda, undo thy gate —
 Saint Mary's bells are ringing ;
 The Mill-Mount captives, snatch'd from fate,
 Their grateful hymns are singing :
 From dale and down, from field and fell,
 The sulphurous clouds are clearing ;
 The Boyne, with full but gentle swell,
 In beauty reappearing.

But search the field, what friends are lost
 May claim our brief lamenting :
 No victory wanting victory's cost
 Its scenic show presenting.
 Schomberg, the silver-hair'd, is down —
 Caillemotte no trump awaketh —
 And Walker, with his mural crown,
 His last, deep slumber taketh !

Well — honor'd be the graves that close
 O'er every bold and true heart !
 And sorrows sanctified repose
 Thy dust, discrownèd Stuart !
 O'er scenes like these our hearts may ache,
 When calmly we review them —
 Yet each awake its part to take,
 If time should e'er renew them.

Here from my hand as from a cup
 I pour this pure libation ;
 And ere I drink, I offer up
 One fervent aspiration —
 Let man with man, let kin with kin
 Contend through fields of slaughter —
 Whoever fights may FREEDOM win !
 As then at the Boyne water.

THE TREATY STONE OF LIMERICK.

ANON.

[The large stone which served Sarsfield for a chair and writing desk, when signing the articles of the treaty of Limerick, is still shown as an object of historic interest to the stranger visiting that city. It stands on the right bank of the Shannon, at the foot of Thomond Bridge.]

THE Treaty Stone of Limerick ! what mem'ries of the past
 Flash'd through my soul, when first on it mine eyes I fondly cast !
 To see it proudly standing by the lordly Shannon's flood,
 And think that there for centuries the gray old stone had stood !
 How breathless did I listen while my fancy heard it tell,
 Of all that, erst, 'mid strife and storm, the olden town befell ;
 Since proud Le Gros' * bold kinsman crossed the azure stream alone,
 Till Chateau Renaud's † frigates weighed, beside the Treaty Stone.

The Treaty Stone of Limerick ! the monument unbuilt,
 Of Irish might, and Irish right — and Saxon shame and guilt —
 That saw the Prince of Orange the siege obliged to raise,
 And leave his wounded Brandenburgs to perish in the blaze ;
 When the storied maids and matrons rushed fearless on the foe,
 At the breach where fell their kinsmen, by the side of Boisseleau —

* Raymond Le Gros, one of the earliest of the Anglo-Norman invaders. His nephew, David Walsh, was the first to swim his horse across the river, in the attack made on Limerick by Raymond.

† The French Admiral, whose squadron conveyed Tesse, D'Usson, and near five thousand Irish Brigadiers from Limerick.

That saw the vet'ran conqueror of Aughrim and Athlone
Forced to comply with D'Usson's terms — the aged Treaty Stone !

The Treaty Stone of Limerick ! the ancient city's pride,
That oft rang loud with clash of steel, and oft with blood was dyed ;
That saw the hope of Lucan's Earl — his own unconquer'd band —
With stern resolve, but broken hearts, around it take their stand.
That saw him sign the Treaty, and saw him sign in vain ;
For shamefully 'twas broken, ere the Wild Geese reach'd the main ;
That witnessed the departure and heard the wild *Ochone*,
As Louis's ships dropp'd down the tide that washed the Treaty
Stone.

The Treaty Stone of Limerick ! — that oft, with magic charm,
Lit up in wrath the Irish heart, and nerv'd the Irish arm.
What hewed, in scores, at Fontenoy, King George's cohorts down,
But burning thoughts of thee, and home — the treaty-riven town ?
And O ! how Sarsfield's great heart throb'd, on Landen's bloody
field,
That fast for thee, for fatherland, his life-stream he could yield.
Thrice holier than the treasure * robb'd, by England's King from
Scone,
In the glory of old *Luimeneach* — the hallowed Treaty Stone !

THE PENAL TIMES.

[“In Scotland what a work have the four-and-twenty letters to show for themselves ! The natural enemies of vice, and folly, and slavery ; the great sowers, but the still greater weeders, of the human soil.” — *John Philpot Curran*.]

In that dark time of cruel wrong, when on our country's breast,
A dreary load, a ruthless code, with wasting terrors prest —
Our gentry stript of land and clan, sent exiles o'er the main,
To turn the scales on foreign fields for foreign monarchs' gain —
Our people trod like vermin down, all fenceless flung to sate
Extortion, lust, and brutal whim, and rancorous bigot hate —
Our priesthood tracked from cave to hut, like felons chased and
lashed,
And from their ministering hands the lifted chalice dashed ;
In that black time of law-wrought crime, of stifling woe and thrall,
There stood supreme one foul device, one engine worse than all :
Him whom they wished to keep a slave, they sought to make a
brute —
They banned the light of heaven — they bade instruction's voice be
mute.

* The “stone of destiny” on which the old Scottish kings were wont to be crowned — said to be removed from the Abbey of Scone, by Edward I., in one of his predatory excursions through Scotland.

God's second priest — the Teacher — sent to feed men's mind with
lore —

They marked a price upon his head, as on the priest's before.

Well — well they knew that never, face to face beneath the sky,

Could tyranny and knowledge meet, but one of them should die :

That lettered slaves will link their might until their murmurs grow

To that imperious thunder-peal which despots quail to know ;

That men who learn will learn their strength — the weakness of
their lords —

Till all the bonds that gird them round are snapt like Samson's
cords.

This well they knew, and called the power of ignorance to aid :

So might, they deemed, an abject race of soulless serfs be made —

When Irish memories, hopes, and thoughts, were withered, branch
and stem —

A race of abject, soulless serfs, to hew and draw for them.

Ah, God is good and nature strong — they let not thus decay

The seeds that deep in Irish breasts of Irish feeling lay ;

Still sun and rain made emerald green the loveliest fields on earth,

And gave the type of deathless hope, the little shamrock, birth ;

Still faithful to their Holy Church, her direst straits among,

To one another faithful still, the priests and people clung,

And Christ was worshipped, and received with trembling haste and
fear,

In field and shed, with posted scouts to warn of blood-hounds near ;

Still, crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on moun-
tain fern,

The teacher and his pupils met, feloniously — to learn ;

Still round the peasant's heart of hearts his darling music twined,

A fount of Irish sobs or smiles in every note enshrined ;

And still beside the smouldering turf were fond traditions told

Of heavenly saints and princely chiefs — the power and faith of old.

Deep lay the seeds, yet rankest weeds sprang mingled — could they
fail ?

For what were freedom's blessed worth, if slavery wrought not bale ?

As thrall, and want, and ignorance, still deep and deeper grew,

What marvel weakness, gloom, and strife fell dark amongst us too,

And servile thoughts, that measure not the inborn wealth of man —

And servile cringe, and subterfuge to 'scape our master's ban ! —

And drunkenness — our sense of woe a little while to steep —

And aimless feud, and murderous plot — O, one could pause and
weep !

'Mid all the darkness, faith in Heaven still shone, a saving ray,

And Heaven o'er our redemption watched, and chose its own good
day.

Two men were sent us — one for years, with Titan strength of soul,

To beard our foes, to peal our wrongs, to band us and control.

The other at a later time, on gentler mission came,
 To make our noblest glory spring from out our saddest shame !
 On all our wondrous upward course hath Heaven its finger set,
 And we, but, O, my countrymen, there's much before us yet !

How sorrowful the useless powers our glorious Island yields —
 Our countless havens desolate, our waste of barren fields,
 The all unused mechanic-might our rushing streams afford,
 The buried treasures of our mines, our sea's unvalued hoard !
 But, O, there is one piteous waste whence all the rest have grown,
 One worst neglect, the mind of man left desert and unsown.
 Send KNOWLEDGE forth to scatter wide, and deep to cast its seeds,
 The nurse of energy and hope, of manly thoughts and deeds.
 Let it go forth : right soon will spring those forces in its train
 That vanquish Nature's stubborn strength, that rifle earth and main —
 Itself a nobler harvest far than Autumn tints with gold,
 A higher wealth, a surer gain than wave and mine enfold ;
 Let it go forth unstained, and purged from Pride's unholy leaven,
 With fearless forehead raised to Man, but humbly bent to Heaven.

Deep let it sink in Irish hearts the story of their isle,
 And waken thoughts of tenderest love, and burning wrath the while ;
 And press upon us one by one, the fruits of English sway,
 And blend the wrongs of bygone times with this our fight to-day ;
 And show our Fathers' constancy by truest instinct led,
 To loathe and battle with the power that on their substance fed ;
 And let it place beside our own the world's vast page, to tell
 That never lived the nation yet could rule another well.
 Thus, thus our cause shall gather strength ; no feeling vague and
 blind,
 But stamped by passion on the heart, by reason on the mind.
 Let it go forth — a mightier foe to England's power than all
 The rifles of America — the armaments of Gaul !
 It *shall* go forth, and woe to them that bar or thwart its way ;
 'Tis God's own light — all heavenly bright — we care not who says
 nay !

THE PENAL DAYS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

O ! weep those days, the penal days,
 When Ireland hopelessly complained.
 O ! weep those days, the penal days,
 When godless persecution reigned ;
 When, year by year,
 For serf and peer,

Fresh cruelties were made by law,
And, filled with hate,
Our senate sate
To weld anew each fetter's flaw.
O ! weep those days, those penal days —
Their mem'ry still on Ireland weighs.

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire ;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true —
While traitor knave,
And recreant slave,
Had riches, rank, and retinue ;
And, exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze.

A stranger held the land and tower
Of many a noble fugitive ;
No Popish lord had lordly power,
The peasant scarce had leave to live :
Above his head
A ruined shed,
No tenure but a tyrant's will —
Forbid to plead,
Forbid to read,
Disarm'd, disfranchis'd, imbecile —
What wonder if our step betrays
The freedman, born in penal days ?

They're gone, they're gone, those penal days !
All creeds are equal in our isle ;
Then grant, O Lord, thy plenteous grace,
Our ancient feuds to reconcile.
Let all atone
For blood and groan,
For dark revenge and open wrong ;
Let all unite
For Ireland's right,
And drown our griefs in Freedom's song ;
Till time shall veil in twilight haze,
The memory of those Penal days.

THE PARALLEL.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

YES, sad one of Sion,* if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd up heart —
 If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
 Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
 And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
 In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
 And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down." †

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
 Die far from the home it were life to behold;
 Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
 Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "The Forsaken," ‡
 Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
 And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
 Have tones 'mid their mirth like the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance — yet came there the morrow,
 That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
 When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
 Was shiver'd at once, like a reed in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City §
 Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips;
 And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
 The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
 Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
 And a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover, ||
 The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust. ¶

* These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

† "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day." *Jeremiah* xv. 9.

‡ "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken." *Isaiah* lxii. 4.

§ "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!" *Isaiah* xiv. 4.
 || "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave . . . and the worms cover thee." *Isaiah* xiv. 11.

¶ "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms." *Isaiah* xlvii. 5.

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

A PEASANT BALLAD OF 1691.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, M. P.

[When Limerick was surrendered, and the bulk of the Irish army took service with Louis XIV., a multitude of the old soldiers of the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick, preferred remaining in the country at the risk of fighting for their daily bread; and with them some gentlemen, loath to part from their estates or their sweethearts, among whom Redmond O'Hanlon is perhaps the most memorable. The English army and the English law drove them by degrees to the hills, where they were long a terror to the new and old settlers from England, and a secret pride and comfort to the trampled peasantry who loved them even for their excesses. It was all they had left to take pride in.]

RIGH SHEMUS * he has gone to France, and left his crown behind, —
 Ill luck be theirs, both day and night, put runnin' in his mind !
 Lord Lucan † followed after, with his Slashers brave and true,
 And now the doleful keen is raised — "What will poor Ireland do ?
 What must poor Ireland do ?
 Our luck," they say, "has gone to France — what *can* poor Ireland
 do ?"

O, never fear for Ireland, for she has so'gers still,
 For Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill ;
 And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these —
 May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rapparees !
 The fearless Rapparees !
 The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees !

O, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and coulder than the clay !
 O, high's your head, Clan Sassenach, since Sarsfield's gone away !
 It's little love you bear to us, for sake of long ago,
 But howld your hand, for Ireland still can strike a deadly blow —
 Can strike a mortal blow —
 Och ! *dhar-a-Chreesth* ! 'tis she that still could strike the deadly blow !

The Master's bawn, the Master's seat, a surly *bodagh* ‡ fills ;
 The Master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills.
 But, God be praised, that round him throng, as thick as summer bees,
 The swords that guarded Limerick wall — his loyal Rapparees !
 His lovin' Rapparees !
 Who dare say *no* to Rory Oge, with all his Rapparees ?

* *Righ Shemus*, — King James II.

† After the Treaty of Limerick, Patrick Sarsfield. Lord Lucan, sailed with the brigade to France, and was killed whilst leading his countrymen to victory at the battle of Landen, in the Low Countries, on 29th July, 1693.

‡ *Bodagh*, — a severe and inhospitable man.

Black Billy Grimes of Latnamard, he racked us long and sore —
 God rest the faithful hearts he broke ! — we'll never see them more !
 But I'll go bail he'll break no more, while Truagh has gallows-trees,
 For why ? — he met, one lonesome night, the fearless Rapparees !

The angry Rapparees !

They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the Rapparees !

Now, Sassenach and Cromweller, take heed of what I say —
 Keep down your black and angry looks, that scorn us night and day ;
 For there's a just and wrathful Judge, that every action sees,
 And He'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faithful Rapparees !

The fearless Rapparees !

The men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the roving Rapparees !

THE CLAN OF MAC CAURA.*

BY D. P. M'CARTHY,

AUTHOR OF "BALLADS, POEMS, AND LYRICS," AND PROFESSOR OF POETRY IN THE
 CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

O ! BRIGHT are the names of the chieftains and sages,
 That shine like the stars through the darkness of ages,
 Whose deeds are inscribed on the pages of story,
 There for ever to live in the sunshine of glory —
 Heroes of history, phantoms of fable,
 Charlemagne's champions, and Arthur's Round Table —
 O ! but they all a new lustre could borrow
 From the glory that hangs round the name of Mac Caura !

Thy waves, Manzanares, wash many a shrine,
 And proud are the castles that frown o'er the Rhine,
 And stately the mansions whose pinnacles glance
 Through the elms of Old England and vineyards of France ;
 Many have fallen, and many will fall —
 Good men and brave men have dwelt in them all —
 But as good and as brave men, in gladness and sorrow,
 Have dwelt in the halls of the princely Mac Caura !

Montmorency, Medina, unheard was thy rank
 By the dark-eyed Iberian and light-hearted Frank,
 And your ancestors wandered, obscure and unknown,
 By the smooth Guadalquiver, and sunny Garonne —

* Mac Carthy — Mac Cartha (the correct way of spelling the name in Roman characters) is pronounced in Irish Mac Caura, the *th* or dotted *t* having in that language the soft sound of *h*.

Ere Venice had wedded the sea, or enrolled
 The name of a Doge in her proud "Book of Gold ; *
 When her glory was all to come on like the morrow,
 There were chieftains and kings of the clan of Mac Caura !

Proud should thy heart beat, descendant of Heber, †
 Lofty thy head as the shrines of the Guebre,
 Like *them* are the halls of thy forefathers shattered,
 Like *theirs* is the wealth of thy palaces scattered.
Their fire is extinguished — *your* flag long unfurled —
 But how proud were ye both in the dawn of the world !
 And should both fade away, O, what heart would not sorrow
 O'er the towers of the Guebre — the name of Mac Caura !

What a moment of glory to cherish and dream on,
 When far o'er the sea came the ships of Heremon,
 With Heber, and Ir, and the Spanish patricians,
 To free Inis-Fail from the spells of magicians.
 O ! reason had these for their quaking and pallor,
 For what magic can equal the strong sword of valor ?
 Better than spells are the axe and the arrow,
 When wielded or flung by the hand of Mac Caura ! ‡

From that hour a Mac Caura had reigned in his pride
 O'er Desmond's green valleys and rivers so wide,
 From thy waters, Lismore, to the torrents and rills
 That are leaping for ever down Brandon's brown hills ;
 The billows of Bantry, the meadows of Bear,
 The wilds of Evaugh, and the groves of Glancare —
 From the Shannon's soft shores to the banks of the Barrow —
 All owned the proud sway of the princely Mac Caura !

In the house of Miodchuart, § by princes surrounded,
 How noble his step when the trumpet was sounded,
 And his clansmen bore proudly his broad shield before him,
 And hung it on high in that bright palace o'er him ;

* *Montmorency* and *Medina* are respectively at the head of the French and Spanish nobility — The first Doge elected in Venice in 709. Voltaire considered the families whose names were inscribed in *The Book of Gold* at the founding of the city as entitled to the first place in European nobility. — *Burke's Commons*.

† The Mac Carthys trace their origin to Heber Fionn, the eldest son of Milesius, King of Spain, through Oilíoll Olíum, King of Munster, in the third century. — *Shrines of the Guebre* — THE ROUND TOWERS.

‡ Heremon and Ir were also the sons of Milesius. — The people who were in possession of the country when the Milesians invaded it, were the Tuatha de Danaans, so called, says Keating. "from their skill in necromancy, of whom some were so famous as to be called gods."

§ The house of *Miodchuart* was an apartment in the palace of Tara, where the provincial kings met for the despatch of public business, at the Feis (pronounced as one syllable), or parliament of Tara, which assembled then once in every three years — the ceremony alluded to is described in detail by Keating. See Petrie's "Tara."

On the left of the monarch the chieftain was seated,
And happy was he whom his proud glances greeted;
'Mid monarchs and chiefs at the great Feis of Tara —
O, none was to rival the princely Mac Caura!

To the halls of the Red Branch, when conquest was o'er,
The champions their rich spoils of victory bore,*
And the sword of the Briton, the shield of the Dane,
Flashed bright as the sun on the walls of Eamhain —
There Dathy and Niall bore trophies of war,
From the peaks of the Alps and the waves of the Loire.†
But no knight ever bore from the hills of Ivaragh
The breast-plate or axe of a conquered Mac Caura!

In chasing the red deer what step was the fleetest,
In singing the love song what voice was the sweetest —
What breast was the foremost in courting the danger —
What door was the widest to shelter the stranger —
In friendship the truest, in battle the bravest —
In revel the gayest, in council the gravest —
A hunter to-day and a victor to-morrow?
O, who but a chief of the princely Mac Caura!

But, O! proud Mac Caura, what anguish to touch on
The one fatal stain of thy princely escutcheon —
In thy story's bright garden the one spot of bleakness —
Through ages of valor the one hour of weakness!
Thou, the heir of a thousand chiefs, sceptred and royal —
Thou, to kneel to the Norman and swear to be loyal!
O! a long night of horror, and outrage, and sorrow,
Have we wept for thy treason, base Diarmid Mac Caura!

O! why, ere you thus to the foreigner pandered,
Did you not bravely call round your Emerald standard,
The chiefs of your house of Lough Lene and Clan Awley,
O'Donogh, MacPatrick, O'Driscoll, MacAwley,
O'Sullivan More, from the towers of Dunkerron,
And O'Mahon, the chieftain of green Ardinterran?
As the sling sends the stone, or the bent bow the arrow,
Every chief would have come at the call of Mac Caura!

Soon, soon didst thou pay for that error in woe — ‡
Thy life to the Butler — thy crown to the foe —

* The house of the Red Branch was situated in the stately palace of Eamhain (or Emania), in Ulster; here the spoils taken from the foreign foe were hung up, and the chieftains who won them were called Knights of the Red Branch.

† Dathy was killed at the Alps by lightning, and Niall (his uncle and predecessor), by an arrow fired from the opposite side of the river by one of his own generals as he sat in his tent on the banks of the Loire in France.

‡ Diarmid Mac Carthy, King of Desmond, and Daniel O'Brien, King of Thomond, were the first of the Irish princes to swear fealty to Henry II.

Thy castles dismantled, and strewn on the sod —
 And the homes of the weak, and the abbeys of God !
 No more in thy halls is the wayfarer fed —
 Nor the rich mead sent round, nor the soft heather spread —
 Nor the *clairsech's* sweet notes, now in mirth, now in sorrow —
 All, all have gone by but the name of Mac Caura !

Mac Caura, the pride of thy house is gone by,
 But its name cannot fade, and its fame cannot die —
 Though the Arigideen, with its silver waves, shine *
 Around no green forests or castles of thine —
 Though the shrines that you founded no incense doth hallow,
 Nor hymns float in peace down the echoing Allo — *
 One treasure thou keepest — one hope for the morrow —
 True hearts yet beat of the clan of Mac Caura !

THE DEATH OF O CAROLAN.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[Turlogh O'Carolan, born at Nobber, A. D. 1670, became blind at the age of manhood, and then the harp which had been his amusement became his profession. The lady of the Mac Dermott of Aldersford, in Roscommon, equipped him with horse, harp, and *gossoon*. At every house he was a welcome guest, and for half a century he wandered from mansion to mansion, improvising words and airs. Roscommon, the native county of Goldsmith, was his favorite district, where he died in 1781, at the house of his first patroness. One of Goldsmith's most touching essays is on "Carolan the Blind," and his musical influence can certainly be traced not only in Goldsmith's Poems, but also in Sheridan, Moore, and Gerald Griffin.]

THERE is an empty seat by many a Board,
 A Guest is missed in hostelry and hall —
 There is a Harp hung up in Alderford
 That was in Ireland, sweetest harp of all.
 The hand that made it speak, woe's me, is cold,
 The darkened eyeballs roll inspired no more ;
 The lips — the potent lips — gape like a mould,
 Where late the golden torrent floated o'er.

In vain the watchman looks from Mayo's towers
 For him whose presence filled all hearts with mirth ;
 In vain the gathered guests outsit the hours,
 The honored chair is vacant by the hearth.

* The *Arigideen* means the little silver stream, and *Allo* the echoing river. By these rivers and many others in the South of Ireland, castles were erected and monasteries founded by the Mac Carthys.

From Castle-Archdall, Moneyglass, and Trim,
 The courteous messages go forth in vain,
 Kind words no longer have a joy for him
 Whose lowly lodge is in Death's dark demesne.

Kilronan Abbey is his Castle now,
 And there till Doomsday peacefully he'll stay ;
 In vain they weave new garlands for his brow,
 In vain they go to meet him by the way ;
 In kindred company he does not tire,
 The native dead and noble lie around,
 His life-long song has ceased, his wood and wire
 Rest, a sweet harp unstrung, in holy ground.

Last of our ancient Minstrels ! thou who lent
 A buoyant motive to a foundering Race —
 Whose saving song, into their being blent,
 Sustained them by its passion and its grace,
 God rest you ! May your judgment dues be light,
 Dear Turlogh ! and the purgatorial days
 Be few and short, till clothed in holy white,
 Your soul may come before the Throne of rays.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

1745.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

[Upon the death of Charles VI., Emperor of Austria, in 1740, his daughter Maria Theresa discovered that the sovereigns of Europe, instead of being true to their oaths and to her, made immediate claims upon her territories, and prepared to enforce them by open hostilities. In a short time the question became a European quarrel, to be settled only by the doubtful issue of war. Louis XV. of France, and Frederick the Great opposed her, whilst England, Holland, Hungary, Bavaria, and Hanover, aided her in the protection of those rights which had been guaranteed to her. In prosecution of this war, an army of 79,000 men, commanded by Marshal Saxe, and encouraged by the presence of both King and Dauphin, laid siege to Tournay, early in May, 1745. The Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of 55,000 men, chiefly English and Dutch, to relieve the town. At the Duke's approach, Saxe and the King advanced a few miles from Tournay with 45,000 men, leaving 18,000 to continue the siege, and 6,000 to guard the Scheld. Saxe posted his army along a range of slopes thus : his centre was on the village of Fontenoy, his left stretched off through the wood of Barri, his right reached to the town of St. Antoine, close to the Scheld. He fortified his right and centre by the villages of Fontenoy and St. Antoine, and redoubts near them. His extreme left was also strengthened by a redoubt in the wood of Barri, but his left centre, between that wood and the village of Fontenoy, was not guarded by any thing save slight lines. Cumberland had the Dutch, under Waldeck, on his left, and twice they attempted to carry St. Antoine, but were repelled with heavy loss. The same fate attended the English in the centre, who thrice forced their way to Fontenoy, but returned fewer and sadder men. Ingoldsby was then ordered to attack

the wood of Barri with Cumberland's right. He did so, and broke into the wood, when the artillery of the redoubt suddenly opened on him, which, assisted by a constant fire from the French *tirailleurs* (light infantry), drove him back. The Duke resolved to make one great and final effort. He selected his best regiments, veteran English corps, and formed them into a single column of 6,000 men. At its head were six cannon, and as many more on the flanks, which did good service. Lord John Hay commanded this great mass. Every thing being now ready, the column advanced slowly and evenly, as if on the parade ground. It mounted the slope of Saxe's position, and pressed on between the wood of Barri and the village of Fontenoy. In doing so, it was exposed to a cruel fire of artillery and sharpshooters; but it stood the storm, and got behind Fontenoy. The moment the object of the column was seen, the French troops were hurried in upon them. The cavalry charged; but the English hardly paused to offer the raised bayonet, and then poured in a fatal fire. They disdained to rush at the picked infantry of France. On they went till within a short distance, and then threw in their balls with great precision, the officers actually laying their canes along the muskets, to make the men fire low. Mass after mass of infantry was broken, and on went the column, reduced, but still apparently invincible. Duc Richelieu had four cannon hurried to the front, and he literally battered the head of the column, while the household cavalry surrounded them, and, in repeated charges, wore down their strength: but these French were fearful sufferers. Louis was about to leave the field. In this juncture Saxe ordered up his last reserve—the Irish Brigade. It consisted that day of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Roth, and Buckley, with Fitzjames's horse. O'Brien, Lord Clare, was in command. Aided by the French regiments of Normandy and Vaiseany, they were ordered to charge upon the flank of the English with fixed bayonets without firing. Upon the approach of this splendid body of men, the English were halted on the slope of a hill, and up that slope the brigade rushed rapidly and in fine order. "They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of '*Cuimhnigídh ar Luimneac agus ar fheile na Sacsanach*,' ['Remember Limerick and British faith,'] was reëchoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory the most decisive crowned the arms of France." The English were weary with a long day's fighting, cut up by cannon, charge and musketry, and dispirited by the appearance of the Brigade—fresh, and consisting of young men in high spirits and discipline—still they gave their fire well and fatally; but they were literally stunned by the shout and shattered by the Irish charge. They broke before the Irish bayonets, and tumbled down the far side of the hill, disorganized, hopeless, and falling by hundreds. The Irish troops did not pursue them far: the French cavalry and light troops pressed on till the relics of the column were succored by some English cavalry, and got within the batteries of their camp. The victory was bloody and complete. Louis is said to have ridden down to the Irish bivouac, and personally thanked them; and George II., on hearing it, uttered that memorable imprecation on the Penal Code, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects." The one English volley, and the short struggle on the crest of the hill, cost the Irish dear. One fourth of the officers, including Colonel Dillon, were killed, and one third of the men. The capture of Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and Oudenarde followed the victory of Fontenoy.]

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
 And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back, diminished, and dispersed.
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head
 Steady they step adown the slope — steady they climb the hill;
 Steady they load — steady they fire, moving right onward still,
 Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
 Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
 And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
 With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
 Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks —
 They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
 As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
 Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched
 and fired —

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
 "Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
 To death they rush, but rude their shock — not unavenged they died.
 On through the camp the column trod — King Louis turns his rein:
 "Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
 And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
 Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon
 foes!"

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
 How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
 The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day —
 The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
 Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting
 cry,
 Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country over-
 thrown, —
 Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
 Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
 "Fix bay'nets" — "charge," — like mountain storm, rush on these
 fiery bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
 Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
 They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind —
 Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!
 One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging
 smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!

"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenag!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang :
 Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with
 gore ;
 Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they
 tore ;
 The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, stag-
 gered, fled —
 The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead ;
 Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
 While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
 With bloody plumes the Irish stand — the field is fought and won !

“THE BRIGADE” AT FONTENOY.

11TH MAY, 1745.

BY BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

[Mr. Dowling is a native of Limerick, and was clerk to the Treasurer of the Corporation of that city when he wrote the following spirited ballad. He emigrated to the United States in 1851, and has there obtained that position to which his talents and his industry so justly entitle him.]

By our camp fires rose a murmur,
 At the dawning of the day,
 And the tread of many footsteps
 Spoke the advent of the fray ;
 And as we took our places,
 Few and stern were our words,
 While some were tightening horse-girths,
 And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded
 Our footmen to array —
 The willing steed has bounded,
 Impatient for the fray —
 The green flag is unfolded,
 While rose the cry of joy —
 “Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
 To-day at Fontenoy.”

We looked upon that banner,
 And the memory arose
 Of our homes and perished kindred,
 Where the Lee or Shannon flows ;

We looked upon that banner,
 And we swore to God on high,
 To smite to-day the Saxon's might —
 To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet —
 'Tis a voice from our own land —
 God of battles — God of vengeance,
 Guide to-day the patriot's brand ;
 There are stains to wash away —
 There are memories to destroy,
 In the best blood of the Briton
 To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
 In a thousand reeking flanks —
 Down, chivalry of Ireland,
 Down on the British ranks —
 Now shall their serried columns
 Beneath our sabres reel —
 Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse —
 Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis,
 And the fair land of the vine,
 Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,
 We swept upon their line —
 Then rang along the battle-field
 Triumphant our hurrah,
 And we smote them down, still cheering
*Erin, slanthagal go bragh.** *

As prized as is the blessing
 From an aged father's lip —
 As welcome as the haven
 To the tempest-driven ship —
 As dear as to the lover
 The smile of gentle maid —
 Is this day of long-sought vengeance
 To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
 A broken, routed line —
 See England, what brave laurels
 For your brow to-day we twine.

* Ireland, the bright toast for ever!

O, thrice blessed the hour that witnessed
 The Briton turn to flee
 From the chivalry of Erin,
 And France's "*fleur de lis*."

As we lay beside our camp fires,
 When the sun had passed away,
 And thought upon our brethren,
 Who had perished in the fray —
 We prayed to God to grant us,
 And then we'd die with joy,
 One day upon our own dear land
 Like this of Fontenoy.

KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.*

(A JACOBITE RELIC — FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

Long they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our land,
 Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas ! and banned ;
 Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand ;
 But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen,
 Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen ;
 Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,
 Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

Sweet and mild would look her face, O none so sweet and mild,
 Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled ;
 Woollen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her child,
 If the king's son were living here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of thrones,
 Vassal to a *Saxoneen* of cold and sapless bones !
 Bitter anguish wrings our souls — with heavy sighs and groans
 We wait the Young Deliverer of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

Let us pray to Him who holds Life's issues in his hands —
 Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its thousand lands ;
 Girding them with seas and mountains, rivers deep, and strands,
 To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

* *Anglice*, Catherine Holohan, a name by which Ireland was allegorically known.

He, who over sands and waves led Israel along —
 He, who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe and throng —
 He, who stood by Moses, when his foes were fierce and strong —
 May He show forth His might in saving Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

WELCOME TO THE PRINCE.

(A JACOBITE RELIC — FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

[This was written about the period of the battle of Culloden (27th April, 1746) by William Heffernan, surnamed Dall, or the Blind, of Shronehill, county Tipperary.]

LIFT up the drooping head,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin ! *
 Her blood yet boundeth red —
 Through the myriad veins of Erin.
 No ! no ! she is not dead
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
 Lo ! she redeems
 The lost years of bygone ages —
 New glory beams
 Henceforth on her History's pages !
 Her long penitential Night of Sorrow
 Yields at length before the reddening morrow !

You heard the thunder-shout
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
 Saw the lightning streaming out
 O'er the purple hills of Erin !
 And, bide you yet in doubt,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin ?
 O ! doubt no more !
 Through Ulidia's voiceful valleys,
 On Shannon's shore,
 Freedom's burning spirit rallies.
 Earth and Heaven unite in sign and omen †
 Bodeful of the downfall of our foemen.

Thurot commands the North,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
 Louth sends her heroes forth,
 To hew down the foes of Erin !

* Dark Michael M'Gilla Kerin, prince of Ossory.

† This is an allusion to that well-known atmospheric phenomenon of the "cloud armies," which is said to have been so common about this period in Scotland.

Swords gleam in field and *gorth*,*
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
 Up ! up ! my friend !
 There's a glorious goal before us ;
 Here will we blend
 Speech and soul in this grand chorus :
 " By the Heaven that gives us one more token,
 We will die, or see our shackles broken ! "

Charles leaves the Grampian hills,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
 Charles, whose appeal yet thrills,
 Like a clarion-blast, through Erin.
 Charles, he whose image fills
 Thy soul, too, Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
 Ten thousand strong,
 His clans move in brilliant order,
 Sure that ere long
 He will march them o'er the Border,
 While the dark-haired daughters of the Highlands
 Crown with wreaths the Monarch of three islands !

Fill, then, the ale-cup high,
 Meehal Dubh Mac-Giolla-Kierin !
 Fill ! the bright hour is nigh
 That shall give ner own to Erin !
 Those who so sadly sigh,
 Even as you, Mac-Giolla-Kierin,
 Henceforth shall sing.
 Hark ! — O'er heathery hill and dell come
 Shouts for the King !
 Welcome, our Deliverer ! Welcome !
 Thousands this glad night, ere turning bedward,
 Will with us drink " Victory to Charles Edward ! "

IRISH EMIGRANTS.

1776.

BY CARROLL MALONE.

O ! how she ploughed the ocean, the good ship Castle Down,
 The day we hung our colors out, the Harp *without* the Crown !
 A gallant bark, she topped the wave ; and fearless hearts were we,
 With guns, and pikes, and bayonets, a stalwart company.

* *Gorth* literally means Garden.

"Twas a sixteen years from THUROT ; * and sweeping down the bay,
The " Siege of Carrickfergus " so merrily we did play ;
By the old Castle's foot we went, with three right hearty cheers ;
And waved our green cockades aloft, for we were Volunteers,

Volunteers,

O ! we were in our prime that day, stout Irish Volunteers.

"Twas when we waved our anchor on the breast of smooth Garmoyle,
Our guns spoke out in thunder : " Adieu, sweet Irish soil ! "
At Whiteabbey, and Greencastle, and Holywood so gay,
Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs, with many a loud huzza.
Our voices o'er the water went to the hollow mountains round ;
Young Freedom struggling at her birth, might utter such a sound.
But one green slope beside Belfast, we cheered, and cheered it still ;
The people had changed its name that year, and called it Bunker's
Hill ; †

Bunker's Hill,

O ! that our hands, like our hearts, had been in the trench at
Bunker's Hill !

Our ship cleared out for Quebec port ; but thither little bent,
Up some New England river, to run her keel we meant.
We took our course due North as out round old Blackhead we
steered,

Till Ireland bore south-west by south, and Fingal's rock appeared.
Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung flutteringly,
About to take her tack across the wide, wide ocean sea.

He pointed to the Atlantic — " Yonder's no place for slaves ;
Haul down these British badges ; for Freedom rules the waves,
Rules the waves ! "

Three hundred strong men answered, shouting, " Freedom rules the
waves ! "

Then all together rose, and brought the British ensign down ;
And up we raised our island Green, without the British Crown :
Emblazoned there a golden harp, like maiden undefiled,
A shamrock wreath around its head, looked o'er the sea and smiled.
A hundred days, with adverse winds, we kept our course afar ;
On the hundredth day, came bearing down, a British sloop-of-war.
When they spied our flag they fired a gun ; but as they neared us
fast,

Old Andrew Jackson went aloft, and nailed it to the mast,
To the mast.

A soldier was that old Jackson ; he made our colors fast.

* The landing of Thurot at Carrickfergus, in 1760, was long used as an epoch by the people in the North, and is known to have occasioned the first formation of the Irish Volunteers.

† Bunker's Hill on the shore of Down, opposite Belfast, was so called in honor of the famous hill at Boston.

Patrick Henry was our Captain, as brave as ever sailed :
 "Now we must do or die," said he, "for our green flag is nailed."
 Silently came the sloop along ; and silently we lay
 Till with ringing cheers and cannonade the foe began the fray :
 Then, their boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks we cast,
 One broadside volley from our guns swept down the tapering mast : —
 "Now, British Tars ! St. George's cross is trailing in the sea ;
 How do you like the greeting, and the handsel of the Free ?
 Of the Free ?
 These are the terms and tokens of men who will be free."

They answered us with cannon, their honor to redeem :
 To shoot away our Irish flag, each gunner took his aim ;
 They ripped it up in ribbons, till it fluttered in the air,
 And filled with shot-holes, till no trace of golden Harp was there ;
 But the ragged holes did glance and gleam, in the sun's golden light,
 Even as the twinkling stars adorn God's unfurled flag at night.
 With drooping fire we sung — "Good night, and fare-ye-well, brave
 Tars !"
 Our Captain looked aloft : — "By Heaven ! the flag is stripes and
 stars,
 Stripes and stars."
 Right into Boston port we sailed, below the Stripes and Stars.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

"MOTHER — dear mother, tell me what meant the proud array
 Of armed men and prancing steeds which passed yon mountain way ?
 And who was he of noble mien and brow of lordly pride,
 Who rode, like warrior chief of old, that gallant band beside ?

"Marked you how lighted up his eye, as in the noonday sun
 Their silken banners flutter'd wide and flash'd each polish'd gun,
 And how with gentle courtesy he oft and lowly bowed,
 As rang the brazen trumpets out, and cheer'd th' assembled crowd ?

"Methinks the Spartan chief who fell at famed Thermopylæ,
 Of whom we read but yesternight, was such a man as he —
 The same proud port and eagle eye — the same determined frown,
 And supple arm to shield a friend or strike a foeman down. .

"And then those troops as on they passed, in proud and glittering
 show,
 Seemed worthy of the chief who led — 'twere pity of the foe
 Who roused to wrath their slumbering might, or wronged our own
 green land —
 I'd promise them a scattered host with many a shivered brand."

"Your right, dear Mabel, for the chief who leads that warrior host
Is Grattan — high and honored name — thy country's proudest boast;
And they whose closely marshalled ranks the people hailed with
cheers,

Thy country's soldier-citizens — the gallant Volunteers."

"Then why, dear mother — tell me why those Volunteers arose?
Was it to guard some sacred right, or to repel our foes?
For I have heard my father say he dreaded England's word
And English perfidy far more than foreign foeman's sword."

"They rose to guard from foreign foes — as well from British guile —
Thy liberties and mine, my child, and all within this Isle;
To make this glorious land of ours — those hills we love so well,
A fitting home and resting place where freedom's foot might dwell.

"They rose and swore by Freedom's name, by kindred and by kind,
No foreign rule, no foreign guile, their country's limbs should bind —
That she should stand erect and fair, as in the olden time,
The loveliest 'mong the nations — of Ocean's Isles the prime.

"That they have nobly kept this pledge, bear witness, one and all,
The bootless plots of England, the baffled hosts of Gaul.
That they may long be spared to guard our country's rights divine,
Should be your prayer at night and morn, my child, as it is mine."

M. O'B.

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1782.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

HURRAH ! 'tis done — our freedom's won —
Hurrah for the Volunteers !
No laws we own, but those alone
Of our Commons, King, and Peers.
The chain is broke — the Saxon yoke
From off our neck is taken ;
Ireland awoke — Dungannon spoke —
With fear was England shaken.

When Grattan rose, none dared oppose
The claim he made for Freedom :
They knew our swords, to back his words,
Were ready, did he need them.
Then let us raise, to Grattan's praise,
A proud and joyous anthem ;
And wealth, and grace, and length of days,
May God, in mercy, grant him !

Bless Harry Flood, who nobly stood
 By us, through gloomy years !
 Bless Charlemont, the brave and good,
 The Chief of the Volunteers !
 The North began ; the North held on
 The strife for native land ;
 Till Ireland rose, and cowed her foes —
 God bless the Northern land !

And bless the men of patriot pen —
 Swift, Molyneux, and Lucas ;
 Bless sword and gun, which " Free Trade " won —
 Bless God ! who ne'er forsook us !
 And long may last, the friendship fast,
 Which binds us all together ;
 While we agree, our foes shall flee
 Like clouds in stormy weather.

Remember still, through good and ill,
 How vain were prayers and tears —
 How vain were words, till flashed the swords
 Of the Irish Volunteers.
 By arms we've got the rights we sought
 Through long and wretched years —
 Hurrah ! 'tis done, our Freedom's won —
 Hurrah for the Volunteers !

WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

1798.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

[The case of William Orr involves one of the most ruthless acts of tyranny that preceded the insurrection of 1798. Orr, who was a young Presbyterian farmer of Antrim, and a man of great personal popularity, was tried and convicted in October, '97, of administering the United Irish oath to a private soldier, named Whitly. But, on the same day, four of his jury made affidavits stating that whiskey had been introduced into the jury room, and the verdict agreed to under the joint influence of drunkenness and intimidation. Next day Whitly, the crown witness, confessed that his evidence was false or distorted in essential particulars. Under these strange circumstances Orr was reprieved by government ; and the reprieve twice renewed. But, ultimately, when the nation confidently awaited the commutation of his sentence, *he was ordered for execution*. A storm of indignation followed this arbitrary and merciless decision. The most moderate men were outraged by its injustice ; the most timid were stung to resistance by its naked tyranny. Orr died with unshaken courage, exhorting his countrymen "to be true and faithful to each other as he had been true to them." His fortitude increased popular enthusiasm to a passion. He was universally regarded as a martyr to Liberty ; and "Remember Orr !" became the most popular and stimulating watchword of the national party. His death was celebrated in innumerable elegies, of which these noble and affecting verses are the best.]

HERE our murdered brother lies ;
Wake him not with women's cries :
Mourn the way that manhood ought ;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind ;
Morals pure and manners kind ;
In his head as on a hill,
Virtue plac'd her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth ?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth.
Countrymen, UNITE, he cried,
And died — for what his Saviour died.

God of Peace, and God of Love,
Let it not thy vengeance move,
Let it not thy lightnings draw ;
A nation guillotined by law.

Hapless nation ! rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years !
Epochs marked with blood and tears !

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,
Or flung *reward* to human hounds ;
Each one pull'd and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation — hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand !
Crumbled by a foreign weight ;
And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy ! God of peace
Make the mad confusion cease ;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it SPEAK the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight !
Brothers' blood will not unite ;
Holy oil and holy water,
Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild ?
The widow'd mother with her child,
Child new stirring in the womb !
Husband waiting for the tomb !

Angel of this sacred place,
Calm her soul and whisper peace,
Cord, or axe, or Guillotin'
Make the sentence — not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep;
Watch with us, but do not weep;
Watch with us thro' dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune — persevere ! —
Lo ! it breaks, the morning clear !
The cheerful cock awakes the skies,
The day is come — arise ! — arise !

[Dr. Drennan, the author of this ballad, was one of the ablest writers among the United Irishmen. His *Letters of Orellana* contributed powerfully to enlist Ulster in "the Union." His songs and ballads, which were chiefly directed to the same object, are vigorous and graceful beyond any political poetry of the period. His song commencing "When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood," which fixed upon Ireland the title of "the Emerald Isle," Moore esteems among the most perfect of modern songs. A little volume of his poems was published in 1815, but is now very scarce. In 1794 he was brought to trial for his political principles; but then, or throughout a long and honored life, he never abandoned them. He died in Belfast, in 1820, aged sixty-three years.]

THE UNITED BROTHERS,

(HENRY AND JOHN SHEARES.)

1798.

BY DR. R. R. MADDEN.

[These two brave and gifted men were arrested on 21st May, 1798, tried on 12th, and executed on the 14th of July following. John Warnford Armstrong, a lieutenant in the King's County Militia, wormed himself into their confidence, and then betrayed them for the informer's bribe. He pretended to become a member of the United Irish Society, and took the oath of fidelity to that body, — he even visited the happy family of Henry Sheares, and nursed his only child upon his knee; whilst at the same time he was in daily communication with the Law Officers of the Crown, — retailing to them the results of his treachery. This man is still alive, in the 85th year of his age.]

THE brothers in love are united in death,
And they sealed with their blood that alliance;
The ties of one cause, of one kindred and faith,
And affliction, bid despots defiance.
They joined, heart and hand, in one struggle, and gave
Their young blood to maintain it; while others,
Who urged on the strife, soon abandoned the brave,
But they — stood by their country like brothers !

When Freedom, by treachery foully betrayed,
 Found the friends fall away who had plighted
 Their faith to her cause, still one spirit prevailed
 In the hearts of the brothers united —
 They clung to that cause in the midst of despair,
 When the tempest had terrified others ;
 And, like comrades in danger, endeared as they were,
 They went down with the wreck like true brothers !

THE BROTHERS.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE).

'Tis midnight, falls the lamp-light dull and sickly
 On a pale and anxious crowd,
 Through the court, and round the judges thronging thickly,
 With prayers they dare not speak aloud.
 Two youths, two noble youths, stand prisoners at the bar —
 You can see them through the gloom —
 In the pride of life and manhood's beauty, there they are
 Awaiting their death-doom.

All eyes an earnest watch on them are keeping,
 Some sobbing turn away,
 And the strongest men can hardly see for weeping,
 So noble and so loved were they.
 Their hands are locked together, these young brothers,
 As before the judge they stand —
 They feel not the deep grief that moves the others,
 For they die for Fatherland.

They are pale, but it is not fear that whitens
 On each proud high brow,
 For the triumph of the martyr's glory brightens
 Around them even now.
 They sought to free their land from thrall of stranger :
 Was it treason ? Let them die ;
 But their blood will cry to Heaven — the Avenger
 Yet will hearken from on high.

Before them, shrinking, cowering, scarcely human,
 The base *Informer* bends,
 Who, Judas-like, could sell the blood of true men,
 While he clasp'd their hand as friends.
 Ay, could fondle the young children of his victim —
 Break bread with his young wife,

At the moment that for gold his perjured dictum
Sold the husband and the father's life.

There is silence in the midnight — eyes are keeping
Troubled watch till forth the jury come ;
There is silence in the midnight — eyes are weeping —
Guilty ! — is the fatal uttered doom.
For a moment o'er the brothers' noble faces
Came a shadow sad to see,
Then silently they rose up in their places,
And embraced each other fervently.

O ! the rudest heart might tremble at such sorrow,
The rudest cheek might blanch at such a scene :
Twice the judge essayed to speak the word — *To-morrow* —
Twice faltered, as a woman he had been.
To-morrow ! — Fain the elder would have spoken,
Prayed for respite, though it is not Death he fears ;
But thoughts of home and wife his heart hath broken,
And his words are stopped by tears.

But the youngest, O ! he spake out bold and clearly :
“ I have no ties of children or of wife ;
Let me die — but spare the brother who more dearly
Is loved by me than life.”
— Pale martyrs, ye may cease, your days are numbered —
Next noon your sun of life goes down —
One day between the sentence and the scaffold —
One day between the torture and the *Crown*.

A hymn of joy is rising from creation —
Bright the azure of the glorious summer sky —
But human hearts weep sore in lamentation,
For the brothers are led forth to die.
Ay, guard them with your cannon and your lances —
So of old came martyrs to the stake ;
Ay, guard them — see the people's flashing glances,
For those noble two are dying for their sake.

Yet none spring forth their bonds to sever :
Ah ! methinks had I been there,
I'd have dared a thousand deaths ere ever
The sword should touch their hair.
It falls ! — there is a shriek of lamentation
From the weeping crowd around ;
They're still'd — the noblest hearts within the nation —
The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground.

Years have pass'd since that fatal scene of dying,
 Yet life-like to this day
 In their coffins * still those sever'd heads are lying,
 Kept by angels from decay.
 O! they preach to us, those still and pallid features —
 Those pale lips yet implore us from their graves,
 To strive for our birthright as God's creatures,
 Or die, if we can but live as slaves.

EDWARD MOLLOY.

1798.

A REMINISCENCE OF TROUBLED TIMES.

BY J. FRAZER.

"WHAT use in delaying for vengeance to strike!
 Has each bosom a heart? — has each shoulder a pike?
 On, on to Rathangan — 'tis full to the gorge,
 With the red-handed ruffians of black-hearted George;
 Who stabbed with their bayonets, in search of pike heads,
 The thatch of our cabins, and ticks of our beds;
 Who lashed us, like hounds, till we reddened our tracks
 From triangle to threshold, with blood from our backs;
 The cruel destroyer 'tis just to destroy —
 What says our young captain, brave Edward Molloy?"

Six feet to the forehead, with muscle and limb
 To match, had made out his commission for him;
 But a spirit in danger more recklessly brave,
 True men never followed to glory, or grave —
 Though heart never beat in the breast of a dove,
 With gentler affections for woman to love; —
 His wisdom withal, and his rough, honest pride
 In the people their tyrants both robbed and belied,
 Confirmed to the man what he won as a boy —
 An empire of friendship for Edward Molloy.

Then forward he strode to the first in the van;
 Laid his arm, like a bar, on the breast of the man;
 And cried (with an energy deep'ning his tone,
 As if a vex'd prophet's combined with his own) —
 "Return, I command you; there is not a chance
 Of holding Rathangan, unaided by France.

* They were buried in St. Michan's Church. The singular preservative quality which the vaults there possess is well known.

Ay, call me a traitor, though *traitorous rogue*
 Is below me as much as the nails in my brogue;
 But ye shall not be led, our good cause to destroy,
 And ourselves for a tilly, by Edward Molloy.

"In hurry is ruin — in prudence is power —
 Sure the gains of this day will be lost in an hour,
 Though the bosom in hearts, and the shoulder in pikes,
 Outnumbered the barley in grains, and in spikes;
 For, morning or midnight, the battle may come,
 And *red-coat* is ready at tap of a drum;
 But *frieze-coat* is never prepared to break out,
 Till battle to battle may chorus the shout;
 Await but *that* moment, and earth has no joy
 Like heading your onslaught, for Edward Molloy."

Alas! for his counsel — their wounds were too fresh,
 And the goad had been driven too deep in their flesh.
 Brave fellows! they measured the pike with the gun,
 And Rathangan was theirs ere the set of the sun.
 "All lost!" he exclaimed, as they rushed to the town —
 "Our cause, with the day, will to darkness go down."
 Yet he dashed to the front, for his heart would not yield
 To his own weighty reasons for quitting the field,
 While friends to his country had need to employ
 The wisdom, or weapon, of Edward Molloy.

Woe — woe to the victors! — the daylight had sunk —
 The routed had rallied — the victors were drunk;
 Disordered, and scattered — but tyrants may thank
 Their vanity more than the liquor they drank;
 The sleepers were butchered — the stragglers were slain,
 While searching for weapons to grapple again;
 Yet fierce were the flashings of courage that then
 Had nothing to fire it, but *dying like men*;
 Till wearied and wounded, alone, to employ
 A score of "Black Horse," stood brave Edward Molloy.

There rose in Rathangan a lamp-post — but fail
 The powers of my purpose to finish the tale.
 The curse of a widow condemned it to rot,
 Ere the tears of her orphans were dried on the spot.
 Men showed me that post, and I wandered, until
 No marvel seems strange — yet it haunteth me still:
 For I swore at its foot that my land should be free,
 Or tyrants should find such a lamp-post for me;
 Though I listened in silence — and wept when a boy,
 For the failure, and fate, of brave Edward Molloy.

TONE'S GRAVE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

IN Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly along it the winter winds rave ;
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruined walls there,
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

Once I lay on that sod — it lies over Wolfe Tone —
And thought how he perished in prison alone,
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed —
“O, bitter,” I said, “is the patriot’s meed.

“For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life, and a governing mind —
A martyr for Ireland — his grave has no stone —
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown.”

I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band, who came into the home of the dead :
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopped when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.

There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,
And children who thought me hard-hearted ; for they,
On that sanctified sod, were forbidden to play.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said,
“We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,
And we’re going to raise him a monument, too —
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true.”

My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,
And I blessed him, and blessed every one of his band ;
“Sweet ! sweet ! ’tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause, and the man so long vanquished and slain.”

IN Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave —
Far better they suit him — the ruin and gloom, —
TILL IRELAND, A NATION, CAN BUILD HIM A TOMB.

ARTHUR M'COY.

1798.

WHILE the snow-flakes of Winter are falling
On mountain, and housetop, and tree,
Come olden weird voices recalling
The homes of Hy-Faly to me ;
The ramble by river and wild wood,
The legends of mountain and glen,
When the bright, magic mirror of childhood
Made heroes and giants of men.

Then I had my dreamings ideal,
My prophets and heroes sublime,
Yet I found one, true, living, and real,
Surpass all the fictions of time :
Whose voice thrilled my heart to its centre,
Whose form tranced my soul and my eye ;
A temple no treason could enter ;
My hero was Arthur M'Coy.

For Arthur M'Coy was no bragger,
No bibber, nor blustering clown,
'Fore the club of an alehouse to swagger,
Or drag his coat-tail through the town ;
But a veteran, stern and steady,
Who felt for his land and her ills ;
In the hour of her need ever ready
To shoulder a pike for the hills.

As the strong mountain tower spreads its arms,
Dark, shadowy, silent, and tall,
In our tithe-raids and midnight alarms,
His bosom gave refuge to all —
If a mind clear, and calm, and expanded,
A soul ever soaring and high,
'Mid a host — gave a right to command it —
A hero was Arthur M'Coy.

While he knelt, with a Christian demeanor,
To his priest, or his Maker alone,
He scorned the vile slave, or retainer,
That crouched round the castle, or throne,
The Tudor — The Guelph, The Pretender,
Were tyrants, alike, branch and stem ;
But who'd free our fair land, and defend her,
A nation, were monarchs to him.

And this faith in good works he attested,
 When Tone linked the true hearts, and brave,
 Every billow of danger he breasted —
 His sword-flash, the crest of its wave;
 A standard he captured in Gorey,
 A sword-cut and ball through the thigh,
 Were among the mementoes of glory
 Recorded of Arthur M'Coy.

Long the *quest* of the law and its beagles,
 His covert the cave and the tree;
 Though his home was the home of the eagles,
 His soul was the soul of the free.
 No toil, no defeat, could enslave it,
 Nor franchise, nor "Amnesty Bill" —
 No lord, but the Maker who gave it,
 Could curb the high pride of his will.

With the gloom of defeat ever laden —
 Seldom seen at the hurling or dance,
 Where through blushes, the eye of the maiden
 Looks out for her lover's advance;
 And whenever he stood to behold it,
 A curl of the lip, or a sigh,
 Was the silent reproach that unfolded
 The feelings of Arthur M'Coy.

For it told him of freedom o'ershaded —
 That the iron had entered their veins —
 When beauty bears manhood degraded,
 And manhood's contented in chains.
 Yet he loved that fair race as a martyr,
 And if his own death could recall
 The blessings of liberty's charter,
 His bosom had bled for them all.

And he died for his love. — I remember,
 On a mound by the Shannon's blue wave,
 On a dark snowy eve in December,
 I knelt at the patriot's grave.
 The aged were all heavy-hearted —
 No cheek in the churchyard was dry:
 The Sun of our hills had departed —
 God rest you, old Arthur M'Coy!

PONTIAC.

THE CROPPY BOY.

A BALLAD OF '98.

BY CARROLL MALONE.

"Good men and true! in this house who dwell,
To a stranger *bouchal*, I pray you tell
Is the priest at home? or may he be seen?
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
But you must wait till I go and see
If the holy father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall —
What a lonely sound has his light footfall!
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins:
" *Nomine Dei*," the youth begins;
At "*mea culpa* " he beats his breast,
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
And at Gorey my loving brothers all;
I alone am left of my name and race,
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter day —
At mass-time once I went to play;
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing;
But I love my country above my King.
Now, Father! bless me and let me go
To die, if God has ordained it so."

The Priest said nought, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look up in wild surprise;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of blessing he breathed a curse: —

" 'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and *shrive*,
For one short hour is your time to live.

" Upon yon river three tenders float,
The Priest's in one if he isn't shot —
We hold his house for our Lord the King,
And, amen say I, may all traitors swing ! "

At Geneva Barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid.
Good people who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy Boy.

EMMET'S DEATH.

" He dies to-day," said the heartless judge,
Whilst he sate him down to the feast,
And a smile was upon his ashy lip
As he uttered a ribald jest ;
For a demon dwelt where his heart should be,
That lived upon blood and sin,
And oft as that vile judge gave him food
The demon throbbed within.

" He dies to-day," said the jailer grim,
Whilst a tear was in his eye ;
" But why should I feel so grieved for *him* ?
Sure I've seen many die !
Last night I went to his stony cell,
With the scanty prison fare —
He was sitting at a table rude,
Plaiting a lock of hair !
And he look'd so mild, with his pale, pale face,
And he spoke in so kind a way,
That my old breast heav'd with a smothering feel,
And I knew not what to say ! "

" He dies to-day," thought a fair, sweet girl —
She lacked the life to speak,
For sorrow had almost frozen her blood,
And white were her lip and cheek —
Despair had drank up her last wild tear,
And her brow was damp and chill,
And they often felt at her heart with fear,
For its ebb was all but still.

S. F. C.

LAMENT FOR GRATTAN.

(WHO DIED IN 1820.)

BY THOMAS MOORE.

SHALL the Harp then be silent, when he who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first — where the last of her Patriots lies?

No — faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost; —

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit — whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

O, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime —
Like a pyramid raised in the desert — where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time,

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,
A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And for *one* sacred instant touch'd Liberty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him — hath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone thro',
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head —

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life
But at distance observed him — through glory, through blame,

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same, —

O no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined —
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind !

THE BURIAL.*

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

WHY rings the knell of the funeral bell from a hundred village
shrines ?

Through broad Fingall, where hasten all those long and ordered lines ?
With tear and sigh they're passing by, — the matron and the maid —
Has a hero died — is a nation's pride in that cold coffin laid ?
With frown and curse, behind the hearse, dark men go tramp-
ing on —
Has a tyrant died, that they cannot hide their wrath till the rites
are done ?

THE CHANT.

" *Uhuhu ! uhuhu !* high on the wind,
There's a home for the slave where no fetters can bind.
Woe, woe to his slayers " — comes wildly along,
With the trampling of feet and the funeral song.

And now more clear
It swells on the ear ;
Breathe low, and listen, 'tis solemn to hear.

" *Uhuhu ! uhuhu !* wail for the dead.
Green grow the grass of Fingall on his head ;
And spring-flowers blossom, ere elsewhere appearing,
And shamrocks grow thick on the Martyr for Erin.
Uhuhu ! uhuhu ! soft fall the dew
On the feet and the head of the martyr'd and true."

For a while they tread
In silence dread —
Then muttering and moaning go the crowd,
Surging and swaying like mountain cloud,
And again the wail comes fearfully loud.

* Written on the funeral of the Rev. P. J. Tyrrell, P. P. of Lusk; one of those
indicted with O'Connell in the government prosecutions of 1843.

THE CHANT.

" *Uhuhu ! uhuhu !* kind was his heart !
 Walk slower, walk slower, too soon we shall part.
 The faithful and pious, the Priest of the Lord,
 His pilgrimage over, he has his reward.
 By the bed of the sick, lowly kneeling,
 To God with the raised cross appealing —
 He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to pray,
 And the sins of the dying seem passing away.

" In the prisoner's cell, and the cabin so dreary,
 Our constant consoler, he never grew weary ;
 But he's gone to his rest,
 And he's now with the blest,
 Where tyrant and traitor no longer molest —
Uhuhu ! uhuhu ! wail for the dead !
Uhuhu ! uhuhu ! here is his bed."

Short was the ritual, simple the prayer,
 Deep was the silence and every head bare ;
 The Priest alone standing, they knelt all around,
 Myriads on myriads, like rocks on the ground.
 Kneeling and motionless — " Dust unto dust."
 " He died as becometh the faithful and just —
 Placing in God his reliance and trust ;"

Kneeling and motionless — " ashes to ashes " —
 Hollow the clay on the coffin-lid dashes ;
 Kneeling and motionless, wildly they pray,
 But they pray in their souls, for no gesture have they --
 Stern and standing, O ! look on them now,
 Like trees to one tempest the multitude bow ;
 Like the swell of the ocean is rising their vow :

THE VOW.

" We have bent and borne, though we saw him torn from his home
 by the tyrant's crew —
 And we bent and bore, when he came once more, though suffering
 had pierced him through :
 And now he is laid beyond our aid, because to Ireland true —
 A martyr'd man — the tyrant's ban, the pious patriot slew.

" And shall we bear and bend for ever,
 And shall no time our bondage sever,
 And shall we kneel, but battle never,
 For our own soil ?

"And shall our tyrants safely reign
On thrones built up of slaves and slain,
And nought to us and ours remain
But chains and toil?"

"No! round this grave our oath we plight,
To watch, and labor, and unite,
Till banded be the nation's might —
Its spirit steeled.

"And then, collecting all our force,
We'll cross oppression in its course,
And die — or all our rights enforce,
On battle field."

Like an ebbing sea that will come again,
Slowly retired that host of men;
Methinks they'll keep some other day,
The oath they swore on the martyr's clay.

THE IRISH CHIEFS.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, M. P.

O! to have lived like an IRISH CHIEF, when hearts were fresh and true,
And a manly thought, like a pealing bell, would quicken them through and through;
And the seed of a gen'rous hope right soon to a fiery action grew,
And men would have scorned to talk and talk, and never a deed to do.

O! the iron grasp,
And the kindly clasp,
And the laugh so fond and gay;
And the roaring board,
And the ready sword,
Were the types of that vanished day.

O! to have lived as Brian lived, and to die as Brian died;
His land to win with the sword, and smile,* as a warrior wins his bride.
To knit its force in a kingly host, and rule it with kingly pride,
And still in the girt of its guardian swords over victor fields to ride;

* Our great Brian is called a usurper, inasmuch as he combined, by force and policy, the scattered and jealous powers of the island into one sovereignty, and ruled it himself, by the true Divine right of being the fittest ruler.

And when age was past,
 And when death came fast,
 To look with a softened eye
 On a happy race
 Who had loved his face,
 And to die as a king should die.

O ! to have lived dear Owen's life — to live for a solemn end,
 To strive for the ruling strength and skill God's saints to the Chosen
 send ;

And to come at length with that holy strength, the bondage of fraud
 to rend,

And pour the light of God's freedom in where Tyrants and Slaves
 were denned ;

And to bear the brand,
 With an equal hand,
 Like a soldier of Truth and Right,
 And, O ! Saints, to die,
 While our flag flew high,
 Nor to look on its fall or flight.

O ! to have lived as Grattan lived, in the glow of his manly
 years,

To thunder again those iron words that thrill like the clash of
 spears ;

Once more to blend for a holy end, our peasants, and priests, and
 peers,

Till England raged, like a baffled fiend, at the tramp of our Vol-
 unteers !

And, O ! best of all,
 Far rather to fall
 (With a blessed fate than he,)
 On a conqu'ring field,
 Than one right to yield,
 Of the Island so proud and free !

Yet, scorn to cry on the days of old, when hearts were fresh and
 true,

If hearts be weak, O ! chiefly *then* the Missioned their work
 must do ;

Nor wants our day its own fit way, the want is in *you* and *you* ;
 For these eyes have seen as kingly a King as ever dear Erin knew.

And with Brian's will,
 And with Owen's skill,
 And with glorious Grattan's love,
 He had freed us soon —
 But death darkened his noon,
 And he sits with the saints above.

O ! could you live as Davis lived — kind Heaven be his bed !
 With an eye to guide, and a hand to rule, and a calm and kingly
 head,
 And a heart from whence, like a Holy Well, the soul of his land
 was fed,
 No need to cry on the days of old that your holiest hope be sped.
 Then scorn to pray
 For a by-past day —
 The whine of the sightless dumb !
 To the true and wise
 Let a king arise,
 And a holier day is come !

THE GERALDINES.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

The Geraldines ! the Geraldines ! — 'tis full a thousand years
 Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their battle-spears ;
 When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields were
 known,

And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the Garonne ;
 Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard by William's side,
 And the gray sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they dyed ; —
 But never then, nor thence, till now, has falsehood or disgrace
 Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his face.

The Geraldines ! the Geraldines ! — 'tis true in Strongbow's van,
 By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign began ;
 And, O ! through many a dark campaign they proved their prow-
 ess stern,

In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king, and chief, and
 kerne :

But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely won,
 And gen'rous was the steel-gloved hand that had such slaughter
 done ;

How gay their laugh, how proud their mien, you'd ask no herald's
 sign —

Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine.

These Geraldines ! these Geraldines ! — not long our air they
 breath'd ;

Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed ;
 Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,
 When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst !
 The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,
 To win from Irish thoughts and ways this " more than Irish " tribe ;

For still they clung to fosterage, to brehon, cloak, and bard;
What king dare say to Geraldine, "Your Irish wife discard?"

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! — how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained;
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your bugle
call

By Glyn's green slopes, and Dingle's tide, from Barrow's banks to
Youghal.

What gorgeous shrines, what brehon lore, what minstrel feasts
there were

In and around Maynooth's gray keep, and palace-filled Adare!
But not for rite or feast ye stay'd, when friend or kin were press'd;
And foemen fled, when "*Crom abo*" bespoke your lance in rest.

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! — since Silken Thomas flung
King Henry's sword on council board, the English thanes among,
Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English sway,
Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest cut away.
Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins passed on th' exhaust-
ed tide;

His title lives — a Saxon churl usurps the lion's hide:
And, though Kildare tower haughtily, there's ruin at the root,
Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree no fruit?

True Geraldines! brave Geraldines! — as torrents mould the earth,
You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth:
When Ginckle 'leaguered Limerick, the Irish soldiers gazed
To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's banner blazed!
And still it is the peasant's hope upon the Curragh's mere,
"They live, who'll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward
here" —

So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Edward's shade,
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be arrayed!

These Geraldines! these Geraldines! — rain wears away the rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle's shock,
But ever, sure, while one is left of all that honored race,
In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place:
And, though the last were dead and gone, how many a field and
town,

From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeale, would cherish their renown,
And men would say of valor's rise, or ancient power's decline,
"Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the Geraldine."

The Geraldines! the Geraldines! — and are there any fears
Within the sons of conquerors for full a thousand years?
Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with martyr's blood?
Or has that grown a purling brook, which long rushed down a
flood? —

By Desmond swept with sword and fire, — by clan and keep laid
low, —

By Silken Thomas and his kin, — by Sainted Edward ! No !
The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish line

COMMAND THEIR SON TO TAKE THE POST THAT FITS THE GERALDINE !

THE IMPRISONED CHIEF.

TO C. G. D.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

'Twas but last night I traversed the Atlantic's furrowed face,
The stars but thinly colonized the wilderness of space —
A white sail glinted here and there, and sometimes o'er the swell
Rung the seaman's song of labor or the silvery night-watch bell ;
I dreamt I reached the Irish shore, and felt my heart rebound
From wall to wall within my breast, as I trod that holy ground ;
I sat down by my own hearth-stone, beside my love again —
I met my friends, and Him, the first of friends, and Irishmen.

I saw once more the dome-like brow, the large and lustrous eyes ;
I marked upon the sphynx-like face the clouds of thought arise ;
I heard again the clear quick voice, that as a trumpet thrill'd
The souls of men, and wielded them even as the speaker will'd :
I felt the cordial-clasping hand that never feigned regard,
Nor ever dealt a muffled blow, nor nicely weighed reward.
My friend ! my friend — O, would to God that you were here with
me,

A-watching in the starry west for Ireland's libertie !

Ye People ! I can well declare, who read it like a scroll,
What Roman characters were stamp'd upon that Roman soul,
The courage, constancy and love — the old time, faith and truth —
The wisdom of the sages — the sincerity of youth.
Like an oak upon our native hills, a host might camp thereunder,
Yet it bare the song-birds in its core above the storm and thunder ;
It was the gentlest, firmest soul, that ever lamp-like showed
A young race seeking freedom up her misty mountain-road.

Like a convoy from a flag-ship, our fleet is scattered far,
And you, the valiant Admiral, chained and imprisoned are —
Like a royal galley's precious freight, flung on sea-sundered strands,
The diamond wit and golden worth are far cast on the lands,
And I, whom most you loved, am here, and I can but indite
My yearnings and my heart-hopes, and curse *them* while I write ;

Alas ! alas ! ah what are prayers, and what are moans and sighs,
When the heroes of the land are lost — of the land that will not
RISE.

But I swear to you, dear CHARLES, by my honor and my faith,
As I hope for stainless name, and salvation after death —
By the green grave of my mother, beneath Selskar's ruined wall —
By the birthland of my mind and love, of you, my bride, and all —
That my days are dedicated to the ruin of the power,
That holds you fast and libels you in your defenceless hour —
Like an Indian of the wild woods, I'll dog their track of slime,
And I'll shake the Gaza-pillars yet, of their godless mammon shrine.

They will bring you in their manacles, beneath their bloody rag —
They will chain you like the Conqueror to some sea-moated crag ;
To their fiends it will be given, your great spirit to annoy —
To fling falsehood in your cup, and to break your martyr joy ;
But you will bear it nobly as Regulus did of eld,
The oak will be the oak, and honor'd e'en when fell'd.
Change is brooding over earth — it will find you 'mid the main,
And throned between its wings, you'll reach your native land again.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

[This is an allegorical ballad, embodying the address of the Irish Catholic to Holy Mother Church.]

THROUGH grief and through danger, thy smile hath cheered my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay ;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd ;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honor'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd ;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were slaves ;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail —
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.

They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains —
O ! foul is the slander, — no chain could that soul subdue,
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too ! *

LAMENT FOR BANBA.†

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

O, my land ! O, my love !
What a woe, and how deep,
Is thy death to my long mourning soul !
God alone, God above,
Can awake thee from sleep,
Can release thee from bondage and dole !
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba !

As a tree in its prime,
Which the axe layeth low,
Didst thou fall, O, unfortunate land !
Not by Time, nor thy crime,
Came the shock and the blow.
They were given by a false felon hand !
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba !

O, my grief of all griefs
Is to see how thy throne
Is usurped, whilst thyself art in thrall !
Other lands have their chiefs,
Have their kings, thou alone
Art a wife, yet a widow withal !
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba !

The high house of O'Neill
Is gone down to the dust,
The O'Brien is clanless and banned ;
And the steel, the red steel,
May no more be the trust
Of the Faithful and Brave in the land !
Alas, alas, and alas,
For the once proud people of Banba !

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." — ST. PAUL, 2 Cor. iii. 17.
† Banba. (*Banna*) was one of the most ancient names given by the Bards to Ireland.

True, alas ! Wrong and Wrath
 Were of old all too rife.
 Deeds were done which no good man admires ;
 And perchance Heaven hath
 Chastened us for the strife
 And the blood-shedding ways of our sires !
 Alas, alas, and alas,
 For the once proud people of Banba !

But, no more ! This our doom,
 While our hearts yet are warm,
 Let us not over-weakly deplore !
 For the hour soon may loom
 When the Lord's mighty hand
 Shall be raised for our rescue once more !
 And our grief shall be turned into joy
 For the still proud people of Banba !

THE CELTIC TONGUE.

'Tis fading, O, 'tis fading ! like leaves upon the trees !
 In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like the wail upon the breeze !
 'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore
 Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters roar —
 Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the West,
 And Ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast !
 The language of old Erin, of her history and name —
 Of her monarchs and her heroes — her glory and her fame —
 The sacred shrine where rested, thro' sunshine and thro' gloom,
 The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb,
 The time-wrought shell, where murmur'd, 'mid centuries of wrong,
 The secret voice of Freedom, in annal and in song —
 Is slowly, surely sinking, into silent death at last,
 To live but in the memories of those who love the Past.

The olden tongue is sinking like a patriarch to rest,
 Whose youth beheld the Tyrian * on our Irish coasts a guest ;
 Ere the Roman or the Saxon, the Norman or the Dane,
 Had first set foot in Britain, o'er trampled heaps of slain ;
 Whose manhood saw the Druid rite at forest-tree and rock —
 And savage tribes of Britain round the shrines of Zernebock ; †

* An old Irish tradition says that during the commerce of the Tyrians with Ireland, one of the princes of Tyre was invited over by the Monarch of Ireland, and got married to one of the Irish princesses during his sojourn there.

† Zernebock and Odin were two of the gods of the early Britons.

And for generations witnessed all the glories of the Gael,
 Since our Celtic sires sung war-songs round the sacred fires of
 Baal ;

The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among the dead,
 And from their graves have risen those now spoken in their stead.
 The glories of old Erin, with her liberty have gone,
 Yet their halo linger'd round her, while the Gaelic speech liv'd on ;
 For 'mid the desert of her woe, a monument more vast
 Than all her pillar-towers, it stood — that old Tongue of the Past !

'Tis leaving, and for ever, the soil that gave it birth,
 Soon, — very soon, its moving tones shall ne'er be heard on earth,
 O'er the island dimly fading, as a circle o'er the wave —
 Receding, as its people lisp the language of the slave,*
 And with it too seem fading as sunset into night
 The scattered rays of liberty that lingered in its light,
 For ah ! tho' long, with filial love, it clung to motherland,
 And Irishmen were Irish still, in language, heart and hand ;
 T' install its Saxon Rival,† proscribed it soon became,
 And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but in name ;
 The Saxon chain our rights and tongues alike doth hold in thrall,
 Save where amid the Connaught wilds and hills of Donegal —
 And by the shores of Munster, like the broad Atlantic blast,
 The olden language lingers yet and binds us to the Past.

Thro' cold neglect 'tis dying now ; a stranger on our shore !
 No Tara's hall re-echoes to its music as of yore —
 No Lawrence ‡ fires the Celtic clans round leaguered Athaclee § —
 No Shannon wafts from Limerick's towers their war-songs to the
 sea.

Ah ! magic Tongue, that round us wove its spells so soft and dear !
 Ah ! pleasant Tongue, whose murmurs were as music to the ear !
 Ah ! glorious Tongue, whose accents could each Celtic heart en-
 thrall !

Ah ! rushing Tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall !
 The Tongue, that in the Senate was lightning flashing bright, —
 Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in its might !
 That Tongue, which once in chieftain's hall poured loud the min-
 strel lay,

As chieftain, serf, or minstrel old is silent there to-day !

* Tacitus says, "The language of the conqueror in the mouth of the conquered is ever the language of the slave." — *Germania*.

† Acts of Parliament were enacted to destroy the Irish, and to encourage the growth of the English language.

‡ St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, succeeded in organizing the Irish chieftains under Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, against the first band of adventurers under Strongbow.

§ Athaclee, *Athacleith*, the Irish name of Dublin. *Baile-ath-chiath*, literally means the Town of the ford of hurdles.

That Tongue whose shout dismayed the foe at Kong and Mullaghmast,*
Like those who nobly perished there is numbered with the Past!

The Celtic Tongue is passing, and we stand coldly by —
Without a pang within the heart, a tear within the eye —
Without one pulse for Freedom stirred, one effort made to save
The Language of our Fathers from dark oblivion's grave!
O, Erin! vain your efforts — your prayers for Freedom's crown,
Whilst offered in the language of the foe that clove it down;
Be sure that tyrants ever with an art from darkness sprung,
Would make the conquered nation slaves alike in limb and
tongue;
Russia's great Czar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shatter'd
frame,
Until he trampled from her heart the tongue that bore her name.
O, Irishmen, be Irish still! stand for the dear old tongue
Which as ivy to a ruin, to your native land has clung!
O, snatch this relic from the wreck! the only and the last,
And cherish in your heart of hearts, the language of the Past!

THE CELTIC CROSS.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

THROUGH storm, and fire, and gloom, I see it stand,
Firm, broad, and tall —
The Celtic Cross that marks our Fatherland,
Amid them all!
Druids, and Danes, and Saxons vainly rage
Around its base;
It standeth shock on shock, and age on age,
Star of a scattered race.

O, Holy Cross! dear symbol of the dread
Death of our Lord,
Around thee long have slept our Martyr-dead,
Sword over sword!
An hundred Bishops I myself can count
Among the slain;
Chiefs, Captains, rank and file, a shining mount
Of God's ripe grain.

* "Nothing so affrighted the enemy at the raid of Mullaghmast as the unintelligible password in the Irish tongue, with which the Irish troops burst upon the foe." — *Green Book*.

The Monarch's mace, the Puritan's claymore,
 Smote thee not down ;
 On headland steep, on mountain summit hoar,
 In mart and town ;
 In Glendalough, in Ara, in Tyrone,
 We find thee still,
 Thy open arms still stretching to thine own,
 O'er town, and lough, and hill.

And they would tear thee out of Irish soil,
 The guilty fools !
 How Time must mock their antiquated toil
 And broken tools !
 Cranmer and Cromwell from thy grasp retired,
 Baffled and thrown ;
 William and Anne to sap thy site conspired —
 The rest is known !

Holy Saint Patrick, Father of our Faith,
 Beloved of God !
 Shield thy dear church from the impending scaith,
 Or, if the rod
 Must scourge it yet again, inspire and raise
 To emprise high,
 Men like the heroic race of other days,
 Who joyed to die !

Fear ! Wherefore should the Celtic people fear
 Their Church's fate ?
 The day is not — the day was never near —
 Could desolate
 The Destined Island, all whose seedy clay
 Is holy ground —
 Its cross shall stand till that predestined day,
 When Erin's self is drowned !

Political Ballads.

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

O, IRELAND ! Ancient Ireland !
Ancient ! yet for ever young !
Thou our mother, home and sireland —
Thou at length hast found a tongue —
Proudly thou, at length,
Resistest in triumphant strength.
Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled ;
And as that mighty God existeth,
Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,
Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations of the world.

For this dull world still slumbers,
Weetless of its wants or loves,
Though, like Galileo, numbers
Cry aloud, " It moves ! it moves ! "
In a midnight dream,
Drifts down Time's wreckful stream —
All march, but few descry the goal.
O, Ireland ! be it thy high duty
To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty,
And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul.

Strong in thy self-reliance,
Not in idle threat or boast,
Hast thou hurled thy fierce defiance
At the haughty Saxon host —
Thou hast claimed, in sight
Of high Heaven, thy long-lost right.
Upon thy hills — along thy plains —
In the green bosom of thy valleys,
The new-born soul of holy freedom rallies,
And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy chains !
(263)

Deep, saith the Eastern story,
 Burns in Iran's mines a gem,
 For its dazzling hues and glory
 Worth a Sultan's diadem.
 But from human eyes
 Hidden there it ever lies !
 The aye-travailing Gnomes alone,
 Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,
 May gaze and gloat with pleasure without measure
 Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-stone.

So is it with a nation
 Which would win for its rich dower
 That bright pearl, Self-Liberation —
 It must labor hour by hour.
 Strangers, who travail
 To lay bare the gem, shall fail ;
 Within itself, must grow, must glow —
 Within the depths of its own bosom
 Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom,
 The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree can blow.

Go on, then, all-rejoiceful !
 March on thy career unbowed !
 IRELAND ! let thy noble, voiceful
 Spirit cry to God aloud !
 Man will bid thee speed —
 God will aid thee in thy need —
 The Time, the Hour, the Power are near —
 Be sure thou soon shalt form the vanguard
 Of that illustrious band whom Heaven and Man guard :
 And these words come from *one whom some have called a Seer*.

LIFE AND LAND.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

DEATH reapeth in the fields of Life, and we cannot count the
 corpses :
 Black and fast before our eyes march the biers and hearses ;
 In loneways, and in highways, the stark skeletons are lying,
 And daily unto Heaven their living kin are crying —
 " Must the slave die for the tyrant — the sufferer for the sin —
 And a wide inhuman desert be, where Ireland has been ?
 Must the billows of oblivion over all our hills be rolled,
 And our land be blotted out, like the accursed lands of old ? "

O! hear it, friends of France — hear it, our cousin Spain —
 Hear it, our kindly kith and kin across the western main —
 Hear it, ye sons of Italy — let Turk and Russian hear it —
 Hear Ireland's sentence registered, and see how we can bear it —
 Our speech must be unspoken, our rights must be forgot,
 Our land must be forsaken — submission is our lot —
 We are beggars, we are cravens, and vengeful England feels
 Us at her feet, and tramples us with both her iron heels.

These the brethren of Gonsalvo, these the cousins of the Cid —
 They are Spaniels and not Spaniards, born but to be *bid* —
 They of that Celtic war-race who made the storied rally
 Against the Frankish lances in the lists of Roncesvalles —
 They, kindred to the mariner, whose soul's sublime devotion
 Led his caravel like a star to new worlds through the Ocean.
 No! no! they were begotten by fathers in their chains,
 Whose valiant blood refused to flow along the vassal veins.

"Ho! ho!" the Devils are merry in the farthest vaults of night,
 This England so out-Lucifers the prime arch-hypocrite;
 Friend of Peace, and friend of Freedom — yea, divine Religion's
 friend,

She is feeding on our hearts like a sateless nether fiend —
 "Ho! ho!" for now the vultures are black on the four winds —
 No purveyor like England that foul camp-follower finds —
 Do you not mark them flitting between you and the sun?
 They are come to reap the booty, for the battle has been won.

Lo! what other shape is this self-poised in upper air,
 With wings like trailing comets, and face darker than despair?
 See! see! the bright sun sickens into saffron in its shade,
 And the poles are shaken at their ends, infected and afraid —
 'Tis the Spirit of the Plague, and round and round the shore
 It circles on its course, shedding bane for evermore —
 And the slave falls for the tyrant, and the suff'rer for the sin,
 And a wide inhuman desert is, where Ireland has been.

'Twas a vision — 'tis a fable — I did but tell my dream —
 Yet twice, yea thrice, I saw it, and still it seemed the same.
 Ah! my soul is with this darkness, nightly, daily overcast —
 And I fear me, God permitting, it may fall out true at last.
 God permitting, man decreeing! What, and shall man so will,
 And our unsealed lips be silent and our unbound hands be still?
 Shall we look upon our fathers, and our daughters, and our wives,
 Slain, ravished, in our sight, and be paltering for our lives?

O! countrymen and kindred, make yet another stand —
 Plant your flag upon the common soil — be your motto, Life and
 Land!

From the charnel shore of Cleena to the sea-bridge of the Giant
 Let the sleeping souls awake — the supine rise self-reliant —
 And arouse thee up, O ! City, that sits furrowed and in weeds,
 Like the old Egyptian ruins amid the sad Nile's reeds —
 Up, Mononia, land of heroes, and bounteous mother of song —
 And Connaught, like thy rivers, come unto us swift and strong.
 O ! countrymen and kindred, make yet another stand —
 Plant your flag upon the common soil — be your motto, Life and
 Land !

THE KNIGHT OF THE SHAMROCK.

BY J. FRAZER.

My Lady-love, hadst thou not broken
 The spirit of thy sacred vow,
 The burning words would be unspoken,
 That sear thy guilty bosom now.
 In fealty, faith — and hope, I followed
 Wooed — waited — watched thy steps for years;
 At last, my very heart was hollowed,
 By scorching thoughts and scalding tears.

My fortunes by thy house were blighted —
 And full revenge I ne'er forgot ;
 Until thy queenly word was plighted
 To love me — why redeem it not ?
 It waked a passion that betrayed me
 From vengeance, till the chance was gone : —
 Thy truth itself had scarce repaid me —
 Thy falsehood left me more undone.

Wert thou of cold, repelling nature —
 Unkind to suitors, one and all —
 I could forgive the heartless creature,
 Who recked not for my rise, or fall :
 But I for scoff and scorn was singled ;
 And all the treacheries of thy race,
 In thy deceitful smile were mingled,
 To ruin — wrong me — and debase.

Thy quarrel found me ever ready —
 Thy bidding set my lance in rest —
 My arm and heart, how strong and steady,
 Thy friends and foes have both confess'd
 And if, as oft, in general gladness,
 My prowess was forgotten — then
 It was my strange escape from sadness,
 To dare, and do, for thee again.

Away with thy new burst of kindness —
 I feel it like a weary load :
 Thy smile had dazzled me to blindness —
 Thy frown has let me see my road.
 My heart is to thy hate adjusted,
 And thou mayst hate me to the end ;
 Thou wert untrue, when tried and trusted,
 And treacherous natures never mend.

The more and more my brain remembers
 Thy deep deceit and my deep shame,
 The more I turn me to the embers,
 Yet living, of my father's fame !
 A blade may yet, amid the ashes,
 Be temper'd to such dangerous edge,
 Thy haughty house may fear its flashes,
 And wish thou hadst redeem'd thy pledge.

Although no maiden of the many
 May smile a gentle smile on me —
 Though I may ne'er expect from any
 The faith I did not find in thee ;
 Yet, to thy proud imperial beauty
 I bow'd myself the latest time ;
 The homage — once a knightly duty —
 Were now a sordid *vilain's* crime !

THE WARNING VOICE.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

"Il me semble que nous sommes à la veille d'une grande bataille humaine.
 Les forces sont là ; mais je n'y vois pas de général."

BALZAC : *Livre Mystique.*

YE Faithful ! — ye Noble !
 A day is at hand
 Of trial and trouble,
 And woe in the land !
 O'er a once greenest path,
 Now blasted and sterile,
 Its dusk shadows loom —
 It cometh with Wrath,
 With Conflict and Peril,
 With Judgment and Doom !

False bands shall be broken,
 Dead systems shall crumble,
 And the Haughty shall hear
 Truths yet never spoken,
 Though smouldering like flame
 Through many a lost year
 In the hearts of the Humble;
 For, Hope will expire
 As the Terror draws nigher,
 And, with it, the Shame
 Which so long overawed
 Men's minds by its might —
 And the Powers abroad
 Will be Panic and Blight,
 And phrenetic sorrow —
 Black Pest all the night,
 And Death on the morrow!

Now, therefore, ye True,
 Gird your loins up anew!
 By the good you have wrought!
 By all you have thought,
 And suffered and done!
 By your souls! I implore **you**,
 Be leal to your mission —
 Remembering that *one*
 Of the *two* paths before you
 Slopes down to perdition!
 To you have been given,
 Not granaries and gold,
 But the Love that lives long,
 And waxes not cold;
 And the Zeal that hath striven
 Against Error and Wrong,
 And in fragments hath riven
 The chains of the Strong!
 Bide now, by your sternest
 Conceptions of earnest
 Endurance for others,
 Your weaker-souled brothers!
 Your true faith and worth
 Will be History soon,
 And their stature stand forth
 In the unsparing Noon!

You have dreamed of an era
 Of Knowledge and Truth,
 And Peace — the *true* glory!

Was this a chimera?
 Not so! — but the childhood and youth
 Of our days will grow hoary
 Before such a marvel shall burst on their sight!
 * On *you* its beams glow not —
 For *you* its flowers blow not!
 You cannot rejoice in its light,
 But in darkness and suffering instead
 You go down to the place of the Dead!
 To *this* generation
 The sore tribulation,
 The stormy commotion,
 And foam of the Popular Ocean,
 The struggle of class against class;
 The Dearth and the Sadness,
 The Sword and the War-vest;
 To the *next*, the Repose and the Gladness,
 "The sea of clear glass," *
 And the rich Golden Harvest!

Know then your true lot,
 Ye Faithful, though Few!
 Understand your position,
 Remember your mission,
 And vacillate not,
 Whatsoever ensue!
 Alter not! Falter not!
 Palter not now with your own living souls,
 When each moment that rolls
 May see Death lay his hand
 On some new victim's brow!
 O! let not your vow
 Have been written in sand!
 Leave cold calculations
 Of Danger and Plague
 To the slaves and the traitors
 Who cannot dissemble
 The dastard sensations
 That now make them tremble
 With phantasies vague!
 The men without ruth —
 The hypocrite haters
 Of Goodness and Truth,
 Who at heart curse the race
 Of the sun through the skies;
 And would look in God's face
 With a lie in their eyes!

* Apoc. iv. 6.

To the last do your duty,
 Still mindful of this —
 That Virtue is Beauty,
 And Wisdom, and Bliss;
 So, howe'er, as frail men, you have erred on
 Your way along Life's throngèd road,
 Shall your consciences prove a sure guerdon
 And tower of defence,
 Until Destiny summon you hence
 To the Better Abode!

THE PEOPLE'S CHIEF.

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

Come forth, come forth, O Man of Men! to the cry of the gather-
 ing nations,
 We watch on the tow'r, we watch on the hill, pouring our invo-
 cations —
 Our souls are sick of sounds and shades, that mock our shame and
 grief,
 We hurl the Dagon from their seats, and call the lawful Chief!

Come forth, come forth, O Man of Men! to the frenzy of our im-
 ploring,
 The winged despair that no man can bear, up to the Heavens
 soaring —
 Come! Faith and Hope, and love and trust, upon their centre rock,
 The wailing Millions summon thee amid the earthquake shock!

We've kept the weary watch of years, with a wild and heart-wrung
 yearning,
 But the star of the Advent we sought in vain, calmly and purely
 burning;
 False meteors flash'd across the sky, and falsely led us on;
 The parting of the strife is come — the spell is o'er and gone!

The storms of enfranchised passions rise as the voice of the eagle's
 screaming,
 And we scatter now to the earth's four winds the memory of our
 dreaming!
 The clouds but veil the lightning's bolt — Sibylline murmurs ring
 In hollow tones from out the depths — the People seek their King!

Come forth, come forth, Anointed One! nor blazon nor honors
 bearing —
 No "ancient line" be thy seal or sign, the crown of Humanity
 wearing —

Spring out as lucent fountains spring exulting from the ground —
 Arise, as Adam rose from God, with strength and knowledge
 crown'd !

The leader of the world's wide host guiding our aspirations,
 Wear thou the seamless garb of Truth sitting among the nations !
 Thy foot is on the empty forms around in shivers cast —
 We crush ye with the scorn of scorn, exuvial of the past !

The Future's close gates are now on their ponderous hinges jarring,
 And there comes a sound as of winds and waves each with the other
 warring :

And forward bends the list'ning world, as to their eager ken
 From out that dark and mystic land appears the Man of Men !

RECRUITING SONG FOR THE IRISH BRIGADE.

BY MAURICE O'CONNELL.

Is there a youthful gallant here
 On fire for fame — unknowing fear —
 Who in the charge's mad career
 On Erin's foes would flesh his spear ?
 Come, let him wear the White Cockade,
 And learn the soldier's glorious trade,
 'Tis of such stuff a hero's made,
 Then let him join the Bold Brigade.

Who scorns to own a Saxon Lord,
 And toils to swell a stranger's hoard ?
 Who for rude blow or gibing word
 Would answer with the Freeman's sword ?
 Come, let him wear the White Cockade, &c.

Does Erin's foully slandered name
 Suffuse thy cheek with generous shame —
 Would'st right her wrongs — restore her fame ? —
 Come, then, the soldier's weapon claim —
 Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

Come, free from bonds your fathers' faith,
 Redeem its shrines from scorn and scath,
 The Hero's fame, the Martyr's wreath,
 Will gild your life or crown your death.
 Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

To drain the cup — with girls to toy,
 The serf's vile soul with bliss may cloy,
 But would'st thou taste a manly joy? —
 O! it was ours at Fontenoy!

Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

To many a fight thy fathers led,
 Full many a Saxon's life-blood shed;
 From thee, as yet, no foe has fled —
 Thou wilt not shame the glorious dead?

Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

O! come — for slavery, want, and shame,
 We offer vengeance, freedom, fame,
 With Monarchs, comrade rank to claim,
 And, nobler still, the Patriot's name!

O! come and wear the White Cockade,
 And learn the soldier's glorious trade;
 'Tis of such stuff a hero's made —
 Then come and join the Bold Brigade.

THE VOICE OF LABOR.

A CHANT OF THE CITY MEETINGS. A. D. 1843.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, M. P.

Ye who despoil the sons of toil, saw ye this sight to-day,
 When stalwart trade in long brigade, beyond a king's array,
 Marched in the blessed light of heaven, beneath the open sky,
 Strong in the might of sacred RIGHT, that none dare ask them why
 These are the slaves, the needy knaves, ye spit upon with scorn —
 The spawn of earth, of nameless birth, and basely bred as born;
 Yet know, ye soft and silken lords, were we the thing ye say,
 Your broad domains, your coffered gains, your lives were ours
 to-day!

Measure that rank, from flank to flank; 'tis fifty thousand strong;
 And mark you here, in front and rear, brigades as deep and long;
 And know that never blade of foe, or Arran's deadly breeze,
 Tried by assay of storm or fray, more dauntless hearts than these;
 The sinewy smith, little he recks of his own child — the sword;
 The men of gear, think you they fear *their* handiwork — a Lord?
 And undismayed, yon sons of trade might see the battle's front,
 Who bravely bore, nor bowed before, the deadlier face of want.

What lack we here of show or form that lures your slaves to death?
 Not serried bands, nor sinewy hands, nor music's martial breath;
 And if we broke the bitter yoke our suppliant race endure,
 No robbers we — but chivalry — the Army of the Poor.
 Shame on ye now, ye Lordly crew, that do your betters wrong —
 We are no base and braggart mob, but merciful and strong.
 Your henchmen vain, your vassal train, would fly our first defiance;
 In us — in our strong, tranquil breasts — abides your sole reliance.

Ay! keep them all, castle and hall, coffers and costly jewels —
 Keep your vile gain, and in its train the passions that it fuels.
 We envy not your lordly lot — its bloom or its decayance:
 But ye *have* that we claim as ours — our right in long abeyance:
 Leisure to live, leisure to love, leisure to taste our freedom —
 O! suffering poor, O! patient poor, how bitterly you need them!
 "Ever to moil, ever to toil," that is your social charter,
 And city slave or peasant serf, the TOILER is its martyr.

Where Frank and Tuscan shed their sweat the goodly crop is
 theirs —

If Norway's toil make rich the soil, she eats the fruit she rears —
 O'er Maine's green sward there rules no lord, saving the Lord on
 high;

But we are slaves in our own land — proud masters, tell us why?
 The German burgher and his men, brother with brothers live,
 While toil must wait without *your* gate what gracious crusts you
 give.

Long in your sight, for our own right, we've bent, and still we
 bend; —

Why did we bow? why do we now? — proud masters, this must
 end.

Perish the past — a generous land is this fair land of ours,
 And enmity may no man see between its Towns and Towers.
 Come, join our bands — here take our hands — now shame on him
 that lingers,

Merchant or Peer, you have no fear from labor's blistered fingers.
 Come, join at last — perish the past — its traitors, its seceders —
 Proud names and old, frank hearts and bold, come join and be our
 Leaders,

But know, ye lords, that be your swords with us or with our
 Wronger,

Heaven be our guide, for we shall bide this lot of shame no longer!

THE BATTLE OF THE DIAMOND.

In the good old times when royalty
 Was loved with right and reason ;
 When truth might honor loyalty
 Without a charge of treason —
 In those old days, rebellion's throng,
 Stung by despair, once mustered strong
 To trample right, and lift up wrong,
 Near the village of the Diamond.

But though they muster'd thousands strong,
 And thought no power could shake them ;
 And though they swore both loud and long
 That nought but blood should slake them —
 Yet there were met a faithful few —
 Undoubting, for they fully knew
 That hands wax strong when hearts are true —
 In the green fields of the Diamond.

They closed — and then the echoes woke
 With musketry hoarse roaring ;
 But o'er the strife and clouding smoke,
 Our flag was onward soaring ;
 And when the sword its work had done,
 And silent was the rattling gun,
 That fearless few the day had won,
 In the green fields of the Diamond.

Then think of those who steadily
 Fought for the truth in season,
 And even now for truth would die —
 Though truth were construed treason.
 And faithfully from year to year,
 Though lordlings frown we'll never fear
 To fill the cup, and raise the cheer
 To the heroes of the Diamond.

A SALUTATION.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

DAUNTLESS voyagers who venture out upon the wreck-pav'd deep,
 Who can sail with hearts unfailing o'er the ages sunk in sleep ;
 There is outlet — ye shall know it by the tide's deep conscious flow ;
 There is offing — may ye show it to the convoy following slow.

Gallant champions, whose long labors file away in vista'd space,
 Lost the fitful hour of sabres — not the Archimedean place;
 In the future realm before ye down the vale of labor looms
 Your new Athens, O ! pine benders reared above the robbers' tombs.

Be ye therefore calm in council, Patience is the heart of Hope —
 Never wrangle with the brambles when with old oaks ye must cope;
 William, Walpole, Pitt and Canning, ye shall smite and overthrow,
 Not by practising with pygmies can ye giant warfare know.

Whoso ye find fittest, wisest, he your suzerain shall be,
 Yield him following and affection, stand like sons around his knee;
 Make his name a word of honor, make him feel you as a fence,
 Trust not even him too blindly, build your faith on evidence.

Brothers, ye have drained the chalice, late replenished by defeat,
 Unto brethren bear no malice, put the past beneath your feet —
 For the love of God whose creatures ye see daily crucified,
 For your martyrs — for your teachers, shun the selfish paths of pride.

Then, by all our pure immortals, ye, true champions, shall be blest,
 By St. Patrick and St. Columb, by St. Brendan of the west,
 By St. Molling and St. Bridget, and our myriad martyr bands,
 And your land shall be delivered, yea ! delivered by your hands.

A RIGHT ORANGE BALLAD.

1825.

YE gentlemen of Ireland, in country and in town,
 Whose honor'd flag in Ninety-Eight put foul rebellion down;
 That glorious standard raise again to face the Tricolor,
 Where it waves on their graves who put it down before —
 O, face it as your fathers did, 'twill shame your skies no more.

The glories of your fathers shall start from every fold,
 Of the fair and ample banner in orange and in gold:
 The British Lions rampant, and the golden Harp, shall soar
 Through the black stormy track of treason gathering o'er
 The Isle of evil destiny, to burst in rain of gore.

You need no frantic orators, no riots in the cause;
 Your strength is in the sacred might of Truth's eternal laws:
 With lessons from God's living Word, you need no other lore,
 Though lies should arise from traitors by the score;
 When they yell their noon day blasphemies, and ruffians round
 them roar.

Did not your flag of honor around the welkin burn,
Till the gathering storm be scared and gone, and skies of blue
return !

Then, then, ye loyal Orangemen, the wine-cup shall run o'er,
When ye fill, as ye will, to the manly hearts who bore
The rampant Lion of the North first o'er the Tricolor !

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight ?
Who blushes at the name ?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame ?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus ;
But a *true* man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few —
Some lie far off beyond the wave —
Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
All — all are gone — but still lives on
The fame of those who died —
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made ;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam —
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest ;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast ;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start,
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land ;

They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right —
They fell and pass'd away ;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory — may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

1798.

FAREWELL, for I must leave thee, my own, my native shore,
 And doom'd in foreign lands to dwell, may never see thee more ;
 For laws, our tyrant laws have said, that seas must roll between
 Old Erin and her faithful sons, that love to wear the Green.
 O, we love to wear the Green ! O, *how* we love the Green,
 Our native land we cannot stand, for wearing of the green ;
 Yet wheresoe'er the exile lives though oceans roll between,
 Thy faithful sons will fondly sing, " The wearing of the Green."

My father lov'd his country, and sleeps within her breast,
 While I, that would have died for her, must never so be blest ;
 Those tears my mother shed for me, how bitter had they been,
 If I had prov'd a traitor to " The wearing of the Green."
 There were some who wore the Green, who *did* betray the Green,
 Our native land we cannot stand, through traitors to the Green.
 Yet whatsoe'er our fate may be, when oceans roll between,
 Her faithful sons will ever sing, " The wearing of the Green."

My own, my native island, where'er I chance to roam,
 Thy lonely hills shall ever be my own beloved home ;
 And brighter days must surely come, than those that we have seen,
 When Erin's sons may boldly sing, " The wearing of the Green."
 For we love to wear the Green, O, *how* we love the Green !
 Our native land we cannot stand, for wearing of the Green ;
 But brighter days must surely come, than those that we have seen,
 When all her sons may proudly sing, " The wearing of the Green."

THE MAIDEN CITY.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,

AUTHORESS OF THE "SIEGE OF DERRY," &c.

[This truly spirited song in memory of the gallant stand made by the "Prentice Boys" of Derry against James's army well deserves a place in an Irish national collection. Our history might surely be read with a better object than that of perpetuating factious animosities; and Derry, Limerick, Aughrim, and the Boyne should serve for nobler purposes than to be made the watchwords of party.]

WHERE Foyle his swelling waters rolls northward to the main,
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters, fair Derry fixed her reign :
A holy temple crowned her, and commerce graced her street,
A rampart wall was round her, the river at her feet ;
And here she sate alone, boys, and, looking from the hill,
Vow'd the Maiden on her throne, boys, would be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over, in famous Eighty-Eight,
A plumed and belted lover came to the Ferry Gate :
She summon'd to defend her, our sires — a beardless race —
Who shouted No SURRENDER ! and slamm'd it in his face. -
Then, in a quiet tone, boys, they told him 'twas their will
That the Maiden on her throne, boys, should be a Maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him, a kingly wooer came,
(The royal banner o'er him, blush'd crimson deep for shame ;)
He showed the Pope's commission, nor dream'd to be refused,
She pitied his condition, but begg'd to stand excused.
In short, the fact is known, boys, she chased him from the hill,
For the Maiden on her throne, boys, would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending, 'twas then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending, 'mid blood, and flame, and smoke.
That hallow'd grave-yard yonder, swells with the slaughter'd dead —
O, brothers ! pause and ponder, it was for *us* they bled ;
And while their gift we own, boys — the fane that tops our hill,
O, the Maiden on her throne, boys, shall be a Maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us, nor tyrant arm affright,
We'll look to One above us who ne'er forsook the right ;
Who will, may crouch and tender the birthright of the free,
But, brothers, No SURRENDER, no compromise for me !
We want no barrier stone, boys, no gates to guard the hill,
Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys, shall be a Maiden still.

A sparkle from the hallow'd flame
 Of our insulted altars,
 Pure as the source whence first it came,
 Our love nor fades nor falters.

Our love to thee, dear injured land,
 By mocking foes derided ;
 Our duteous love to the Royal hand,
 By trait'rous craft misguided.
 Banner, and badge, and name alone,
 At our monarch's call we tender ;
 The loyal truth that guards the throne
 We'll keep, and — No Surrender !

ORANGE AND GREEN.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE night was falling dreary,
 In merry Bandon town,
 When in his cottage weary,
 An Orangeman lay down.
 The summer sun in splendor
 Had set upon the vale,
 And shouts of " No surrender ! "
 Arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters, laving
 The feet of aged trees,
 The Orange banners waving,
 Flew boldly in the breeze—
 In mighty chorus meeting,
 A hundred voices join,
 And fife and drum were beating
 The *Battle of the Boyne*.

Ha ! tow'rd his cottage hieing,
 What form is speeding now,
 From yonder thicket flying,
 With blood upon his brow ?
 " Hide—hide me, worthy stranger,
 Though green my color be,
 And in the day of danger
 May heaven remember thee !

"In yonder vale contending
Alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending,
An Orangeman I slew.
Hark ! hear that fearful warning,
There's death in every tone —
O, save my life till morning,
And heaven prolong your own !"

The Orange heart was melted
In pity to the Green ;
He heard the tale and felt it,
His very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning
Though death be in its tone —
I'll save your life till morning,
Or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling
The angry torrent press'd,
A hundred voices swelling,
The Orangeman addressed —
"Arise, arise, and follow
The chase along the plain !
In yonder stony hollow
Your only son is slain !"

With rising shouts they gather
Upon the track again,
And leave the childless father
Aghast with sudden pain.
He seeks the righted stranger,
In covert where he lay —
"Arise !" he said, "all danger
Is gone and past away !

"I had a son — one only,
One loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely,
In that accursed strife.
I pledged my word to save thee
Until the storm should cease,
I keep the pledge I gave thee —
Arise, and go in peace !"

The stranger soon departed,
From that unhappy vale ;
The father, broken-hearted,
Lay brooding o'er that tale.

Full twenty summers after
To silver turned his beard ;
And yet the sound of laughter
From him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary,
In merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin weary,
A peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing
Along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing
With shouts of "*Granua Uile.*"

Beside the waters, laving
The feet of aged trees,
The green flag, gayly waving,
Was spread against the breeze —
In mighty chorus meeting,
Loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating,
"*Down, Orangemen, lie down !*"

Hark ! 'mid the stirring clangor
That woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger,
Rise on the evening air.
Like billows of the ocean,
He sees them hurry on —
And, 'mid the wild commotion,
An Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary,
And feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story
Would shame your cruel band.
Full twenty years and over
Have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover
Of peace and concord now.

"It was not thus I greeted
Your brother of the Green ;
When fainting and defeated
I freely took him in.
I pledged my word to save him
From vengeance rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him,
Though he had killed my son."

That aged peasant heard him,
 And knew him as he stood,
 Remembrance kindly stirr'd him,
 And tender gratitude.
 With gushing tears of pleasure,
 He pierced the listening train,
 "I'm here to pay the measure
 Of kindness back again !"

Upon his bosom falling,
 That old man's tears came down ;
 Deep memory recalling
 That cot and fatal town.
 "The hand that would offend thee,
 My being first shall end ;
 I'm living to defend thee,
 My saviour and my friend !"

He said, and slowly turning,
 Address'd the wondering crowd,
 With fervent spirit burning,
 He told the tale aloud.
 Now pressed the warm beholders,
 Their aged foe to greet ;
 They raised him on their shoulders
 And chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger
 From peril scowling dim,
 So in his day of danger
 Did Heav'n remember him.
 By joyous crowds attended,
 The worthy pair were seen,
 And their flags that day were blended
 Of Orange and of Green.

DEAR LAND.

WHEN comes the day, all hearts to weigh,
 If stanch they be, or vile,
 Shall we forget the sacred debt
 We owe our mother isle ?
 My native heath is brown beneath,
 My native waters blue ;
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread,
 Ere I am false to you,
 Dear land —
 Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold —
 Your noble lakes and streams —
 A mingled tide of grief and pride
 Within my bosom teems.
 I think of all, your long, dark thrall —
 Your martyrs brave and true ;
 And dash apart the tears that start —
 We must not *weep* for you,
 Dear land —
 We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
 They seized and hanged him there ;
 His only crime, in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.
 Across the main his brothers twain
 Were sent to pine and rue ;
 And still they turn'd, with hearts that burned,
 In hopeless love to you,
 Dear land —
 In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
 Her independent shore ;
 Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head
 Some gallant patriot few,
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,
 Dear land —
 To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest
 Let other heads divine ;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine.
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel,
 No terrors can subdue ;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet, endured for you,
 Dear land —
 Were sweet, endured for you.

THE LONGING.

Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray —
Waiting for the sunlight dancing,
Where the bristling pikeheads glancing,
With the rifles alternating,
Ranks in green and gray.
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray.

Ah, my heart is weary longing,
Longing for the fray —
Longing to escape from speeching,
Reading, writing, and beseeching,
Longing for the stormy thronging
Round our banners gay.
Ah, my heart is weary longing,
Longing for the fray.

Ah, my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the fray,
Throbbing for the time of starting,
Wives and sisters fondly parting,
Kisses from the loved one robbing,
"Love, I cannot stay."
Ah, my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the fray.

Ah, my heart's athirst with burning,
Burning for the fray —
Burning for the roar and rattle,
For the crimson stream of battle.
Squadrons round me wildly turning,
Fear far, far away.
Ah, my heart's athirst with burning,
Burning for the fray.

Waiting, calm, determined, steady,
Waiting for the fray,
Spring goes by with preparations,
Baffled law and stern ovations —
Summer comes. That we be ready,
God of hosts, I pray.
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

BRIGHT is the Spring time, Erin, green and gay to see;
 But my heart is heavy, Erin, with thoughts of thy sons and thee;
 Thinking of your dead men lying as thick as grass new mown —
 Thinking of your myriads dying, unnoted and unknown —
 Thinking of your myriads flying beyond the abysmal waves —
 Thinking of your magnates sighing, and stifling their thoughts like
 slaves !

O ! for the time, dear Erin, the fierce time long ago,
 When your men felt, dear Erin, and their hands could strike a blow !
 When your Gaelic chiefs were ready to stand in the bloody breach —
 Danger but made *them* steady ; they struck and saved their speech !
 But where are the men to head ye, and lead you face to face,
 To trample the powers that tread ye, men of the fallen race ?

The yellow corn, dear Erin, waves plenteous o'er the plain ;
 But where are the hands, dear Erin, to gather in the grain ?
 The sinewy man is sleeping in the crowded churchyard near,
 And his young wife is keeping his lonesome company there,
 His brother shoreward creeping, has begged his way abroad,
 And his sister, — tho' for weeping, she scarce could see the road.

No other nation, Erin, but only you would bear
 A yoke like yours, O ! Erin, a month, not to say a year ;
 And will you bear it for ever, writhing and sighing sore,
 Nor learn — learn now, or never, to dare, not to deplore —
 Learn to join in one endeavor your creeds and people all —
 'Tis only thus can you sever your tyrant's iron thrall.

Then call your people, Erin, call with a prophet's cry —
 Bid them link in union, Erin, and do like men or die —
 Bid the hind from the loamy valley, the miller from the fall —
 Bid the craftsman from his alley, the lord from his lordly hall —
 Bid the old and the young man rally, and trust to work — not
 words,
 And thenceforth ever shall ye be free as the forest birds.

COURAGE.

1848.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. E. WILDE).

LIFT up your pale faces, ye children of sorrow,
 The night passes on to a glorious to-morrow.
 Hark ! hear you not sounding glad Liberty's pæan
 From the Alps to the Isles of the tideless Ægean ?
 And the rhythmical march of the gathering nations,
 And the crashing of thrones 'neath their fierce exultations,
 And the cry of Humanity cleaving the ether,
 With hymns of the conquering rising together —
 God, Liberty, Truth ! How they burn heart and brain —
 These words shall they burn — shall they waken in vain ?

No — soul answers soul — steel flashes on steel,
 And land wakens land with a grand thunder peal —
 Shall we, O ! my brothers, but weep, pray, and groan
 When France reads her rights by the flames of a throne —
 Shall we fear and falter to join the grand chorus ?
 When Europe has trod the dark pathway before us ;
 O, courage ! and we, too, will trample them down —
 The minions of power, the serfs of a crown.
 O, courage, but courage, if once to the winds
 Ye fling Freedom's banner, no tyranny binds.

At the voice of the people the weak symbols fall,
 And humanity marches o'er purple and pall,
 O'er sceptre and crown with a glorious disdain,
 For the symbol must fall and humanity reign.
 Onward, then onward, ye brave, to the vanguard,
 Gather in glory round Liberty's standard.
 Like France, lordly France, we shall sweep from their station
 All, all who oppose the stern will of a nation ;
 Like Prussia's brave children we'll stoop to no lord,
 But demand our just rights at the point of the sword.

We'll conquer, we'll conquer. No tears for the dying,
 The portal to Heaven be the field where they're lying ;
 We'll conquer, we'll conquer. No tears for the slain,
 God's angels will smile on their death-hour of pain.
 On, on in your masses dense, resolute, strong,
 To war against treason, oppression, and wrong ;
 On, on with your chieftains, and Him we adore most,
 Who strikes with the bravest, and leads with the foremost,

Who brings the proud light of a name great in story
To guide us through danger, unconquered to glory.

With faith like the Hebrews' we'll stem the Red Sea —
God! smite down the Pharaohs — our trust is in Thee;
Be it blood of the tyrant or blood of the slave,
We'll cross it to Freedom, or find there a grave.
Lo! a throne for each worker, a crown for each brow,
The palm for each martyr that dies for us now;
Spite the flash of their muskets, the roar of their cannon,
The assassins of Freedom shall lower their pennon;
For the will of a nation what foe dare withstand?
Then patriots, heroes, strike! God for our land!

MY BETROTHED.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

[Mr. Davis, a muslin-weaver of Belfast, is the author of this noble lyric, which gushes with such tenderness and sublimity.* He is an earnest and manly workman, who throws off during his hours of labor at his loom, amid the monotonous din of his workshop, such brave and racy ballads as this. He is one of the people—hopes, fears, hates, and labors with them; and is a man of tolerant mind, of great faith, and noble purposes. He has published two small volumes of poems in Belfast, from which we have taken those ballads of his which appear in this collection.]

O! come, my betrothed, to thine anxious bride,
Too long have they kept thee from my side;
Sure I sought thee by meadow and mountain, *asthore*,
And I watched and I wept till my heart was sore,
While the false to the false did say:
We will lead her away by the mound and the rath,
And we'll nourish her heart in its worse than death,
Till her tears shall have traced a pearly path,
For the work of a future day.

Ah! little they knew what their guile could do —
It has won me a host of the stern and true,
Who have sworn by the eye of the yellow sun,
That my home is their hearts till thy hand be won;
And they've gathered my tears and sighs;
And they've woven them into a cloudy frown,
That shall gird my brow like an ebony crown,
Till these feet, in my wrath, shall have trampled down
All, all that betwixt us rise.

Then come, my betrothed, to thine anxious bride!
Thou art dear to my breast as my heart's red tide;

And a wonder it is you can tarry so long,
 And your soul so proud, and your arm so strong,
 And your limb without a chain ;
 And your feet in their flight like the midnight wind,
 When he laughs at the flash that he leaves behind ;
 And your heart so warm, and your look so kind —
 O ! come to my arms again !

O, my dearest has eyes like the noontide sun ;
 So bright that my own dare scarce look on ;
 And the clouds of a thousand years gone by,
 Brought back, and again on the crowded sky,
 Heaped haughtily pile o'er pile,
 Then all in a boundless blaze outspread,
 Rent, shaken, and tossed o'er their flaming bed,
 Till each heart by the light of the heavens was read,
 Were as nought to his softest smile !

And to hear my love in his wild mirth sing
 To the flap of the battle-god's fiery wing !
 How his chorus shrieks through the iron tones
 Of crashing towers and creaking thrones,
 And the crumbling of bastions strong !
 Yet, sweet to my ear as the sigh that slips
 From the nervous dance of a maiden's lips,
 When the eye first wanes in its love eclipse,
 Is his soul-creating song !

Then come, my betrothed, to thine anxious bride !
 Thou hast tarried too long, but I may not chide ;
 For the prop and the hope of my home thou art,
 Ay, the vein that suckles my growing heart :
 O, I'd frown on the world for thee !
 And it is not a dull, cold, soulless clod,
 With a lip in the dust at a tyrant nod,
 Unworthy one glance of the Patriot's God,
 That you ever shall find in me !

THE PARTING FROM IRELAND.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

O ! DREAD Lord of Earth and Heaven ! hard and sad is it to go,
 From the land I loved and cherished into outward gloom and woe ;
 Was it for this, Guardian Angel, when to manly years I came,
 Homeward as a light you led me — light that now is turned to flame !

I am as a shipwrecked sailor, by one wave flung on the shore,
 By the next torn struggling seaward, without hope for evermore :
 I am as a sinner toiling onward to Redemption Hill,
 By the rising sands environed — by the Simoom baffled still.

How I loved this nation ye know, gentle friends, who share my fate;
 And you, too, heroic comrades, loaded with the fetter's weight —
 How I coveted all knowledge that might raise her name with men —
 How I sought her secret beauties with an all-insatiate ken.

God ! it is a maddening prospect thus to see this storied land,
 Like some wretched culprit writhing, in a strong avenger's hand,
 Kneeling, foaming, weeping, shrieking, woman-weak and woman
 loud ;

Better, better, Mother Ireland, we had laid you in your shroud !

If an end were made, and nobly, of this old centennial feud —
 If, in arms outnumbered, beaten, less, O ! Ireland, had I rued ;
 For the scattered sparks of valor might relight thy darkness yet,
 And thy long chain of Resistance to the Future had been knit.

Now *their* Castle sits securely on its old accursèd hill,
 And their motley pirate standard taints the air of Ireland still ;
 And their titled paupers clothe them with the labor of our hands,
 And their Saxon greed is glutted from our plundered fathers' lands.

But our faith is all unshaken, though our present hope is gone :
 England's lease is *not* for ever — Ireland's warfare is *not* done.
 God in Heaven, He is immortal — Justice is his sword and sign —
 If Earth will not be our ally, we have One who is Divine.

Though my eyes no more may see thee, Island of my early love !
 Other eyes shall see thy Green Flag flying the tall hills above ;
 Though my ears no more may listen to thy rivers as they flow,
 O'er ears shall hear a Pæan closing thy long *keen* of woe.

RUINS.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE).

SHALL we tread the dust of ages,
 Musing dream-like on the past ;
 Seeking on the broad earth's pages
 For the shadows Time hath cast ;
 Waking up some ancient story,
 From each prostrate shrine or hall,

Old traditions of a glory
Earth may never more recall !

Poet thoughts of sadness breathing,
For the temples overthrown ;
Where no incense now is wreathing,
And the gods are turned to stone.
Wandering by the graves of heroes,
Shrouded deep in classic gloom,
Or the tombs where Egypt's Pharaohs
Wait the trumpet and the doom.

By the city, desert-hidden,*
Which Judea's mighty king
Made the Geni, at his bidding,
Raise by magic of his ring ;
By the Lake Asphaltian wander,
While the crimson sunset glow
Flings its radiance as we ponder
On the buried towns below.

By the Cromleach sloping downward,
Where the Druid's victim bled ;
By those towers pointing sunward,
Hieroglyphics none have read.
In their mystic symbols seeking
Of past rites and creeds o'erthrown,
If the truths they shrined are speaking
Yet, in Litanies of Stone.

By the temple of the Muses,
Where the climbers of the mount
Learned the soul's diviner uses
From the Heliconian fount.
By the banks of dark Ilyssus,
Where the Parcæ walked of old,
In their crowns of white narcissus,
And their garments starred with gold.

By the tomb of queenly Isis,
Where her fallen prophets wail,
Yet no hand has dared the crisis
Of the lifting of the veil.
By the altar which the Grecian
Raised to God without a name ;
By the stately shrine Ephesian,
Erostratus burned for fame.

* Palmyra, or Tadmor.

By the Libyan shrine of Ammon,
 Where the sands are trod with care,
 Lest we, bending to examine,
 Start the lion from his lair.
 Shall we tread the halls Assyrian,
 Where the Arab tents are set,
 Seek the glory of the Tyrian,
 Where the fisher spreads his net ?

Shall we seek the " Mene, mene,"
 Wrote by God upon the wall,
 While the proud son of Mandane
 Strode across the fated hall ?
 Shall we mourn the Loxian's lyre,
 Or the Pythian priestess mute ;
 Shall we seek the Delphic fire,
 Though we've lost Apollo's lute ?

Ah, the world has sadder ruins
 Than these wrecks of things sublime ;
 For the touch of man's misdoings
 Leaves more blighted tracks than Time.
 Ancient lore gives no examples
 Of the ruins here we find—
 Prostrate souls for fallen temples,
 Mighty ruins of the mind.

We had hopes that rose as proudly
 As each sculptured marble shrine ;
 And our prophets spake as loudly
 As their oracles divine.
 Grand resolves of giant daring,
 Such as Titans breathed of old,
 Brilliant aims their front uprearing,
 Like a temple roofed with gold.

Souls of fire, like columns pointing,
 Flame-like upward to the skies ;
 Glorious brows which God's anointing
 Consecrated altar wise.
 Stainless hearts, like temples olden,
 None but priest hath ever trod ;
 Hands as pure as were the golden
 Staves which bore the ark of God.

O, they built up radiant visions,
 Like an iris after rain ;
 How all paradise traditions
 Might be made to live again.

Of humanity's sad story,
 How their hand should turn the page,
 And the ancient primal glory,
 Fling upon this latter age.

How with God-like aspirations,
 Up the souls of men would climb,
 Till the fallen, enslaved nations
 Trod in rhythmic march sublime :
 Reaching heights the people knew not,
 Till their prophet Leaders led —
 Bathed in light that mortals view not,
 While the spirit life lies dead.

How the pallid sons of labor,
 They should toil and toil to raise,
 Till a glory, like to Tabor,
 Once again should meet earth's gaze.
 How the poor, no longer keeping
 Count of life alone by groans,
 With the strong cry of their weeping,
 Start the angels on their thrones.

Ah, that vision's bright ideal,
 Must it fade and perish thus ?
 Must its fall alone be real,
 Are its ruins trod by us ?
 Ah, they dream'd an Eldorado,
 Given not to mortal sight ;
 Yet the souls that walk in shadow,
 Still bend forward to its light.

Earnest dreamers, sooth we blame not
 If ye failed to reach the goal —
 If the glorious real came not
 At the strong prayer of each soul.
 By the path ye've trod to duty,
 Blessings yet to man may flow,
 Though the proud and stately beauty
 Of your structure lieth low.

Low as that which Salem mourneth,
 On Moriah's holy hill ;
 While the heathen proudly scorneth,
 Yet the wrecks are glorious still :
 Like the seven columns frowning,
 On the desert city down,
 Or the seven cedars crowning
 Lofty Lebanon.

Poet wanderer, hast thou bent thee
 O'er such ruins of the soul?
 Pray to God that some Nepenthe
 May efface that hour of dole.
 We may lift the shrine and column,
 From the dust which Time hath cast;
 Choral chants may mingle solemn,
 Once again where silence passed;

But the stately radiant palace,
 We had built up in our dreams,
 With Hope's rainbow-woven trellis,
 And Truth's glorious sunrise beams —
 Our aims of towering stature,
 Our aspirations vain,
 And our prostrate human nature —
 Who will raise *them* up again?

THE IRISH MINSTREL.

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

I HEAR cold voices saying, that she, my queen, is dead,
 And those sad chords may never more their tones of music shed;
 That I, who wildly loved her, must weep in mute despair —
 Ah! they know not how true love will cling though blight and
 death be there!

I have no joy or triumph to swell my minstrel lay,
 I have no hope to cheer me on the dark and lonely way;
 But in this feeble soul there's still a might they dream not of,
 While living springs are in my breast of deep unswerving Love!

Yes, pale one in thy sorrow — yes, wrong'd one in thy pain,
 This heart has still a beat for thee — this trembling hand a strain;
 They cannot steal the golden stores the *past* has left to me —
 Or make me shrink with broken faith, *asthore machree*,* from thee!

O! hear — my darling hear me! — 'tis no cold pulse meets thine own,
 Its burning throbs would warm to life, an' thou wert changed to
 stone:

I'll call the color to thy cheek, the light into thine eye —
 I know at least if *thou* art dead my love can *never* die!

'Twould make the air around thee warm with breath of living flame,
 In life or death, or joy or woe, 'twill cling to thee the same —

* *Asthore machree*, — Love of my heart.

No — never in the gladdest hour, when thou wert proud and strong,
Was deeper worship pour'd than now in this low mourning song.

I knelt before you long ago, when a crown was on your brow,
I lov'd you then with fervent love — I love you firmer now ;
And that which makes the ivy green around the mould'ring tree —
Will make my voice all tuneful still, ashore machree for thee !

THE ANCIENT RACE.

ANONYMOUS.

WHAT shall become of the ancient race —
The noble Celtic island race ?
Like cloud on cloud o'er the azure sky,
When Winter storms are loud and high,
Their dark ships shadow the ocean's face —
What shall become of the Celtic race ?

What shall befall the ancient race —
The poor, unfriended, faithful race ?
Where ploughman's song made the hamlet ring,
The village vulture flaps his wing ;
The village homes, O, who can trace ?
God of our persecuted race !

What shall befall the ancient race ?
Is treason's stigma on their face ?
Be they cowards or traitors ? Go
Ask the shade of England's foe ;
See the gems her crown that grace ;
They tell a tale of the ancient race.

They tell a tale of the ancient race —
Of matchless deeds in danger's face ;
They speak of Britain's glory fed
On blood of Celt right bravely shed ;
Of India's spoil and Frank's disgrace —
They tell a tale of the ancient race.

Then why cast out the ancient race ?
Grim want dwelt with the ancient race,
And Hell-born laws, with prison-jaws,
And greedy lords with tiger maws,
Have swallowed — swallow still apace —
The limbs and the blood of the ancient race.

Will no one shield the ancient race?
 They fly their fathers' burial place;
 The proud lords with the heavy purse—
 Their fathers' shame— their people's curse—
 Demons in heart, nobles in face—
 They dig a grave for the ancient race!

They dig a grave for the ancient race—
 And grudge that grave to the ancient race—
 On highway side full oft were seen,
 The wild dogs and the vultures keen,
 Tug for the limbs and gnaw the face,
 Of some starv'd child of the ancient race!

What shall befall the ancient race?
 Shall all forsake their dear birth-place,
 Without one struggle strong to keep
 The old soil where their fathers sleep!
 The dearest land on earth's wide space—
 Why leave it so, O ancient race?

What shall befall the ancient race?
 Light up one hope for the ancient race;
 O, Priest of God— *Soggarth aroon!*
 Lead but the way— we'll go full soon;
 Is there a danger we will not face,
 To keep old homes for the Irish race?

They will not go, the ancient race!
 They must not go, the ancient race!
 Come, gallant Celts, and take your stand—
 The League—the League— will save the land;
 The land of faith, the land of grace,
 The land of Erin's ancient race!

They will not go, the ancient race!
 They *shall* not go, the ancient race!
 The cry swells loud from shore to shore,
 From em'rald vale to mountain hoar—
 From altar high to market place—
 They shall not go, the ancient race!

THE YOUNG PATRIOT LEADER.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE).

O! HE stands beneath the sun, that glorious *Fated One*,
 Like a martyr or conqueror, wearing

On his brow a mighty doom — be it glory, be it gloom,
The shadow of a crown it is bearing.

At his Cyclopean stroke the proud heart of man awoke
Like a king from his lordly down lying;
And whereso'er he trod, like the footstep of a god,
Was a trail of light the gloom outvying.

In his beauty and his youth, the Apostle of the Truth,
Goes he forth with the words of Salvation,
And a noble madness falls on each spirit he intralls,
As he chants his wild Pæans to the nation.

As a Tempest in its force, as a Torrent in its course,
So his words fiercely sweep all before them,
And they smite like two-edged swords, those undaunted thunder
words
On all hearts, as tho' Angels did implore them.

See our pale cheeks how they flush, as the noble visions rush,
On our soul's most dark desolation —
And the glorious lyric words — Right, Freedom, and our Swords! —
Wake the strong chords of life to vibration.

Ay — right noble, in good sooth, seem'd he battling for the Truth
When he poured the full tide of his scorn
Down upon the Tyrant's track, like an Alpine cataract —
Ah! — such men wait an Æon to be born.

So he stood before us then, one of God's eternal men,
Flashing eye, and hero mould of stature,
With a glory and a light circling round his brow of might,
That revealed his right royal kingly nature.

Lo! he leadeth on our bands, Freedom's banner in his hands,
Let us aid him, not with words, but *doing*;
With the marches of the brave, prayers of might that strike and
save,
Not a slavish spirit's abject suing.

Thus in glory is he seen, though his years are yet but green,
The Anointed as Head of our Nation —
For High Heaven hath decreed that a soul like his must lead,
Let us kneel then in deep adoration.

O! his mission is divine — dash down the Lotus wine —
Too long is your trancèd sleep abiding,
And by Him who gave us life, we shall conquer in the strife
So we follow but that Young Chief's guiding.

HIGHWAY FOR FREEDOM.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

"My suffering country SHALL be freed,
And shine with tenfold glory!"
So spake the gallant Winkelreid,
Renowned in German story.
"No tyrant, even of kingly grade,
Shall cross or darken *my* way!"
Out flashed his blade, and so he made
For Freedom's course a highway!

We want a man like this, with power
To rouse the world by *one* word;
We want a chief to meet the hour,
And march the masses onward.
But chief or none, through blood and fire,
My Fatherland lies *thy* way!
The men must fight who dare desire
For Freedom's course a highway!

Alas! I can but idly gaze
Around in grief and wonder;
The PEOPLE's will alone can raise
The People's shout of thunder.
Too long, my friends, you faint for fear,
In secret crypt and by-way;
At last be Men! Stand forth and clear
For Freedom's course a highway!

You intersect wood, lea, and lawn,
With roads for monster wagons,
Wherein you speed like lightning, drawn
By fiery iron dragons.
So do! Such work is good, no doubt:
But why not seek some nigh way
For *Mind* as well? Path also out
For Freedom's course a highway!

Yes! up! and let your weapons be
Sharp steel and self-reliance!
Why waste your burning energy
In void and vain defiance,
And phrases fierce and fugitive?
'Tis deeds, not words, that *I* weigh—
Your swords and guns alone can give
To Freedom's course a highway.

Emigrant Ballads.

SALUTATION TO THE CELTS.*

BY T. D. M'GEE.

HAIL to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,
In the far woods of Oregon, or o'er the Atlantic sea—
Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales,
Or spread beneath the nightless North experimental sails,
One in name, and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Tho' fallen the state of Erin, and changed the Scottish land,
Tho' small the power of Mona, tho' unwaked Lewellyn's band—
Tho' Ambrose Merlin's prophecies degenerate to tales,
And the cloisters of Iona are bemoaned by northern gales,
One in name, and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

In Northern Spain and Brittany, our brethren also dwell—
O! brave are the traditions of their fathers that they tell.
The eagle and the crescent in the dawn of history pales,
Before their fire, that seldom flags, and never wholly fails.
One in name, and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise, unto them all we send—
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end—
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails
The past or future honors of the far dispersed Gaels.
One in name, and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

* Published in the first number of "the American Celt," Boston, August 30, 1850.

THE WOODS OF KYLINEOE.

My heart is heavy in my breast — my eyes are full of tears,
 My memory is wandering back to long departed years —
 To those bright days long, long ago,
 When nought I dreamed of sordid care, of worldly woe —
 But roved, a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of Kylineoe.

There, in the spring time of my life, and spring time of the year,
 I've watched the snow-drop start from earth, the first young buds
 appear ;

The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,
 The modest violet, and the golden primrose blow,
 Within thy deep and mossy dells, beloved Kylineoe !

'Twas there I wooed my Mary *Dhu*, and won her for my bride,
 Who bore me three fair daughters, and four sons, my age's pride ;
 Though cruel fortune was our foe,
 And steeped us to the lips in bitter want and woe,
 Yet cling our hearts to those sad days, we passed near Kylineoe !

At length by misery bowed to earth, we left our native strand —
 And crossed the wide Atlantic to this free and happy land ;
 Though toils we had to undergo,
 Yet soon content — and happy peace 'twas ours to know,
 And plenty, such as never blessed our hearth near Kylineoe !

And heaven a blessing has bestowed, more precious far than wealth,
 Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong in health :
 Across the threshold when we go,
 We see our children's children round us grow,
 Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant Kylineoe.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that when we are no more,
 Our bones must find a resting place, far, far from Erin's shore,
 For us — no funeral sad and slow —
 Within the ancient abbey's burial ground shall go —
 No, we must slumber far from home, far, far from Kylineoe !

Yet, O ! if spirits e'er can leave the appointed place of rest,
 Once more will I revisit thee, dear Isle that I love best,
 O'er thy green vales will hover slow,
 And many a tearful parting blessing will bestow
 On all — but most of all on *thee*, my native Kylineoe !

LN. F.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride :
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high —
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again :
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest —
For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But O ! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends !
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride :
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone ;

There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
 And the kind look on your brow —
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
 And you hid it for *my* sake !
 I bless you for the pleasant word,
 When your heart was sad and sore —
 O ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
 My Mary — kind and true !
 But I'll not forget *you*, darling !
 In the land I'm goin' to ;
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there —
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again
 To the place where Mary lies ;
 And I'll think I see the little stile
 Where we sat side by side :
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
 When first you were my bride.

THE LAST REQUEST.

BY WILLIAM KENEALY.

You'RE going away, *Alanna*, over the stormy sea,
 And never more I'll see you — O ! never, *Asthore machree* !
 Mavrone ! I'm sick with sorrow — sorrow as black as night .
Mabouchal * goes to-morrow, by the blessed morning's light.

O ! once I thought, *Alanna*, you'd bear me to the grave,
 By the side of your angel sisters, before you'd cross the wave :

* *Mabouchal*, — My Boy.

Down to the green old churchyard, where the tree's dark shadows
fall —

But now, *Achorra!* you're going, you'll not be there at all.

The strangers' hands must lay me down to my silent sleep,
And *Shemus*, you'll not know it beyond the rolling deep.
O, *Dheeling! dheeling! Avourneen*,* why do you go away,
Till you'll see the poor old mother stretch'd in the churchyard clay?

My heart is breaking, *Alanna*, but I mustn't tell you so,
For I see by your dark, dark sorrow, that your own poor heart is low.
I thought I'd bear it better, to cheer you on your way;
But, *Achorra! achorra!* you're going, and I'll soon be in the clay!

God's blessing be with you, *Shemus* — sure, you'll come back again,
When your curls of brown are snowy, to rest with your mother then;
Down in the green old churchyard, where the trees' dark shadows
fall —

Asthorach! in the strangers' land you couldn't sleep at all!

THE WANDERER.

"WHENCE come you, pallid wanderer, so destitute and lorn,
With step so weak and faltering, and face so wan and worn?
Our eyes are used to misery, that day by day endures,
Yet never have they looked upon so sad a form as yours."
"In a glen of distant Munster, my infant breath I drew,
Where the summer sun falls brightly on the lovely Avondhu —
O! oftentimes beneath his beams I've watch'd the river shine,
And never thought such bitter woe and hardship would be mine.

I was born to strive with poverty, as all my people were,
But I never thought of better, and my heart was free from care;
We knew that ours must be a life of penury and toil,
For what were we but Irish — the children of the soil?
But the famine and the pestilence swept o'er us with their breath,
And gather'd many a one I lov'd into the arms of death;
While, crueler than famine — than pestilence more sure,
Came the landlord's hireling drivers — the wreckers of the poor.

Then woe unto the cabin homes within that little glen,
We never felt dependence in its bitterness till then;
The living and the dying lay unsheltered on the sod,
No earthly succor near them — no refuge save in God.

* *Dheeling, Avourneen*, — God be with us, my dear.

When our friends and our defenders rais'd the emerald flag on high,
 And hope had whisper'd a return of long lost liberty,
 Thus did our masters counsel those who to the standard pour'd,
 'Be tranquil, and be loyal, or ye perish by the sword.'

But better had it been for them to lie among the slain —
 Than to end a life of sorrow by a lingering death of pain;
 And hardly would the sword have struck all that the famine slew,
 In thy glens of rushing waters — my lovely Avondhu!
 Now I, a lonely wanderer, come in my sorrow forth,
 To seek for help and pity in the bosoms of the North.
 An orphan and a stranger — in sickness and in woe,
 May Heaven return the merciful the mercy they bestow!"

THE DAWN OF THE PARTING DAY.

"O, MOTHER, the dreary winter night is passing fast away —
 The Eastern sky has a gleam of light 'neath its gloomy veil of gray,
 And ever the light is growing more bright — I may no longer stay,
 The lark is winging his morning flight, 'tis the dawn of our parting
 day.

I'm going away to the stranger's land in the season of manly toil,
 To join with a strong and earnest band in tilling an alien soil;
 There's a labor grand for the fearless hand, a noble prize to be won —
 The ship is waiting beside the strand, now bless your first-born son."

"O, the blackest night I would sooner see, with never a hope of dawn,
 Than the morning that takes you away from me, my darling, my
 Carroll *ban*!

'Tis lonely and dark my home will be when the light of your smile
 is gone —
 When your clear voice ringing so true and free is heard by my heart
 alone!

And when I sit weeping my life long woe at evening beside my door,
 And strangers their scornful pity throw on the widow so lone and poor,
 I'll miss your soft eyes' kindling glow, as you vow with a true son's
 pride,
 That you'd rather be mine in my grief-worn show than king of the
 world beside!

Alas! the children I loved the best, my noble, my fond and brave,
 Are scattered afar from their mother's breast, or laid in the silent
 grave;

And the *one* God left me, my hope, my stay, is going across the
sea.

O, how can I bear the sad words to say that will send you away
machree!"

"Mother, I saw how my brethren went from your loving heart and
home,

To gladden your life their strength was spent, now on me the proud
task has come;

And I saw my bright-eyed sisters mourn o'er the griefs that their
brothers bore,

To finish the work my soul has sworn, your home shall be bright
once more!"

"Ah, well I knew how your noble heart is wrung by your mother's
woe,

And strong in your choice of the toiler's part to strive for my weal
you go;

But the God that made you so pure and true will guard you and
help you on —

To Him I pour forth my prayers for you, as mothers pray for an only
son!"

THOMASINE.

MARY'S GRAVE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HILL.

[In the ancient burying-ground of Buono-Margy, near Ballycastle, there is the grave of a young woman who died when her parents and the other members of the family were about to emigrate to America. They were obliged, by her illness, to postpone their departure for a time, and the gloom of approaching death was deepened and rendered more appalling to her by the thought that none of her kindred would be near to visit her grave.]

"O LIFE and Hope, ye faint, ye fail!
How blithely once to me
On sweet Rathmona's heights, the gale
Came o'er the summer sea!
But soon this heart shall cease to beat,
These sleepless eyes shall close,
And in the grave's serene retreat,
My weary head repose.

Sweet friends, and when ye lay me where
Our fathers' ashes lie,
Say, will ye sometimes think of her
Whose love can never die?

And when you leave our peaceful glen
 To cross the distant wave,
 O, will ye ever come again,
 To see your Mary's grave?"

Full many a year has pass'd, and she,
 The best beloved of all,
 Sleeps, from her cares and sorrows free,
 Beside the old church wall. —
 The bee at noontide murmurs there
 The shamrock flowers among;
 And in the evening's silent air,
 How sweet the redbreast's song!

THE CONNAUGHT CHIEF'S FAREWELL.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[Scene—Galway Bay after sunset. A Connaught Chief and his daughter on the deck of a departing ship. Time—1652. A few days after the surrender of Galway city to the Parliamentarians.]

"MY DAUGHTER! 'tis a deadly fate that turns us out to sea,
 Leaving our hearts behind us, where our hopes no more can be—
 The fate that lifts our anchor, and swells our sail so wide,
 Will have us far from sight of land ere morning's on the tide.

Why does the darkness lower so deep upon the Galway shore?
 Will no kind beam of moon or star shine on the cliffs of Moher?
 My child, you need not banish so the heart's dew from your eye,
 We cannot catch an utmost glimpse of Arran sailing by.

Thus all that was worth fighting for, for ever passed away,
 The true hearts all were given to death—the living turned to clay—
 No wonder, then, the shamefaced shore should veil itself in night,
 When slaves sleep thickly on the land, why should the sky be bright?

Yes, thus their light should vanish, as vanished first their cause,
 Its hills should perish from our sight, as sunk its native laws,
 Its valleys from our souls be shut like chalices defiled,
 Nought have I now to love or serve, but God and you, my child."

"My father, dear—my father, what makes you talk so wild?
 To God place next your country, and after her, your child;
 Though the land be dark behind us, and the sea all dim before,
 A morrow and a glory yet shall dawn on Connaught's shore;

What! though foul Fortune has her will, and stern Fate fills our sail,
 The slaves that sleep must waken up, nor can the wrong prevail;
 What! though they broke our altars down, and rolled our Saints in
 dust,
 They could not pluck them from that Heaven in which they had
 their trust."

"May God and his Saints protect you, my own girl wise as fair,
 An angel wrestling with my will, indeed you ever were,
 O, sure, when young hearts hold such hope, and young heads hold
 such thought,
 Defeat can ne'er be destiny, nor the ancient fight unfought!

Good land — green land — dear Ireland, though I cannot see you, still
 May God's dew brighten all your vales, His sun kiss every hill;
 And though henceforth our nights and days in strange lands must be
 passed,
 Our hearts and hopes for your uprise will keep watch till the last."

THE PARTING.

ANON. (MARY.)

We are quitting our own land, darling, the ship will sail to-day,
 Which bears us from our pleasant home, and kind old friends away;
 We grew up children there, Mary, and never thought to go
 From the cabin and the garden green, we loved and clung to so!

We saw our children, too, Mary, play o'er that smiling ground —
 But they in quiet graveyard now more lasting home have found;
 O! don't we envy them, Mary? They sleep in their own land,
 And none can lay their bones in death upon the foreign strand!

'Tis *that* I dread the most, Mary, when the dark death is nigh,
 With strange — strange faces all around, I cannot bear to die!
 I think that I could work and toil in other lands awhile,
 If I might fill a grave at last in my own darling isle!

'Tis very cruel now, Mary, to talk in this wild way;
 For well I know your loving heart is sore as mine to-day!
 And I should comfort you, Mary, and speak of brighter years;
 The heart *within* is breaking, and I cannot help my tears!

O! lift your face to mine, Mary, I'll kiss it o'er and o'er!
 O! twine your arms around me, I'll never leave them more!

O ! were it not for you — for you, I'd send one prayer on high,
And ask the blessed God of Heaven to will that I might die !

Close — closer to your heart, Mary, my own will burst at last —
My brain is all on vivid fire with thinking of the past !

O ! bid the ship sail on — sail on, and hold me fast to thee !

The waves around bathe Irish ground, they're sorely tempting me !

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY GEORGE FOX.

[This specimen of our ancient Irish Literature is one of the most popular songs of the peasantry of the counties of Mayo and Galway, and is evidently a composition of the seventeenth century. The original Irish, which is the composition of one Thomas Lavelle, has been published without a translation, by Mr. Hardiman, in his *Irish Minstrelsy*; but a very able translation of it was published by Mr. Ferguson in a review of that work in the *University Magazine* for June, 1834. The original melody of the same name is of very great beauty and pathos, and one which it is desirable to preserve with English words of appropriate simplicity of character.]

ON the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day, and weeping all the night,
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun, 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo.

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round —
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go,
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irrul now ; 'tis proud they're grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by —
But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,
That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill ;
And that Colonel Hugh Mac Grady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo.

THE EMIGRANTS.

BY DIGBY PILOT STARKEY, M. R. I. A.

BEHOLD ! a troop of travellers descending to the shore —
Strong, stalwart youths and maidens, mixed with those in years and
hoar ;

With stealth they glide towards the tide, like walkers in their sleep :
Where are ye going, lonely ones, that thus ye walk, and weep ?

No answer : but the lip compressed argues a tale to tell —
A studied silence seems to hold them bound, as with a spell ;
They pass me by abstractedly, their gaze where, near at hand,
Rolls through the shade the heavy wave upon the sullen strand.

Stop — whither go ye ? See, behind, e'en yet the landscape smiles,
The broad sunset illumines yet these pleasant western isles, —
Why, why is it that none will turn and take one look behind,
But rather face the billows there, to light and counsel blind ?

Peace ! questioner — we know the sun upon our soil doth rest —
Though EMIGRANTS, we have not cast all feeling from our breast ;
But still, *we go* — for through that shade hope gilds the distant plain,
While round the homes we've left we looked for nourishment in vain.

Well, *thou* art strong ; thy stubborn strength may make the desert do ;
But, see ! a weeping woman here — some shivering children, too :
Deluded female, stop ! for *thee* what hope beyond the tide !
For *me* ! and seest thou not I have my husband by my side ?

And thou, too, parting ! thou, my friend, that loved thy home and ease ?
Ay — see my brothers — sisters here — what's country without *these* ?
But then, thy hands for toil unfit — thy frame to labor new ?
What then ? I work beside my friends — come *thou* and join our crew.

Yes, come ! exclaims a reverend man — glad will we be of thee —
We go in Christian fellowship our mission o'er the sea : —
I've left a large and happy flock, that loved me, too, full well ;
Yet I take heart, as I depart where godless heathens dwell.

Alas ! and is it needful, then, that from this ancient soil,
Where wealth and honor crowned so long the hardy yeoman's toil,
The goodliest of its offspring thus should bid the canvas swell,
And to the parent earth in troops wave their last sad farewell ?

I'm answered from the swarming ports, the everstreaming tide
That pours on board a thousand ships my country's hope and pride :
I'm answered by the fruitless toil of many a neighbor's hand,
And the gladsome shouts of prosperous men in many a distant land.

Stay, countrymen! — e'en yet there's time — we'll settle all your
score —

We cannot spare such honored men — 'twould grieve our hearts too
sore; —

Things will go smooth — why quit the scene a thousand things made
dear,

That wealth may deck ye in the spoils torn from affection here?

Torn is the last embrace apart — the vessel quits the shore —

They're waving hands from off the deck — we hear their voice no
more: —

God bless ye, friends! I honor ye, adventurous, noble band!

Farewell! I would not call ye *now* back to this wretched land!

Why not myself among ye, loved associates of my day?

Why not with you embarked to share the perils of your way?

Because, though hope may be *your* sun, remembrance is *my* star —

Farewell! I'll die a watcher where my FATHERS' ashes are.

THE EXILE'S REQUEST.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

O, PILGRIM, if you bring me from the far-off lands a sign,
Let it be some token still of the green old land once mine;
A shell from the shores of Ireland would be dearer far to me,
Than all the wines of the Rhine land, or the art of Italie.

For I was born in Ireland — I glory in the name —
I weep for all her sorrows, I remember well her fame!
And still my heart must hope that I may yet repose at rest,
On the Holy Zion of my youth, in the Israel of the West.

Her beauteous face is furrowed with sorrow's streaming rains,
Her lovely limbs are mangled with slavery's ancient chains,
Yet, Pilgrim, pass not over with heedless heart or eye,
The Island of the gifted, and of men who knew to die.

Like the crater of a fire-mount, all without is bleak and bare,
But the rigor of its lips still show what fire and force was there,
Even now in the heaving craters, far from the gazer's ken,
The fiery steel is forging that will crush her foes again.

Then, Pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off lands a sign,
Let it be some token still of the green old land once mine;
A shell from the shores of Ireland would be dearer far to me,
Than all the wines of the Rhine land, or the art of Italie.

THE DEPARTURE.

BY B. SIMMONS.

The breeze already fills the sail, on yonder distant strand,
That bears me far an exile from my own inclement land,
Whose cloudy skies possess nor balm, nor brilliance, save what lies
In lips twin-sisters with the rose, and blue beloved eyes.

Dear misty hills ! that soon to me shall o'er the ocean fade,
Your echoes ever in my ears exulting music made —
For with your torrents' rushing falls, and with your tempests' power,
Familiar voices blent their tones in many a festal hour.

How oft, in sunnier clime afar — in summer's glowing halls —
When on the lonely stranger's head the dew of welcome falls,
His pining spirit still shall hear, 'mid Beauty's thronging daughters,
The fairy steps that glance in light by wild Glen-seskin's waters.

And memory-prompted Hope shall dream, that where amid the West
The Harp's fair children lull the night with melody to rest,
Some simple strain may then recall remembrance faint of Him
Whose heart is with them in that hour across the billows dim.

HOME THOUGHTS.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

If Will had wings, how fast I'd flee,
To the home of my heart o'er the seething sea !
If Wishes were power — if Words were spells,
I'd be this hour where my own love dwells.

My own love dwells in the storied land,
Where the Holy Wells sleep in yellow sand ;
And the emerald lustre of Paradise beams,
Over homes that cluster round singing streams.

I, sighing alas ! exist alone —
My youth is as grass on an unsunned stone,
Bright to the eye, but unfelt below —
As sunbeams that lie over Arctic snow.

My heart is a lamp that love must relight,
Or the world's fire-damp will quench it quite.
In the breast of my dear, my life-tide springs —
O ! I'd tarry none here, if Will had wings.

For she never was weary of blessing me,
 When morn rose dreary on thatch and tree;
 She evermore chanted her song of Faith,
 When darkness daunted on hill and heath.

If Will had wings, how fast I'd flee
 To the home of my heart o'er the seething sea!
 If Wishes were power, if Words were spells,
 I'd be this hour where my own love dwells.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S MOTHER.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

"O! come, my mother, come away, across the sea-green water;
 O! come with me, and come with him, the husband of thy daughter;
 O! come with us, and come with them, the sister and the brother,
 Who, prattling, climb thine aged knees, and call thy daughter —
 mother.

"O! come, and leave this land of death — this isle of desolation —
 This speck upon the sun-bright face of God's sublime creation;
 Since now o'er all our fatal stars the most malign hath risen,
 When Labor seeks the Poorhouse, and Innocence the Prison.

"'Tis true o'er all the sun-brown fields the husky wheat is bending;
 'Tis true God's blessed hand at last a better time is sending;
 'Tis true the island's aged face looks happier and younger,
 But in the best of days we've known the sickness and the hunger.

"When health breathed out in every breeze, too oft we've known the
 fever —

Too oft, my mother, have we felt the hand of the bereaver;
 Too well remember many a time the mournful task that brought him,
 When freshness fanned the Summer air, and cooled the glow of
 Autumn.

"But then the trial, though severe, still testified our patience,
 We bowed with mingled hope and fear to God's wise dispensations;
 We felt the gloomiest time was both a promise and a warning,
 Just as the darkest hour of night is herald of the morning.

"But now through all the black expanse no hopeful morning
 breaketh —

No bird of promise in our hearts the gladsome song awaketh;
 No far-off gleams of good light up the hills of expectation —
 Nought but the gloom that might precede the world's annihilation.

"So, mother, turn thine aged feet, and let our children lead 'em
Down to the ship that wafts us soon to plenty and to freedom ;
Forgetting nought of all the past, yet all the past forgiving ;
Come, let us leave the dying land, and fly unto the living.

"They tell us, they who read and think of Ireland's ancient story,
How once its Emerald Flag flung out a Sunburst's fleeting glory ;
O ! if that sun will pierce no more the dark clouds that efface it,
Fly where the rising Stars of Heaven commingle to replace it.

"So come, my mother, come away, across the sea-green water ;
O ! come with us, and come with him, the husband of thy daughter :
O ! come with us, and come with them, the sister and the brother,
Who, prattling, climb thine aged knees, and call thy daughter —
mother."

"Ah ! go, my children, go away — obey this inspiration ;
Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youthful expectation ;
Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough the expectant
prairies ;
Go, in the sacred name of God, and the Blessed Virgin Mary's.

"But though I feel how sharp the pang from thee and thine to sever,
To look upon these darling ones the last time and for ever ;
Yet in this sad and dark old land, by desolation haunted,
My heart has struck its roots too deep ever to be transplanted.

"A thousand fibres still have life, although the trunk is dying —
They twine around the yet green grave where thy father's bones are
lying ;
Ah ! from that sad and sweet embrace no soil on earth can loose 'em,
Though golden harvests gleam on its breast, and golden sands in its
bosom.

"Others are twined around the stone, where ivy blossoms smother
The crumbling lines that trace thy names, my father and my mother ;
God's blessing be upon their souls — God grant, my old heart prayeth,
Their names be written in the Book whose writing ne'er decayeth.

"Alas ! my prayers would never warm within those great cold
buildings,
Those grand cathedral churches, with their marbles and their gildings ;
Far fitter than the proudest dome that would hang in splendor
o'er me,
Is the simple chapel's white-washed wall, where my people knelt
before me.

"No doubt it is a glorious land to which you now are going,
Like that which God bestowed of old, with milk and honey flowing ;

But where are the blessed saints of God, whose lives of his law
 remind me,
 Like Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille, in the land I'd leave be-
 hind me?

"So leave me here, my children, with my old ways and old notions;
 Leave me here in peace, with my memories and devotions;
 Leave me in sight of your father's grave, and as the heavens
 allied us.

Let not, since we were joined in life, even the grave divide us.

"There's not a week but I can hear how you prosper better and
 better,

For the mighty fireships o'er the sea will bring the expected letter;
 And if I need aught for my simple wants, my food or my winter
 firing,

Thou'lt gladly spare from thy growing store a little for my requiring.

"Remember with a pitying love the hapless land that bore you;
 At every festal season be its gentle form before you;
 When the Christmas candle is lighted, and the holly and ivy glisten,
 Let your eye look back for a vanished face — for a voice that is silent,
 listen!

"So go, my children, go away — obey this inspiration;
 Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youthful expectation;
 Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough the expectant
 prairies;
 Go, in the sacred name of God, and the Blessed Virgin Mary's."

MEMORIES.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

I LEFT two loves on a distant strand,
 One young, and fond, and fair, and bland;
 One fair, and old, and sadly grand, —
 My wedded wife and my native land.

One tarrieth sad and seriously
 Beneath the roof that mine should be;
 One sitteth sibyl-like, by the sea,
 Chanting a grave song mournfully.

A little life I have not seen
 Lies by the heart that mine hath been;
 A cypress wreath darkles now, I ween,
 Upon the brow of my love in green.

The mother and wife shall pass away,
 Her hands be dust, her lips be clay;
 But my other love on earth shall stay,
 And live in the life of a better day.

Ere we were born my first love was,
 My sires were heirs to her holy cause;
 And she yet shall sit in the world's applause,
 A mother of men and blessed laws.

I hope and strive the while I sigh,
 For I know my first love cannot die:
 From the chain of woes that loom so high
 Her reign shall reach to eternity.

THE IRISH EXILES.

BY MARTIN MAC DERMOTT.

WHEN round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas
 hearth,

That glorious mingled draught is poured — wine, melody, and mirth!
 When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
 And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once
 more —

O! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice would
 say —

“Forget not those who're sad to-night — poor exiles, far away!”

Alas, for them! this morning's sun saw many a moist eye pour
 Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er,
 And when he turned his lion-eye this ev'ning from the West,
 The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his couchèd
 crest;

But not to share his glory, then, or gladden in his ray,
They bent their gaze upon his path — those exiles, far away!

It was — O! how the heart will cheat! because they thought,
 beyond

His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of which their hearts were
 fond;

And fancy brought old scenes of home into each welling eye,
 And through each breast pour'd many a thought that filled it like
 a sigh!

'Twas then — 'twas then, all warm with love, they knelt them down
 to pray

For Irish homes and kith and kin — poor exiles far away!

And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid,
 And then the soldier was a child, and wept the whilst he prayed,
 And then the student's pallid cheek flushed red as summer rose,
 And patriot souls forgot their grief to weep for Erin's woes;
 And, O ! but then warm vows were breathed, that come what might
 or may,
 They'd right the suffering isle they loved — those exiles, far away !

And some there were around the board, like loving brothers met,
 The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can forget ;
 They pledged — “ The girls we left at home, God bless them ! ” and
 they gave,
 “ The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the brave ! ”
 Then up, erect, with nine times nine — hip, hip, hip — hurrah !
 Drank — “ Erin *slantha gal go bragh* ! ” those exiles far away.

Then, O ! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise,
 Like gushing memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,
 Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
 The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark Canadian pine —
 O ! don't these old familiar tones — now sad, and now so gay —
 Speak out your very, very hearts — poor exiles, far away !

But, Heavens ! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these strains,
 Tired wanderers ! who sought repose through Europe's battle plains —
 In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell — as ships go down in
 storms —
 They fell — and *human* whirlwinds swept across their shattered forms !
 No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round ; nor prayer nor tear had
 they —
 Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds — poor exiles far
 away !

And might the singer claim a sigh, he, too, could tell how tost
 Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his heart's best hopes were lost ;
 How he, too, pined, to hear the tones of friendship greet his ear,
 And pined, to walk the river side, to youthful musing dear,
 And pined, with yearning silent love, amongst *his own* to stay —
 Alas ! it is so sad to be an exile far away !

Then, O ! when round the Christmas board, or by the Christmas
 hearth,
 That glorious mingled draught is poured — wine, melody, and mirth !
 When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
 And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more —
 In that bright hour, perhaps — perhaps, some woman's voice would
 say —
 “ Think — think on those who weep to-night, poor exiles, far
 away ! ”

THE EXILE'S DEVOTION.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

IF I forswear the Art Divine
 Which deifies the dead —
 What comfort then can I call mine,
 What solace seek instead ?
 For from my birth our country's fame
 Was life to me, and love,
 And for each loyal Irish name,
 Some garland still I wove.

I'd rather be the bird that sings
 Above the martyr's grave,
 Than fold in fortune's cage my wings
 And feel my soul a slave ;
 I'd rather turn one simple verse
 True to the Gaelic ear,
 Than sapphic odes I might rehearse
 With Senates list'ning near.

O ! Native Land, dost ever mark
 When the world's din is drown'd,
 Betwixt the daylight and the dark
 A wandering solemn sound,
 That on the western wind is borne
 Across thy dewy breast ?
 It is the voice of those who mourn
 For thee, far in the West !

For them and theirs, I oft essay
 Your ancient art of song,
 And often sadly turn away
 Deeming my rashness, wrong ;
 For well I ween, a loving will
 Is all the art I own,
 Ah, me, could love suffice for skill,
 What triumphs I had known !

My native land, my native land,
 Live in my memory still !
 Break on my brain, ye surges grand !
 Stand up, mist-covered hill !
 Still in the mirror of the mind
 The land I love I see,
 Would I could fly on the western wind,
 My native land, to thee !

Pathetic Ballads.

LAMENT FOR CLARENCE MANGAN.

BY E. D. WILLIAMS.

"Oft, with tears, I've groaned to God for pity—
Oft gone wandering till my way grew dim—
Oft sang unto Him a prayerful ditty—
Oft, all lonely in this throngful city,
 Raised my soul to Him!
And from path to path His mercy tracked me—
From a many a peril snatched He me,
When false friends pursued, betrayed, attacked me,
When gloom overdarked, and sickness racked me,
 He was by to save and free!"

CLARENCE MANGAN.

Yes! happy friend, the cross was thine; 'tis o'er a sea of tears
Predestined souls must ever sail, to reach their native spheres;
May Christ, the Crowned of Calvary, who died upon a tree,
Bequeath His tearful chalice, and the bitter cross to me!

The darken'd land is desolate — a wilderness of graves;
Our purest hearts are prison-bound, our exiles on the waves;
Gaunt Famine stalks the blasted plains — the pestilential air
O'erhangs the gasp of breaking hearts, or stillness of despair.

The ebbing blood of Ireland is shed by foreign streams,
Where our kinsmen wake lamenting when they see her in their
 dreams;

O! happy are the peaceful dead! — 'tis not for thee we weep,
Whose troubled spirit rests at length in calmly laurelled sleep.

No chains are on thy folded hands, no tears bedim thine eyes,
But round thee bloom celestial flowers in ever tranquil skies;
While o'er our dreams thy mystic songs, faint, sad, and solemn flow,
Like light that left the distant stars ten thousand years ago.

How sweet thy harp in every string! — wild, tender, mirthful,
 grand —
Of fairy pranks, of war, or love, or bleeding Fatherland!

And long the mournful *caoina* of Tyrconnell and Tyrone,
Like midnight waves on cavern'd coasts, around their tombs shall
moan.

Still "Boating down the Bosphorus," with thee we gayly go ;
And still the "Elfin Mariners" o'er tiny brooklets row :
The phantom "Lady Agnes" still roams in awful woe,
And Irish hearts o'er "Cahal Mor" and "Roisin Dubh" shall glow.

Thou wert a voice of God on Earth — of those prophetic souls,
Who hear the fearful thunder in the Future's womb that rolls :
And the warnings of the Angels, as the midnight hurried past,
Rush'd in upon thy spirit, like a ghost-o'erladen blast.

Then the woes of coming judgment on thy tranced vision burst —
To call immortal vengeance on an age and land accurst —
For where is Faith, or Purity, or Heaven in us now ?
In power alone the times believe — to gold alone they bow.

If any shade of earthliness bedimmed thy spirit's wings,
Well cleans'd thou art in sorrow's ever salutary springs ;
And even bitter suffering, and still more bitter sin
Shall only make a soul like thine more beautiful within.

For every wound that humbles, if it do not all destroy,
Shall nerve the heart for nobler deeds, and fit for purer joy ;
As the Demigod of Fableland, as olden legends say,
Rose up more strong and valorous each time he touched the clay.

And wisely was a weakness with thine ecstasies allied,
Thus Heaven would save a fav'rite child from God-dethroning pride ;
And teach the Starland dreamer that his vision'd milky-way
Is but the feeble reflex of his sire's transmitted ray.

As aforetime the Apostle wept to bear an earthly thorn,
While his raptured spirit floated through the portals of the morn ;
For bards, like saints, have secret joys, none other mortals know,
And He who loves would chasten them in weakness and in woe.

Tears deck the soul with virtues, as soft rains the flow'ry sod,
And the inward eyes are purified for clearer dreams of God.
'Tis sorrow's hand the temple-gates of holiness unbars —
By day we only see the Earth, 'tis night reveals the Stars.

Alas ! alas ! — the Minstrel's fate ! — his life is short and drear,
And if he win a wreath at last, 'tis but to shade a bier ;
His harp is fed with wasted life — to tears its numbers flow —
And strung with chords of broken hearts, is Dreamland's splendid
woe !

But now — a cloud transfigured, all luminous, auroral —
Thou joinest the Trisagion of choir'd immortals choral ;
While all the little discords here but render more sublime
The joybells of the universe from starry chime to chime !

O Father of the harmonies eternally that roll
Life, light, and love, to trillion'd suns, receive the Poet's soul !
And bear him in Thy bosom from this vale of tears and storms,
To swell the sphere-hymns thundered from the rushing, starry
 swarms.*

In sacred lustre rolling where the constellated throngs
Peal down through Heaven's chasmata † unutterable songs,
And the myriad-peopled systems, beneath, around, above,
Resound with adoration — reverberate with love !

Sleep, happy friend ! The cross was thine — 'tis o'er a sea of tears
Predestined souls must ever sail to reach their native spheres.
May Christ, the crown'd of Calvary, who died upon a tree,
Vouchsafe his tearful chalice and the bitter cross to me !

MY GRAVE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

SHALL they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me
Under the green-wood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
O, no! O, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there — nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so —
O, no! O, no!

* See Humboldt's *Cosmos*.

† Idem. Interstellar spaces in the nearer heavens, through which are beheld innumerable nebulae, and clusters of stars so distant that astronomers have called them *star-dust*.

No ! on an Irish green hill-side,
 On an opening lawn — but not too wide !
 For I love the drip of the wetted trees —
 I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
 To freshen the turf — put no tombstone there,
 But green sods deck'd with daisies fair,
 Nor sods too deep ; but so that the dew,
 The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
 " He served his country, and loved his kind " —

O ! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
 If one were sure to be buried so.

A LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS.

BY J. FRAZER.

Is he gone from our struggle — the pure of the purest —
 The staff that upheld our green banner the surest —

Is *he* gone from our struggle away ?

O ! Heaven, that the man who gave soul to our strife —

The heart with the lightnings of liberty rife,

Should be suddenly stricken to clay ;

But yesterday lending a people new life,

Cold — mute — in the coffin to-day !

Woe, woe ;

Strong myriads stunned by the one fatal blow —

The loved is departed — the lofty laid low !

Though his form was to me as a far-dwelling stranger,

Did I need a defender from falsehood or danger,

I would call on his voice — or his arm !

Romance and reality blended, in sooth,

The firmest of manhood, and freshest of youth,

In honor's most beautiful form ;

Not even to save the whole cargo of truth,

Would he cast out a part in the storm !

Gloom, gloom.

The firmness and freshness are nipped in the bloom !

Broad and dark is the shadow that falls from his tomb !

Go — mix with the crowds where his praises are spoken,

Go — watch the wet eyes that hang over each token

His genius hath given of its birth :

Would millions in one common grief be combined,

If some spell-work embracing the heart and the mind
 Of man in its magical girth,
 Were not left, like a scroll from his spirit, behind,
 To circle and gird up the earth?

Grief, grief —
 The minstrel-magician, the patriot chief,
 To praise him is some — O ! how little — relief.

The water runs clear from the high, rocky fountain,
 And rapid the river that bursts from the mountain :

So rapid and clear was the stream
 Of his song — for the bard was exalted above
 The gross of the world, both by lore and by love,
 When country and kind were his theme, —
 O ! his soul was a seraph that ceaselessly strove
 To soar to its own native beam.

Dear, dear —
 Are the prunings of pinion that dropped from him here ;
 His own is the torch-light that flames round his bier.

From a spirit intensely to liberty cleaving —
 From a heart that grew yet more enlarged by its heaving,
 He fired into energy all,

Whose nature looks up to the loftiest mind,
 Since, like loftiest bough, it first catches the wind,
 And is last into stillness to fall ;

He banded the glowing — he guided the blind,
 Who grappled and tugged with their thrall —
 Grave, grave —

Onward may still be the sweep of the brave ;
 But the bright crest of foam — it is gone from the wave.

To cowards and despots a hatred undying,
 For freedom a passion intense and relying,
 A pride in the resolute hand ;

A hope that could see not a danger to shun,
 When bonds should be broken, and liberty won —
 A faith in the book and the brand,

The song and the standard — had made him the sun
 Of a fair, but a shadowy land —
 Blight, blight —

How sad are the banner and book in our sight,
 Ah ! the brow of the country grew gray in a night !

The gallant, good heart, that was fitted to clamber
 The rockiest path, is now cold in the chamber
 Of death, as the basest can be —

No minstrel again to his greatness shall grow,
 Though many shall spring from the one lying low,
 Like twigs from the felled forest tree ;

But still, at his bidding, the fettered shall throw
Their chains on the earth, and be free!

Clay, clay —

Thou sooner shalt steal the broad sun from the day,
Than the luminous spirit of DAVIS away!

THE KEEN.*

(FROM THE IRISH.)

I NURSED you at this withered breast,
This hand baked your marriage cake;
The mother that sung to your childhood's rest
Now keens at your manhood's wake —
Ullagone!

I fed you with my heart's best blood,
And *your own* flows red before me —
By yours and your children's *cradle* I stood —
The plumes of your hearse must wave o'er me —
Ullagone!

Your children sit by your bloody bier,
To my side in terror clinging —
But thou, *my child*, *thou* art not here,
And my heart with grief is wringing —
Ullagone!

I remember thee in thy manly youth,
When thy face like the sun's was beaming —

* *Keen*, properly *Caoine*, — the dirge sung over the dead in Ireland. The word is derived from the Hebrew, "*cino*," pronounced "*keen*," which signifies weeping, with clapping of hands. That the reader may have some notion of the *keen*, we give the following (which is a literal translation) from Croker's *Keens of Ireland*. It is the Lament of a mother for her son: —

"Cold and silent is thy bed. Damp is the blessed dew of night; but the sun will bring warmth and heat in the morning and dry up the dew. But thy heart cannot feel heat from the morning sun: no more will the print of your footsteps be seen in the morning dew, on the mountains of Ivera, where you have so often hunted the fox and the hare, ever foremost amongst young men. Cold and silent is now thy bed.

"My sunshine you were. I loved you better than the sun itself; and when I see the sun going down in the west, I think of my boy and of my black night of sorrow. Like the rising sun, he had a red glow on his cheek. He was as bright as the sun at midday; but a dark storm came on, and my sunshine was lost to me for ever. My sunshine will never again come back. No! my boy cannot return. Cold and silent is his bed.

"Life-blood of my heart — for the sake of my boy I cared only for this world. He was brave; he was generous; he was noble-minded; he was beloved by rich and poor; he was clean-skinned. But why should I tell what every one knows? Why should I now go back to what never can be more? He who was every thing to me is dead. He is gone for ever; he will return no more. Cold and silent is his repose."

And brightly it shone out in joy or in ruth
 Like a ray o'er my darkness gleaming —
 Ullagone !

I saw your form bound through the dance —
 Your arm gather victory ;
 And I cast on those days a sorrowful glance,
 For my son was the world to me —
 Ullagone !

And none was like him to his own Aileen —
 The wife to his bosom given —
 In the glance of her blue-eyed babes is seen,
 The image of her in heaven.
 Ullagone !

And many a suitor strove to wed
 Aileen with the yellow tresses,
 But she left her wealth for thy lowly bed,
 And gave thee the love that blesses —
 Ullagone !

Aileen was beautiful and good —
 One love in your souls was burning —
 And my old heart laughed in a mother's mood,
 By her son's bright hearth sojourning —
 Ullagone !

Pleasantly passed your youthful days,
 Till the dark destroyer's coming ;
 Then the light of joy left your gloomy gaze,
 And sorrow your youth was o'ercoming —
 Ullagone !

I laughed no more — for the dismal cloud
 Of ruin above ye hovered —
 It hung on your hearts till an early shroud
 Your wife in her coffin covered —
 Ullagone !

You see her again — your own Aileen —
 In the bright place where she's staying,
 And tell her the words of the sorrowful *Keen*,
 Your desolate mother is saying —
 Ullagone !

Tell her your mother loves her well —
 Left alone to her bitter wailing ;
 And her fatherless babes, if they could, would tell
 How their orphan hearts are ailing.
 Ullagone !

I nursed you at this withered breast,
 I kneaded your bridal bread,
 And she that rocked you, a babe, to rest,
 Now sits by your corpse's head !
 Ullagone !

LAMENT OF THE IRISH MOTHER.

O ! why did you go when the flowers were springing,
 And winter's wild tempests had vanished away,
 When the swallow was come, and the sweet lark was singing,
 From the morn to the eve of the beautiful day ?
 O ! why did you go when the summer was coming,
 And the heaven was blue as your own sunny eye ;
 When the bee on the blossom was drowsily humming —
Mavourneen ! mavourneen ! O, why did you die ?

My hot tears are falling in agony o'er you,
 My heart was bound up in the life that is gone ;
 O ! why did you go from the mother that bore you,
Achora, macushla ! why leave me alone ?
 The primrose each hedgerow and dingle is studding ;
 The violet's breath is on each breeze's sigh,
 And the woodbine you loved round your window is budding —
 O ! *Maura, mavourneen !* * why, why, did you die ?

The harebell is missing your step on the mountain,
 The sweetbrier droops for the hand that it loved,
 And the hazel's pale tassels hang over the fountain
 That springs in the copse where so often you roved.
 The hawthorn's pearls fall as though they were weeping,
 Upon the low grave where your cold form doth lie,
 And the soft dews of evening there longest lie sleeping —
Mavourneen ! Mavourneen ! O, why did you die ?

The meadows are white with the low daisy's flower,
 And the long grass bends glistening like waves in the sun ;
 And from his green nest, in the ivy-grown tower,
 The sweet robin sings till the long day is done.
 On, on to the sea, the bright river is flowing,
 There is not a stain in the vault of the sky ;
 But the flowers on your grave in the radiance are glowing —
 Your eyes cannot see them. O ! why did you die ?

* All these Irish words are terms of endearment, — these two mean, — “ Mary, my dearest.”

Mavourneen, I was not alone in my sorrow,
 But he whom you loved has soon followed his bride;
 His young heart *could* break with its grief, and to-morrow
 They'll lay him to rest in the grave by your side.
 My darling, my darling, the judgment alighted
 Upon the young branches, the blooming and fair;
 But the dry leafless stem which the lightning hath blighted
 Stands lonely and dark in the sweet summer air.

When the bright silent stars through my window are beaming,
 I dream in my madness that you're at my side,
 With your long golden curls on your white shoulders streaming,
 And the smile that came warm from your loving heart's tide;
 I hear your sweet voice fitful melodies singing;
 I wake but to hear the low wind's whispered sigh,
 And your vanishing tones through my silent home ringing,
 As I cry in my anguish — O! why did you die?

Achora, machree, you are ever before me —
 I scarce see the heaven to which you are gone,
 So dark are the clouds of despair which lie o'er me.
 O, pray for me! pray at the Almighty's throne!
 O, pray that the chain of my bondage may sever,
 That to thee and our Father my freed soul may fly,
 Or the cry of my spirit for ever and ever
 Shall be — “O, *mavourneen*! why, why did you die?”

TINY.

THE PEASANT GIRLS.

THE Peasant Girl of merry France,
 Beneath her trellised vine,
 Watches the signal for the dance —
 The broad, red sun's decline.
 'Tis there — and forth she flies with glee
 To join the circling band,
 Whilst mirthful sounds of minstrelsy
 Are heard throughout the land.

And fair Italia's Peasant Girl,
 The Arno's banks beside,
 With myrtle flowers that shine like pearl,
 Will braid at eventide
 Her raven locks; and to the sky,
 With eyes of liquid light,
 Look up and bid her lyre out sigh —
 “Was ever land so bright?”

The Peasant Girl of England, see,
With lip of rosy dye,
Beneath her sheltering cottage tree,
Smile on each passer by.
She looks on fields of yellow grain,
Inhales the bean-flower's scent,
And seems, amid the fertile plain,
An image of content.

The Peasant Girl of Scotland goes
Across her Highland hill,
With cheek that emulates the rose,
And voice the skylark's thrill.
Her tartan plaid she folds around,
A many-colored vest —
Type of what varied joys have found
A home in her kind breast.

The Peasant Girl of Ireland, she
Has left her cabin home,
Bearing white wreaths — what can it be
Invites her thus to roam?
Her eye has not the joyous ray
Should to her years belong;
And as she wends her languid way,
She carols no sweet song.

O! soon upon the step and glance
Grief does the work of age;
And it has been her hapless chance
To open that dark page.
The happy harvest-home was o'er,
The fierce tithe-gatherer came;
And her young lover, in his gore,
Fell by a murderous aim.

Then well may youth's bright glance be gone
For ever from that eye,
And soon will sisters weep upon
The grave that she kneels by;
And well may prouder hearts than those
That there placed garlands, say —
"Have Ireland's peasant girls such woes? —
When will they pass away?"

UNA.

CAOCH, THE PIPER.

BY J. KEEGAN.

ONE winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Gray-headed, blind, and yellow —
And O ! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary —
To see the stranger and his dog —
Poor " Pinch " and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his " bag,"
Cross-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said, " In Ireland's ground
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Fineen Burke and Shane Magee,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in, with panting haste, to " see,"
And " welcome " Caoch O'Leary.

O ! God be with those happy times,
O ! God be with my childhood,
When I, bare-headed, roamed all day
Bird-nesting in the wild-wood —
I'll not forget those sunny hours,
However years may vary ;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and " Pinch " slept well that night,
And in the morning early
He called me up to hear him play
" The wind that shakes the barley."
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried — " God mark my deary,"
And how I wept when he said " farewell,
And think of Caoch O'Leary."

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although I thought him " dead and gone,"
And in the cold clay rotten.
And often when I walked and danced
With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We spoke of childhood's rosy hours,
And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well — twenty summers had gone past,
 And June's red sun was sinking,
 When I, a man, sat by my door,
 Of twenty sad things thinking.
 A little dog came up the way,
 His gait was slow and weary,
 And at his tail a lame man limped —
 'Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

Old Caoch ! but ah ! how woe-begone !
 His form is bowed and bending,
 His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
 Ay — Time is even blending
 The colors on his threadbare "bag" —
 And "Pinch" is twice as hairy
 And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
 Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here," the wanderer cried,
 "Far, far be hell's black viper ;
 Does any body hereabouts
 Remember Caoch the Piper ?"
 With swelling heart I grasped his hand ;
 The old man murmured "Deary !
 Are you the silky-headed child
 That loved poor Caoch O'Leary ?"

"Yes, yes," I said — the wanderer wept
 As if his heart was breaking —
 "And where a *whic machree*," * he sobbed,
 "Is all the merry-making
 I found here twenty years ago ?" —
 "My tale," I sighed, "might weary,
 Enough to say — there's none but me
 To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, Vo, Vo !" the old man cried,
 And wrung his hands in sorrow,
 "Pray lead me in *asthore machree*,
 And I'll go home to-morrow.
 My 'peace is made' — I'll calmly leave
 This world so cold and dreary,
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
 And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch," I watched his bed that night,
 Next day, his wish was granted ;

* Son of my heart.

He died — and Father James was brought,
And the Requiem Mass was chanted —
The neighbors came; — we dug his grave,
Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep —
God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

THE DYING GIRL.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

FROM a Munster vale they brought her,
From the pure and balmy air,
An Ormond peasant's daughter,
With blue eyes and golden hair.
They brought her to the city,
And she faded slowly there,
Consumption has no pity
For blue eyes and golden hair.

When I saw her first reclining,
Her lips were moved in prayer,
And the setting sun was shining
On her loosened golden hair.
When our kindly glances met her,
Deadly brilliant was her eye,
And she said that she was better,
While we knew that she must die.

She speaks of Munster valleys,
The patron, dance and fair,
And her thin hand feebly dallies
With her scattered golden hair.
When silently we listened
To her breath with quiet care,
Her eyes with wonder glistened,
And she asked us what was there.

The poor thing smiled to ask it,
And her pretty mouth laid bare,
Like gems within a casket,
A string of pearllets rare.
We said that we were trying
By the gushing of her blood,
And the time she took in sighing,
To know if she were good.

Well, she smil'd and chatted gayly,
 Tho' we saw in mute despair
 The hectic brighter daily,
 And the death-dew on her hair.
 And oft her wasted fingers
 Beating time upon the bed,
 O'er some old tune she lingers,
 And she bows her golden head.

At length the harp is broken
 And the spirit in its strings,
 As the last decree is spoken,
 To its source exulting springs.
 Descending swiftly from the skies,
 Her guardian angel came,
 He struck God's lightning from her eyes,
 And bore him back the flame.

Before the sun had risen
 Thro' the lark-loved morning air,
 Her young soul left its prison,
 Undefined by sin or care.
 I stood beside the couch in tears
 Where pale and calm she slept,
 And tho' I've gaz'd on death for years,
 I blush not that I wept.
 I check'd with effort pity's sighs,
 And left the matron there,
 To close the curtains of her eyes,
 And bind her golden hair.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

[This ballad was written to commemorate the feelings of Sarah Curran, daughter of the celebrated Irish barrister of that name, and of her lover Robert Emmet. It is of them that the following sketch has been written:—"Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution. But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and

early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him ; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image ? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth — who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed." — *Irving's Sketch Book.*]

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying !

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking ; —
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking !

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow !

MARGREAD NI CHEALLEADH.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

[This ballad is founded on the story of Daniel O'Keeffe, an outlaw, famous in the traditions of the County of Cork, where his name is still associated with several localities. It is related that O'Keeffe's beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly (*Mairgreád ni Chealleadh*), tempted by a large reward undertook to deliver him into the hands of the English soldiers ; but O'Keeffe having discovered in her possession a document revealing her perfidy, in a frenzy of indignation stabbed her to the heart with his *skian*. He lived in the time of William III. and is represented to have been a gentleman and a poet.]

At the dance in the village
Thy white foot was fleetest ;
Thy voice 'mid the concert
Of maidens was sweetest ;
The swell of thy white breast
Made rich lovers follow ;
And thy raven hair bound them,
Young Mairgreád ni Chealleadh.

Thy neck was, lost maid !
 Than the ceanaban * whiter ;
 And the glow of thy cheek
 Than the monadan † brighter ;
 But Death's chain hath bound thee,
 Thine eye's glazed and hollow
 That shone like a Sun-burst,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

No more shall mine ear drink
 Thy melody swelling ;
 Nor thy beamy eye brighten
 The outlaw's dark dwelling ;
 Or thy soft heaving bosom
 My destiny hallow,
 When thine arms twine around me,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

The moss couch I brought thee
 To-day from the mountain,
 Has drank the last drop
 Of thy young heart's red fountain,
 For this good *skian* beside me
 Struck deep and rung hollow
 In thy bosom of treason,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

With strings of rich pearls
 Thy white neck was laden,
 And thy fingers with spoils
 Of the Sassenach maiden :
 Such rich silks enrob'd not
 The proud dames of Mallow —
 Such pure gold they wore not
 As Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Alas ! that my loved one
 Her outlaw would injure —
 Alas ! that he e'er proved
 Her treason's avenger !
 That this right hand should make thee
 A bed cold and hollow,
 When in Death's sleep it laid thee,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh !

* A plant found in bogs, the top of which bears a substance resembling cotton, and as white as snow. Pronounced Cānavān.

† The monadan is a red berry that is found on wild marshy mountains. It grows on an humble creeping plant.

And while to this lone cave
 My deep grief I'm venting,
 The Saxon's keen bandog
 My footsteps is scenting :
 But true men await me
 Afar in Duhallow.
 Farewell, cave of slaughter,
 And Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

LAMENT OF MORIAN SHEHONE FOR MISS MARY BOURKE.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

"THERE'S darkness in thy dwelling-place, and silence reigns above;
 And Mary's voice is heard no more, like the soft voice of love.
 Yes! thou art gone, my Mary, dear; and Morian Shehone
 Is left to sing his song of woe, and wail for thee alone.
 O! snow white were thy virtues — the beautiful, the young —
 The old with pleasure bent to hear the music of thy tongue;
 The young with rapture gazed on thee, and their hearts in love were
 bound,

For thou wast brighter than the sun that sheds its light around.
 My soul is dark, O! Mary dear! thy sun of beauty's set;
 The sorrowful are dumb for thee — the grieved their tears forget;
 And I am left to pour my woe above thy grave alone;
 For dear wert thou to the fond heart of Morian Shehone.

Fast flowing tears above the grave of the rich man are shed,
 But they are dried when the cold stone shuts in his narrow bed;
 Not so with my heart's faithful love — the dark grave cannot hide
 From Morian's eyes thy form of grace, of loveliness, and pride.
 Thou didst not fall like the sere leaf, when Autumn's chill winds
 blow —

"Twas a tempest and a storm blast that has laid my Mary low.
 Hadst thou not friends that loved thee well — hadst thou not
 garments rare?

Wast thou not happy, Mary — wast thou not young and fair?
 Then, why should the dread spoiler come, my heart's peace to
 destroy,

Or the grim tyrant tear from me my all of earthly joy?
 O! am I left to pour my woes above thy grave alone?
 Thou idol of the faithful heart of Morian Shehone!

Sweet were thy looks and sweet thy smiles, and kind wast thou
 to all:

The withering scowl of envy on thy fortunes dared not fall;

For thee thy friends lament and mourn, and never cease to weep.
 O ! that their lamentations could awake thee from thy sleep !
 O ! that thy peerless form again could meet my loving clasp !
 O ! that the cold damp hand of Death could loose his iron grasp !
 Yet, when the valley's daughters meet beneath the tall elm tree,
 And talk of Mary as a dream that never more shall be ;
 Then may thy spirit float around, like music in the air,
 And pour upon their virgin souls a blessing and a prayer.
 O ! am I left to pour my wail above thy grave alone ?"
 Thus sinks in silence the lament of Morian Shehone !

A CAOINE.

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

GONE, gone from me and from the earth, and from the Summer sky,
 And all the bright, wild hope and love that swelled so proud and
 high ;

And all this heart had stored for thee within its endless deep —
 With me — with me, O ! never more thou'lt smile, or joy, or weep !

There are gold nails on your coffin ; there are snowy plumes above ;
 They pour their pomp and honors there, but I this woe and love —
 The hopeless woe, the longing love, that turn from earth away,
 And pray for refuge and a home within the silent clay !

Come, wild deer of the mountain-side ! come, sweet bird of the
 plain !

To cheer the cold and trembling heart that beats for you in vain !
 O ! come, from woe, and cold, and gloom, to her that's warm and
 true,

And has no hope or throb for aught within this world but you !

To the sad winds I have scattered the treasures of my soul —
 The sorrow that no tongue could speak, or mortal power control —
 And wept the weary night and day until my heart was sore,
 And every germ of peace and joy was withered at its core.

In vain, in vain, this yearning cry — this dark and deep despair !
 I droop alone and trembling here, and thou art lying *there*.
 But though thy smile upon the earth I never more may see,
 And thou wilt never come to me — yet, I may fly to thee !

I never stood within your home — I do not bear your name —
 Life parted us for many a day, but Death now seals my claim ;
 In darkness, silence, and decay, and here at last alone,
 You're but more truly bound to me — my darling, and my own !

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

My darling, my darling, while silence is on the moor,
 And lone in the sunshine, I sit by our cabin door ;
 When evening falls quiet and calm over land and sea,
 My darling, my darling, I think of past times and thee !

Here, while on this cold shore, I wear out my lonely hours,
 My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with flowers,
 All weary my bosom is grown of this friendless clime,
 But I long not to leave it ; for that were a shame and crime.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in their health away,
 I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for the grave than they,
 But I wish not for death, for my spirit is all resigned,
 And the hope that stays with me gives peace to my aged mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my feeble age,
 A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my pilgrimage ;
 My darling, my darling, God takes back his gift again —
 And my heart may be broken, but ne'er shall my will complain.

THE ORANGEMAN'S WIFE.

BY CARROLL MALONE.

I WANDER by the limpid shore
 When fields and flow'rets bloom ;
 But, O ! my heart is sad and sore —
 My soul is sunk in gloom —
 All day I cry ochone ! ochone ! *
 I weep from night till morn —
 I wish that I were dead and gone,
 Or never had been born.

My father dwelt beside Tyrone,
 And with him children five ;
 But-I to Charlemont had gone,
 At service there to live.
 O brothers fond ! O sister dear !
 How ill I paid your love !
 O father ! father ! how I fear
 To meet thy soul above !

* *Ochone!* an exclamation of deep sorrow, as, O, my grief!

My mother left us long ago, —
A lovely corpse was she, —
But we had longer days of woe
In this sad world to be.
My weary days will soon be done —
I pine in grief forlorn ;
I wish that I were dead and gone,
Or never had been born.

It was the year of Ninety-Eight,
The Wreckers came about ;
They burned my father's stack of wheat,
And drove my brothers out ;
They forced my sister to their lust —
God grant my father rest !
For the Captain of the Wreckers thrust
A bayonet through his breast.

It was a dreadful, dreadful year ;
And I was blindly led,
In love, and loneliness, and fear,
A *loyal* man to wed ;
And still my heart is his alone,
It breaks, but cannot turn :
I wish that I were dead and gone,
Or never had been born.

Next year we lived in quiet love,
And kissed our infant boy ;
And peace had spread her wings above
Our dwelling at the Moy.
And then my wayworn brothers came
To share our peace and rest ;
And poor lost Rose, to hide her shame
And sorrow in my breast.

They came, but soon they turned and fled —
Preserve my soul, O God !
It was my husband's hand, they said,
That shed my father's blood.
All day I cry ochone ! ochone !
I weep from night till morn ;
And O, that I were dead and gone,
Or never had been born !

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS DAVIS.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

WHEN on the field where freedom bled,
I press the ashes of the brave,
Marvelling that man should ever dread
Thus to wipe out the name of slave ;
No deep-drawn sigh escapes my breast —
No woman's drops my eyes distain,
I weep not gallant hearts at rest —
I but deplore they died in vain.

When I the sacred spot behold,
For aye remembered and renowned,
Where dauntless hearts and arms as bold,
Strewed tyrants and their slaves around ;
High hopes exulting fire my breast —
High notes triumphant swell my strain,
Joy to the brave ! in victory blest —
Joy ! joy ! they perished not in vain.

But when thy ever mournful voice,
My country calls me to deplore
The champion of thy youthful choice,
Honored, revered, but seen no more ;
Heavy and quick my sorrows fall
For him who strove, with might and main,
To leave a lesson for us all,
How we might live — nor live in vain.

If, moulded of earth's common clay,
Thou hadst to sordid arts stooped down,
Thy glorious talent flung away,
Or sold for price thy great renown ;
In some poor pettifogging place,
Slothful, inglorious, thou hadst lain,
Herding amid the unhonored race,
Who doze, and dream, and die in vain.

A spark of HIS celestial fire,
The God of freemen struck from thee ;
Made thee to spurn each low desire,
Nor bend the uncompromising knee ;
Made thee to vow thy life, to rive,
With ceaseless tug, th' oppressor's chain,
With lyre, with pen, with sword, to strive
For thy dear land — nor strive in vain.

How hapless is our country's fate, —
 If Heaven in pity to us send
 Like thee, one glorious, good and great —
 To guide, instruct us, and amend ;
 How soon thy honored life is o'er —
 Soon Heaven demandeth thee again ;
 We grope on darkling as before,
 And fear lest thou hast died in vain.

In vain, — no, never ! O'er thy grave,
 Thy spirit dwelleth in the air ;
 Thy passionate love, thy purpose brave,
 Thy hope assured, thy promise fair.
 Generous and wise, farewell ! — Forego
 Tears for the glorious dead and gone ;
 His tears, if tears are *his*, still flow
 For slaves and cowards living on.

THE RECONCILIATION.

BY JOHN BANIM.

[The facts of this ballad occurred in a little mountain-chapel, in the county of Clare, at the time efforts were made to put an end to faction-fighting among the peasantry.]

THE old man he knelt at the altar,
 His enemy's hand to take,
 And at first his weak voice did falter,
 And his feeble limbs did shake ;
 For his only brave boy, his glory,
 Had been stretched at the old man's feet
 A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
 By the hand which he now must greet.

And soon the old man stopt speaking,
 And rage, which had not gone by,
 From under his brows came breaking
 Up into his enemy's eye —
 And now his limbs were not shaking,
 But his clinch'd hands his bosom cross'd,
 And he looked a fierce wish to be taking
 Revenge for the boy he had lost.

But the old man he looked around him,
 And thought of the place he was in,
 And thought of the promise which bound him,
 And thought that revenge was sin —

And then, crying tears, like a woman,
 "Your hand!" he said — "ay, *that* hand!
 And I do forgive you, foeman,
 For the sake of our bleeding land!"

THE "HOLLY AND IVY" GIRL.

BY J. KEEGAN.

[John Keegan was born of humble parents in a village by the Nore, in the Queen's County, and died about forty years of age, in 1849. He was born and bred amongst the people, — he shared their occasional privations, — he thought and acted with them, — and was happy to die amongst them. He was plainly but well educated. At an early age he contributed tales and sketches to the Irish periodicals; and in course of time, became a well-known contributor of ballads to the *Nation*. Some of his best prose articles appeared in *Dolman's Magazine*, — to which he contributed also some poetry illustrative of the legends popular amongst the people, as well as upon the hard realities of their every day life. There were few men who surpassed him in knowledge of the legends and superstitious of the country; of these he was preparing a volume for publication, when he was hurriedly summoned to his eternal home. He was a poor man, who wrote for bread. His poems are thoroughly idiomatic, and as Irish in their gush of feeling and sentiment, as they are full of purity and tenderness.]

"Come, buy my nice, fresh Ivy, and my Holly sprigs so green;
 I have the finest branches that ever yet were seen.
 Come buy from me, good Christians, and let me home, I pray,
 And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas Times, and a Happy New
 Year's Day.'

Ah! won't you take my Ivy? — the loveliest ever seen!
 Ah! won't you have my Holly boughs? — all you who love the
 Green!
 Do! — take a little bunch of each, and on my knees I'll pray,
 That God may bless your Christmas, and be with you New Year's
 Day.

This wind is black and bitter, and the hailstones do not spare
 My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and stiff entangled hair;
 Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful I say —
 So Heaven will light your Christmas and the coming New Year's
 Day."

'Twas thus a dying maiden sung, whilst the cold hail rattled down,
 And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er Dublin's dreary town; —
 One stiff hand clutched her Ivy sprigs and Holly boughs so fair,
 With the other she kept brushing the hail-drops from her hair.

So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident that Death
 Was lurking in her footsteps — whilst her hot, impeded breath

Too plainly told her early doom — though the burden of her lay
Was still of life, and Christmas joys, and a Happy New Year's Day.

'Twas in that broad, bleak Thomas-street, I heard the wanderer sing ;
I stood a moment in the mire, beyond the ragged ring —
My heart felt cold and lonely, and my thoughts were far away,
Where I was, many a Christmas-tide, and Happy New Year's Day.

I dreamed of wanderings in the woods amongst the Holly Green ;
I dreamed of my own native cot, and porch with Ivy screen ;
I dreamed of lights for ever dimm'd — of Hopes that can't return —
And dropped a tear on Christmas fires, that never more can burn.

The ghostlike singer still sung on, but no one came to buy ;
The hurrying crowd passed to and fro, but did not heed her cry ;
She uttered one low, piercing moan — then cast her boughs away —
And smiling, cried — " I'll rest with God before the New Year's
Day ! "

* * * * *

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a new-made grave,
Dug decently in sacred soil, by Lifley's murmuring wave ;
The Minstrel maid from Earth to Heaven has winged her happy
way,
And now enjoys, with sister saints, an endless New Year's Day.

THE CONVICT OF CLONMELL

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

[Who the hero of this song is, I know not ; but convicts, from obvious reasons, have been peculiar objects of sympathy in Ireland. Hurling, which is mentioned in one of the verses, is a thoroughly national diversion, and is played with intense zeal, by parish against parish, barony against barony, county against county, or even province against province. It is played, not only by the peasant, but by the students of the university, where it is an established pastime. Twiss, the most sweeping calumniator of Ireland, calls it, if I mistake not, the cricket of barbarians : but though fully prepared to pay a just tribute to the elegance of the English game, I own that I think the Irish sport fully as civilized, and much better calculated for the display of vigor and activity. Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, eulogizes the activity of some Irishmen, who played the game about twenty-five years before the publication of his work, (1801,) at the back of the British Museum, and deduces it from the Roman harpastum. The description Strutt quotes from old Carew is quite graphic.]

How hard is my fortune,
And vain my repining !
The strong rope of fate
For this young neck is twining.

My strength is departed ;
 My cheek sunk and sallow ;
 While I languish in chains
 In the jail of Clonmala.*

No boy in the village
 Was ever yet milder,
 I'd play with a child,
 And my sport would be wilder.
 I'd dance without tiring
 From morning till even,
 And the goal-ball I'd strike
 To the lightning of heaven.

At my bed-foot decaying,
 My hurlbat is lying,
 Thro' the boys of the village,
 My goal-ball is flying ;
 My horse 'mong the neighbors
 Neglected may fallow, —
 While I pine in my chains
 In the jail of Clonmala.

Next Sunday the patron
 At home will be keeping,
 And the young active hurlers
 The field will be sweeping.
 With the dance of fair maidens
 The evening they'll hallow,
 While this heart, once so gay,
 Shall be cold in Clonmala.

THE VOICE OF THE POOR.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE).

WAS sorrow ever like to our sorrow ?
 O ! God above !
 Will our night never change into a morrow
 Of joy and love ?
 A deadly gloom is on us, waking, sleeping,
 Like the darkness at noontide
 That fell upon the pallid mother, weeping
 By the Crucified.

* *Cluainmeala*, — Recess or field of honey. — Irish of Clonmell.

Before us die our brothers of starvation ;
Around are cries of famine and despair !
Where is hope for us, or comfort, or salvation —
Where — O ! where ?
If the angels ever hearken, downward bending,
They are weeping, we are sure,
At the litanies of human groans ascending
From the crush'd hearts of the poor.

When the human rests in love upon the human,
All grief is light ;
But who bends one kind glance to illumine
Our life-long night ?
The air around is ringing with their laughter —
God has only made the rich to smile ;
But we — in our rags, and want, and woe — we follow after,
Weeping the while.

And the laughter seems but uttered to deride us,
When, O ! when
Will fall the frozen barriers that divide us
From other men ?
Will ignorance for ever thus enslave us,
Will misery for ever lay us low ?
All are eager with their insults ; but to save us
None, none, we know.

We never knew a childhood's mirth and gladness,
Nor the proud heart of youth free and brave ;
O, a deathlike dream of wretchedness and sadness
Is life's weary journey to the grave.
Day by day we lower sink and lower,
Till the godlike soul within
Falls crushed beneath the fearful demon power
Of poverty and sin.

So we toil on, on with fever burning
In heart and brain,
So we toil on, on through bitter scorning,
Want, woe, and pain.
We dare not raise our eyes to the blue Heaven
Or the toil must cease —
We dare not breathe the fresh air God has given
One hour in peace.

We must toil though the light of life is burning,
O, how dim !
We must toil on our sick-bed feebly turning
Our eyes to Him,

Who alone can hear the pale lip faintly saying,
 With scarce-moved breath,
 While the paler hands uplifted and the praying,
 "Lord, grant us Death!"

THE COOLUN.*

BY MARTIN MAC DERMOTT.

THE scene is beside where the Avonmore† flows —
 'Tis the spring of the year, and the day's near its close;
 And an old woman sits with a boy on her knee —
She smiles like the evening, but *he* like the lea!
 Her hair is as white as the flax ere it's spun —
 His brown as yon tree that is hiding the sun!
 Beside the bright river —
 The calm, glassy river,
 That's sliding and gliding all peacefully on.

"Come, granny," the boy says, "you'll sing me, I know,
 The beautiful Coolun, so sweet and so low;
 For I love its soft tones more than blackbird or thrush,
 Though often the tears in a shower will gush
 From my eyes when I hear it. Dear granny, say why,
 When my heart's full of pleasure, I sob and I cry
 To hear the sweet Coolun —
 The beautiful Coolun —
 An angel first sang it above in the sky?"

And *she* sings and *he* listens; but many years pass,
 And the old woman sleeps 'neath the chapel-yard grass;
 And a couple are seated upon the same stone,
 Where the boy sat and listened so oft to the crone —
 'Tis the boy — 'tis the man, and he says while he sighs,
 To the girl at his side with the love-streaming eyes,
 "O! sing me, sweet Oonagh,
 My beautiful Oonagh,
 O! sing me the Coolun," he says and he sighs.

That air, *mo stor*, brings back the days of my youth,
 That flowed like a river there, sunny and smooth!
 And it brings back the old woman, kindly and dear —
 If her spirit, dear Oonagh, is hovering near,

* This is the name of one of the most beautiful of our ancient melodies.

† The Avonmore is the Munster Blackwater.

'Twill glad her to hear the old melody rise
Warm, warm, on the wings of our love and our sighs —

“O! sing me the Coolun,
The beautiful Coolun!”

Is't the dew or a tear-drop is moistening his eyes?

There's a change on the scene far more grand, far less fair —
By the broad rolling Hudson are seated the pair;
And the dark hemlock-fir waves its branches above,
As they sigh for their land, as they murmur their love;
Hush! — the heart hath been touched, and its musical strings
Vibrate into song — 'tis the Coolun she sings —

The home-sighing Coolun,

The love-breathing Coolun —

The well of all memory's deep-flowing springs.

They think of the bright stream they sat down beside,
When he was a bridegroom and she was his bride;
The pulses of youth seem to throb in the strain —
Old faces, long vanished, look kindly again —
Kind voices float round them, and grand hills are near,
Their feet have not touched, ah, this many a year —

And, as ceases the Coolun,

The home-loving Coolun,

Not the air, but their native land faints on the ear.

Long in silence they weep, with hand clasped in hand —
Then to God send up prayers for the far-off Old land;
And while grateful to Him for the blessings He's sent —
They know 'tis His hand that withholdeth content —
For the Exile and Christian must evermore sigh
For the home upon earth and the home in the sky —

So they sing the sweet Coolun,

The sorrowful Coolun,

That murmurs of both homes — they sing and they sigh.

Heaven bless thee, Old Bard, in whose bosom were nurst
Emotions that into such melody burst!

Be thy grave ever green! — may the softest of showers
And brightest of beams nurse its grass and its flowers —
Oft, oft, be it moist with the tear-drop of love,
And may angels watch round thee, for ever above!

Old bard of the Coolun,

The beautiful Coolun,

That's sobbing, like Eirè, with *Sorrow and Love*.

A MUNSTER KEEN.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

[Edward Walsh was born in Londonderry in the year 1805, and died in Cork on 6th August, 1850, in the forty-fifth year of his age. Of the number of poets which Ireland has produced during the last fifty years, there was none more Irish than our author. It was his boast that he belonged to an old Sept which was settled on the borders of Cork and Kerry ages before the English invasion; and it would be rare to meet a man of purer heart or more sterling sentiment. His father, who was a small farmer in the county of Cork, eloped with a young lady much above his own position in life. Shortly after marriage his difficulties increased, and to avoid them, he enlisted in the militia, and was quartered in Londonderry when his son was born. Our author having received a good education, in early life became a private tutor. Some time after he taught school in Millstreet, county Cork, from which he removed in 1837, and went to teach in Toureen, where he first began to write for the Magazines. After some time he went up to Dublin, where he soon became disappointed, and was at last elected schoolmaster to the convict station at Spike Island. In a year or two he left this place and became teacher at the Workhouse in Cork, where he remained till his death. He married early, and has left a wife and family to mourn his loss. Two volumes of his poetical translations from the Irish have been published, with the *original* text on the opposite page. He was a great proficient in the fairy and legendary lore of the country; indeed, second only to Crofton Croker himself. His contributions to Irish literature have been both considerable and creditable; there is a singular beauty and fascinating melody in his verse which cheers and charms the ear and heart. His translations preserve all the peculiarities of the old tongue, which he knew and spoke with graceful fluency. His ballads are the most literal and characteristic which we possess. His 'Jacobite Relics of Ireland,' published by that persevering and spirited promoter of Irish literature, John O'Daly of Dublin, contains some of the best specimens of his muse.]

ON Monday morning, the flowers were gayly springing,
The skylark's hymn in middle air was singing,
When, grief of griefs! my wedded husband left me,
And since that hour of hope and health bereft me.

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c.*

Above the board, where thou art low reclining,
Have parish priests and horsemen high been dining,
And wine and usquebaugh, while they were able,
They quaffed with thee — the soul of all the table.

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c.

Why didst thou die? Could wedded wife adore thee
With purer love than that my bosom bore thee?
Thy children's cheeks were peaches ripe and mellow,
And threads of gold, their tresses long and yellow.

Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c.

In vain for me are pregnant heifers lowing;
In vain for me are yellow harvests growing;

* The keener alone sings the extempore death-song; the burden of the ullagone, or chorus, is taken up by all the females present.

Or thy nine gifts of love in beauty blooming —
 Tears blind my eyes, and grief my heart's consuming !
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

Pity her complaints whose wailing voice is broken,
 Whose finger holds our early wedding token,
 The torrents of whose tears have drain'd their fountain,
 Whose piled-up grief on grief is past recounting.
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

I still might hope, did I not thus behold thee,
 That high Knockferin's airy peak might hold thee,
 Or Crohan's fairy halls, or Corrin's towers,
 Or Lene's bright caves, or Cleana's magic bowers.*
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

But, O ! my black despair ! when thou wert dying
 O'er thee no tear was wept, no heart was sighing —
 No breath of prayer did waft thy soul to glory ;
 But lonely thou didst lie, all maim'd and gory !
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

O ! may your dove-like soul, on whitest pinions,
 Pursue her upward flight to God's dominions,
 Where saints' and martyrs' hands shall gifts provide thee —
 And, O, my grief ! that I am not beside thee !
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY J. KEEGAN.

"O God, it is a dreadful night, — how fierce the dark winds blow,
 It howls like mourning *Banshee*,† its breathings speak of woe ;
 'Twill rouse my slumbering orphans — blow gently, O wild blast,
 My wearied hungry darlings are hushed in peace at last.

"And how the cold rain tumbles down in torrents from the skies,
 Down, down, upon our stiffened limbs, into my children's eyes : —
 O God of Heaven, stop your hand until the dawn of day,
 And out upon the weary world again we'll take our way.

* Places celebrated in fairy topography.

† *Banshee* — a spirit, or being of Irish superstition, which comes to mourn the approaching death of individuals destined for the grave.

"But, ah ! my prayers are worthless — O ! louder roars the blast,
And darker frown the pitchy clouds, the rain falls still more fast ;
O God, *if* you be merciful, have mercy *now*, I pray —
O God, forgive my wicked words — I know not what I say.

"To see my ghastly babies — my babes so meek and fair —
To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild beasts in their lair :
Like wild beasts ! No ! the vixen cubs that sport on yonder hill,
Lie warm this hour, and, I'll engage, of food they've had their fill.

"O blessed Queen of Mercy, look down from that black sky —
You've felt a mother's misery — then hear a mother's cry ;
I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my children rest,
O watch and guard them this wild night, and then I shall be blest !"

Thus prayed the wanderer, but in vain ! — in vain her mournful cry ;
God did not hush that piercing wind, nor brighten that dark sky :
But when the ghastly winter's dawn its sickly radiance shed,
The mother and her wretched babes lay stiffened, grim, and dead !

LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS.

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

I MOURN thee, Thomas Davis — dark, dark, and wearily ;
O ! shut the light from out my eyes, I cannot bear to see ;
I cannot look upon the world, and you no longer there —
'Tis now, and evermore will be, as my heart is, cold and bare
Thomas Davis ! Thomas Davis ! *acushla sthore machree* !
My heart, my heart is pouring out black bitter tears for thee.

O ! how can I believe it ? — it can't be as they say,
That all the gifts so near to heaven are quenched within the clay : —
It cannot be, it cannot be, that all the noble dower
Of worth, and strength, and genius high, on this earth no more has
power.

Thomas Davis ! Thomas Davis ! — is that a phantom name —
An empty, silent, churchyard word, so full of life and fame ?

O ! let me think upon him. And are all the thoughts of years,
So firm and bright around him twined, for ever steeped in tears ?
And must we have but *memories* of all that he has been,
Like autumn's dry and withered leaves, we saw so fresh and green ?
Thomas Davis ! Thomas Davis ! sure, sure it is not true !
O, who, since first we heard your name, e'er thought of death with
you ?

Bright sparks of gold are dancing upon the river's breast,
 And soft and calm the sky appears, it lies in gentle rest;
 The sun is slumbering warm and fair, on fields so still and green,
 And stately look the mountains down, on the peaceful, smiling scene;
 Nought is changing, nought is changing, the sound of life goes on —
 There is no change, there is no change, and sure he can't be gone.

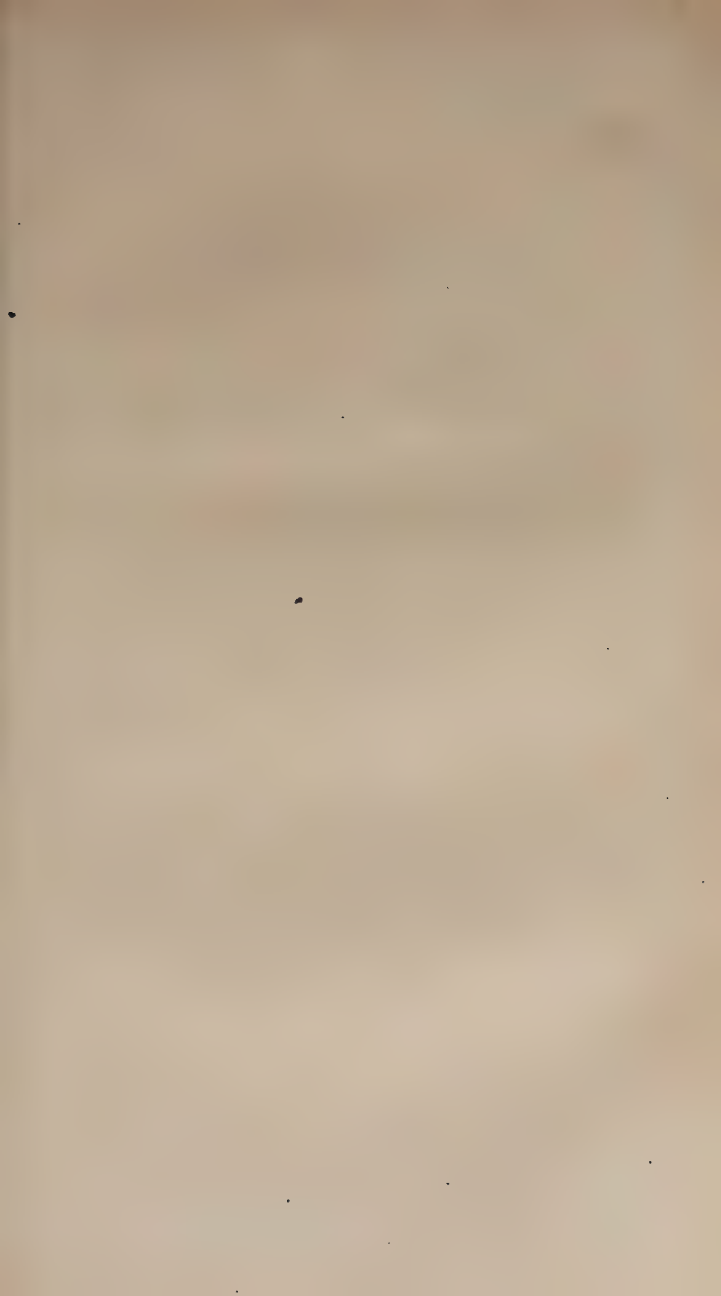
Ah! woe is me, on this sad day — I know my tears are true —
 Ah! deep within the change that's come, 'twas well — too well, I
 knew;

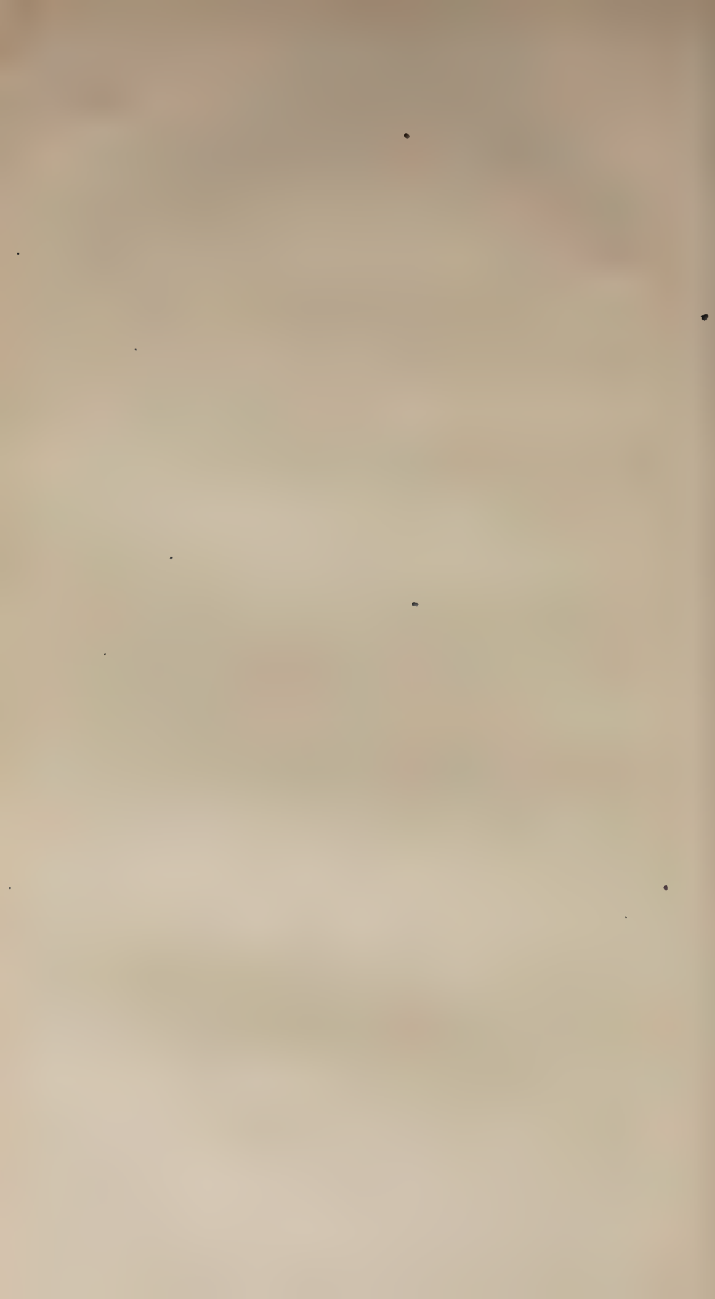
And you, O! you, *Mavourneen Oge*, our glory and our trust,
 O! who could ever think such might could crumble into dust?
 Can we ever, can we ever, mind love or hope again,
 When brightest hope and truest love no more to us remain?

I see the hills of Ormond — the Shannon's pleasant shore —
 I think how well you loved their sight, you'll look on them no more;
 You loved them well, *Mavourneen*, every stream and mountain blue,
 You loved them in your bosom's core, O! won't they mourn for you?
 Won't they sorrow, won't they sorrow, this sad and woful day,
 And Thomas Davis lying low, within the darksome clay?

And will your voice, O never, be heard where it hath poured
 Among the friends so fondly loved, the free and fearless word?
 And won't you see their banners wave, nor hear their triumph swell,
 When they chase the foreign foe from the land you loved so well?
 O! the *caoine*, O! the *caoine*, will mingle with the tide
 Of loud resounding triumph when we think of him who died.

O! why am I still able to pour my depth of woe?
 O! why am I not lying now where you are lying low?
 Embalmed in all your lofty deeds, and thoughts so proud and high,
 Above your grave in misery we're left this day to lie.
 As the green moss — as the green moss, from off the stone is torn,
 So you were taken from our hearts, and we are left forlorn.





THE
BALLADS OF IRELAND;

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY EDWARD HAYES.

VOL. II

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Ballads of the Affections.

THE IRISH WIFE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[In 1376 the statute of Kilkenny forbade the English settlers in Ireland to intermarry with the old Irish, under penalty of outlawry. James, Earl of Desmond, and Almaric, Baron Grace, were the first to violate this law. One married an O'Meagher; the other a M'Cormack. Earl Desmond, who was an accomplished poet, may have made a defence like the following for his marriage.]

I WOULD not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land —
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life —
An outlaw — so I'm near her
To love till death my Irish wife.

O, what would be this home of mine —
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?
What comfort in a mine of gold —
What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I knew the law forbade the banns —
I knew my King abhorred her race —
Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife —

BALLADS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night —
And twinlike truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white.

My Irish wife has golden hair —
Apollo's harp had once such strings —
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land —
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life, —
In death I would lie near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.

THE COULIN.

BY CARROLL MALONE.

[In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing glibbes, or Coullins (long locks) on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin, or the youth with the flowing locks, to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired. — *Walker, as quoted in Moore's Melodies.* It so happens, however, on turning to the above statute, that no mention is to be found therein of the Coulin. But in the year 1295 a Parliament was held in Dublin; and then an act was passed which more than expressly names the Coulin, and minutely describes it for its more effectual prohibition. This, the only statute made in Ireland that names the Coulin, was passed two hundred and forty-two years before the act cited by Mr. Moore; and in consequence of it, some of the Irish Chieftains who lived near the seat of English government, or wished to keep up intercourse with the English districts, did, in or soon after that year, 1295, cut off their Coullins, and a distinct memorial of the event was made in writing by the Officers of the Crown. It was on this occasion that the bard, ever adhesive to national habits, endeavored to fire the patriotism of a conforming chieftain; and, in the character of some favorite virgin, declares her preference for her lover with the Coulin before him who complaisantly assumed the adornments of foreign fashion. — *Dublin Penny Journal.*]

THE last time she looked in the face of her dear,
She breathed not a sigh, and she shed not a tear;
But she took up his harp, and she kissed his cold cheek —
" 'Tis the first, and the last, for thy Norah to seek."

For beauty and bravery Cathan was known,
And the long flowing coulin he wore in Tyrone;
The sweetest of singers and harpers was he,
All over the North, from the Bann to the sea.

O'er the marshes of Dublin he often would rove,
To the glens of O'Toole, where he met with his love;
And at parting they pledged that, next midsummer's day,
He would come for the last time, and bear her away.

The king had forbidden the men of O'Neal,
With the coulin adorned, to come o'er the pale;
But Norah was Irish, and said, in her pride,
"If he wear not his coulin, I'll ne'er be his bride."

The bride has grown pale as the robe that she wears,
For the Lammas is come, and no bridegroom appears;
And she hearkens and gazes, when all are at rest,
For the sound of his harp and the sheen of his vest.

Her palfrey is pillioned, and she has gone forth
On the long rugged road that leads down to the North;—
Where Eblana's strong castle frowns darkly and drear,
Is the head of her Cathan upraised on a spear.

The Lords of the Castle had murdered him there,
And all for the wearing that poor lock of hair:
For the word she had spoken in mirth or in pride,
Her lover, too fond and too faithful, had died.

'Twas then that she looked in the face of her dear,
She breathed not a sigh, and she dropped not a tear;
She took up his harp, and she kissed his cold cheek:
"Farewell! 'tis the first for thy Norah to seek."

And afterward, oft would the wilderness ring,
As, at night, in sad strains, to that harp she would sing
Her heartbreaking tones, — we remember them well —
But the words of her wailing, no mortal can tell.

THE OLD STORY.

He came across the meadow-pass,
That summer-eve of eves —
The sunlight streamed along the grass
And glanced amid the leaves;

And from the shrubbery below,
 And from the garden-trees,
 He heard the thrushes' music flow
 And humming of the bees ;
 The garden gate was swung apart —
 The space was brief between ;
 But there, for throbbing of his heart,
 He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden gate ;
 He looked, and scarce he breathed ;
 Within the little porch she sate,
 With woodbine overwreathed ;
 Her eyes upon her work were bent,
 Unconscious who was nigh ;
 But oft the needle slowly went,
 And oft did idle lie ;
 And ever to her lips arose
 Sweet fragments, sweetly sung,
 But ever, ere the notes could close,
 She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies, as they come and go,
 Her pure face speaks the while,
 For now it is a flitting glow,
 And now a breaking smile ;
 And now it is a graver shade,
 When holier thoughts are there —
 An Angel's pinion might be stayed
 To see a sight so fair.
 But still they hid her looks of light,
 Those downcast eyelids pale —
 Two lovely clouds, so silken white,
 Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge
 Had rested on the hill,
 And save one thrush from out the hedge,
 Both bower and grove were still.
 The sun had almost bade farewell ;
 But one reluctant ray
 Still loved within that porch to dwell,
 As charmed there to stay —
 It stole aslant the pear-tree bough,
 And through the woodbine fringe,
 And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,
 And bathed her in its tinge.

O ! beauty of my heart, he said,
 O ! darling, darling mine,

Was ever light of evening shed
On loveliness like thine?
Why should I ever leave this spot,
But gaze until I die?
A moment from that bursting thought
She felt his footstep nigh.
One sudden, lifted glance — but one,
A tremor and a start,
So gently was their greeting done
That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,
And all his golden hail
Had died away to lines of brown,
In duskier hues that fail.
The grasshopper was chirping shrill —
No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
That gurgled under ground —
No other living sound, unless
Some spirit bent to hear
Low words of human tenderness
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
Deep in the liquid sky,
Now forth upon the darkness burst,
Sole kings and lights on high;
For splendor, myriadfold, supreme,
No rival moonlight strove;
Nor lovelier ere was Hesper's beam,
Nor more majestic Jove.
But what if hearts there beat that night
That recked not of the skies,
Or only felt their imaged light
In one another's eyes.

And if two worlds of hidden thought
And longing passion met,
Which, passing human language, sought
And found in utterance yet;
And if they trembled as the flowers
That droop across the stream,
And muse the while the starry hours
Wait o'er them like a dream;
And if, when came the parting time,
They faltered still and clung;
What is it all? — an ancient rhyme
Ten thousand times besung —

That part of Paradise which man
Without the portal knows —
Which hath been since the world began,
And shall be till its close.

MAIRE BHAN ASTOR.*

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

In a valley far away,
With my Maire bhan astór,
Short would be the summer day,
Ever loving more and more ;
Winter days would all grow long,
With the light her heart would pour,
With her kisses and her song,
And her loving mait go léor.†
Fond is Maire bhan astór,
Fair is Maire bhan astór,
Sweet as ripple on the shore,
Sings my Maire bhan astór.

O ! her sire is very proud,
And her mother cold as stone ;
But her brother bravely vow'd
She should be my bride alone ;
For he knew I lov'd her well,
And he knew she lov'd me too,
So he sought their pride to quell,
But 'twas all in vain to sue.
True is Maire bhan astór,
Tried is Maire bhan astór,
Had I wings I'd never soar
From my Maire bhan astór.

There are lands where manly toil
Surely reaps the crop it sows,
Glorious woods and teeming soil,
Where the broad Missouri flows ;
Through the trees the smoke shall rise,
From our hearth with mait go léor,
There shall shine the happy eyes
Of my Maire bhan astór.

* Which means, Fair Mary, my treasure, and is pronounced as if written *Maur-ya vaun ashore*.

† Much, plenty, in abundance.

Mild is Maire bhan astór,
 Mine is Maire bhan astór,
 Saints will watch about the door
 Of my Maire bhan astór.

PASTHEEN FION.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. B. I. A.

[In Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy" there is a note upon the original of *Pastheen Fion*. The name may be translated either fair youth or fair maiden, and the writer supposes it to have a political meaning, and to refer to the son of James II. Whatever may have been the intention of the author, it is, on the surface, an exquisite love song, and as such we have retained it in this class of ballads.]

O, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight;
 Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright;
 Like the apple blossom her bosom white,
 And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, O! I would go through snow and sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen!
 Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen,
 But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
 Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, O! I would go through snow and sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

Were I in the town, where's mirth and glee,
 Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
 With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
 'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly!
 Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
 Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
 And, O! I would go through snow and sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
 Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
 Thinking to see you, love, once again;
 But whistle and call were all in vain!

Then, Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with me !
 Oro, come with me ! brown girl, sweet !
 And, O ! I would go through snow and sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet !

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe ;
 From all the girls in the world I'll go ;
 But from you, sweetheart, O, never ! O, no !
 Till I lie in the coffin stretched, cold and low !
 Then, Oro, come with me ! come with me ! come with me !
 Oro, come with me ! brown girl, sweet !
 And, O ! I would go through snow and sleet
 If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet !

GILLE MACHREE.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

GILLE MACHREE,* sit down by me,
 We now are joined and ne'er shall sever ;
 This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,
 And peace is ours for ever !

When I was poor, your father's door
 Was closed against your constant lover ;
 With care and pain, I tried in vain
 My fortunes to recover.
 I said, ' To other lands I'll roam,
 Where Fate may smile on me, love ; '
 I said, ' Farewell, my own old home ! '
 And I said, ' Farewell to thee, love ! '
 Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said, my mountain maid,
 Come live with me, your own true lover ;
 I know a spot, a silent cot,
 Your friends can ne'er discover ;
 Where gently flows the waveless tide
 By one small garden only ;
 Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
 And the linnet sings so lonely !
 Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said, my mountain maid,
 A father's right was never given

* *Gille machree*, — brightener of my heart.

True hearts to curse with tyrant force,
 That have been blest in heaven.
 But then, I said, 'In after years,
 When thoughts of home shall find her !
 My love may mourn with secret tears
 Her friends thus left behind her.'
Sing Gille machree, &c.

O, no, I said, my own dear maid,
 For me, though all forlorn, for ever,
 That heart of thine shall ne'er repine
 O'er slighted duty — never.
 From home and thee though wandering far
 A dreary fate be mine, love ;
 I'd rather live in endless war,
 Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing Gille machree, &c.

Far, far away, by night and day,
 I toiled to win a golden treasure ;
 And golden gains repaid my pains
 In fair and shining measure.
 I sought again my native land,
 Thy father welcomed me, love ;
 I poured my gold into his hand,
 And my guerdon found in thee, love.
Sing Gille machree, sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever ;
This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever.

DARK ROSALEEN.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

[This impassioned ballad, entitled in the original *Roisin Duh* (or The Black Little Rose), was written in the reign of Elizabeth by one of the poets of the celebrated Tirconnellian chieftain, Hugh the Red O'Donnell. It purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh to Ireland, on the subject of his love and struggles for her, and his resolve to raise her again to the glorious position she held as a nation before the irruption of the Saxon and Norman spoilers. The true character and meaning of the figurative allusions with which it abounds, and to two only of which we need refer here, — viz., the "Roman wine" and "Spanish ale" mentioned in the first stanza, — the intelligent reader will, of course, find no difficulty in understanding.]

O, my Dark Rosaleen,
 Do not sigh, do not weep !

The priests are on the ocean green,
 They march along the deep.
 There's wine from the royal Pope,
 Upon the ocean green ;
 And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
 My Dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
 Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
 My Dark Rosaleen !

Over hills, and through dales,
 Have I roamed for your sake ;
 All yesterday I sailed with sails
 On river and on lake.
 The Erne, at its highest flood,
 I dashed across unseen,
 For there was lightning in my blood,
 My Dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 O ! there was lightning in my blood,
 Red lightning lightened through my blood,
 My Dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,
 To and fro, do I move.
 The very soul within my breast
 Is wasted for you, love !
 The heart in my bosom faints
 To think of you, my queen,
 My life of life, my saint of saints,
 My Dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
 My life, my love, my saint of saints,
 My Dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
 Are my lot, night and noon,
 To see your bright face clouded so,
 Like to the mournful moon.
 But yet will I rear your throne
 Again in golden sheen ;
 'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
 My Dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
 'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,
 My Dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
 Will I fly for your weal;
 Your holy delicate white hands
 Shall girdle me with steel.
 At home, in your emerald bowers,
 From morning's dawn till e'en,
 You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My fond Rosaleen!
 You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
 My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
 My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
 I could plough the high hills,
 O, I could kneel all night in prayer,
 To heal your many ills!
 And one beamy smile from you
 Would float like light between
 My toils and me, my own, my true,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My fond Rosaleen!
 Would give me life and soul anew,
 A second life, a soul anew,
 My Dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
 With redundance of blood,
 The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
 And flames wrap hill and wood;
 And gun-peal, and slogan cry,
 Wake many a glen serene,
 Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
 Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My Dark Rosaleen!

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

(A JACOBITE RELIC.)

I AM a loyal subject, sadly grieving by the shore,
 Because my King is gone away, I ne'er shall see him more;
 I had his last look from the sea, as the tall ship pass'd on;
 'Tis cruel comfort now for me, my gallant King is gone.

His words were soft as pity, and his smile was kind as love —
 His eye was calm and royal, like the summer sky above;
 I rested in his looks at night, and sunned myself by day;
 I'll never rest or smile again — my King is gone away!

Swift is his noble ship, and strong, to bear him o'er the main;
 But I shall die of weariness ere he comes back again.
 Keen is his sword in battle — it will never quit his hold;
 But my heart will have broken ere his triumph can be told.

Too mournful sounds my heart now — he is not by to hear;
 I want his voice to praise me — for no other praise is dear.
 I played to him one evening, in the light so soft and dim —
 O, he was fond of music, but I was fond of him.

No more I seek the cool shades he used to seek with me;
 No more I love the green woods — too lonely they would be;
 But I watch the waves roll onward, and wail along the shore,
 Because my King is gone away, I ne'er shall see him more.

MARY.

THE PEAK OF DARRA.

BY B. SIMMONS.

GAUNT Peak of Darra! lifting to the sky
 Thy height scorch'd barren by the howling North —
 Still toss the tempest, as it hurtles by
 From that jagg'd rampart scornfully forth!
 Still let the growing Thunder o'er thee brood,
 Gathering from each stray cloud its sulphurous food,
 Till in some midnight of oppressive June,
 When under Clare affrighted drops the Moon,
 Out bursts the horror — brattling wide, and rending
 Each lesser mountain with a single blow;
 Whilst thou unscarr'd, unstagger'd, hear'st descending
 The loosen'd ruin on the Vale below.

O, soaring Peak! as now I watch at eve
 The rising stars rest on thee one by one,
 In their bright journey upwards, Thought would cleave
 (Boldly as thou) the mist reposing on
 The track-ways of a past and pleasant time,
 When up thy rifted height were seen to climb
 Two white-robed children, glad some sparkling things —
 As stars that bless thee with their visitings,
 A gentle pair — the little Maiden's eyes
 Borrowing the blue of their unclouded gleam:

The Boy, his laugh of beautiful surprise,
From that deep Valley's ever-jocund stream.

Kindred in love, though not in race, were they —
From separate homes amid those humble walls
That stud the glen, they came each holiday
To weave together wild-flower coronals,
And, hand in hand, (the bolder-hearted boy
Cheering his partner's steps of timid joy,
Oft pausing to recruit her efforts weak,)
To clamber up and up the desolate Peak,
And hang their chaplets on its topmost stone,
The nearest to the moon ; then crouching weary,
Laugh down the day, upon that granite-throne,
Till evening's breeze blew chillingly and dreary.

Within the shelter of that sterile hill
Nor shadowy bower nor arching grove was seen,
Their only song the warbling of the rill,
The bank that border'd it their only green ;
And so their childhood, ripening into youth,
Made play-ground, bower, and trysting-place, in sooth,
Of that precipitous crag, where o'er them bent,
As if in love, the lonely firmament ;
Until the stars from ocean's azure field
Familiar friends to PAUL and BERTHA grew —
Till the cloud-scattering Eagle, as he wheel'd
Against the sun, their very voices knew.

Gentle but wealthless was their parents' lot,
And youth's gay idlesse may not always last ;
The Boy has vanish'd from his native cot,
The Maiden's shadow from the stream has past.
Like one pure rill that sudden shocks divide
In separate channels, they have parted wide,
To seek and fret their way into the main,
But till they reach it never meet again.
Yet long as Memory's trembling hand unrolls
To them the records of Life's early day,
Gray cliff of Darra ! thou upon their souls
Hast left a shade that shall not pass away.

* * * * *

The day is burning over India's land !
Lo, tall white fane and colonnaded hall,
And glorious dome, like snowy frostwork, stand
Amid the noontide of superb Bengal !
No breezy balm as yet is floating there,
To cool the fervid suffocating air,

The palms that lift their light green tufts so high
Seem solid emerald carved upon the sky,
No sound is heard that Land's luxuriance through ;

The mighty River, glowing in the trance
Fringed with bright palaces sleeps broadly blue,
Untouched by oar throughout its vast expanse !

At such an hour, within a stately room,

Through whose silk screens and open lattices
Struggled the freshness of the mat's perfume,

Lay Beauty sinking under slow disease.

Dusk-featured slaves like spectres watch'd the doors,

And mournful women o'er the marble floors

Gliding, with folded arms, in silence gazed

Where, on a couch of downiest pillows raised,

The Lady of that proud pavilion lay ;

While on her broad and yet unwrinkled brow,

And purest cheek consuming fast away,

Keen Fever reddened and Delirium now.

'Twas then, when failed all wealth and life afford,

A Hindoo Girl stood forth that hopeless hour,

(Like her who, to the Syrian Leper-lord,

Proclaim'd the Prophet's sanatory power ;)

And told how, in the neighboring city dwelt —

In the same home where she a child had knelt —

A man from Land, 'twas thought, beyond the seas,

In magic versed and healing mysteries,

A traveller he, now waiting to depart

With the first sail that swell'd for Europe's shore,

Would he were summon'd that his wondrous art

Her Lady's dread disorder might explore !

No voice responsive a reproof show'd —

E'en as she spoke a messenger had flown

(The sorrowing slaves of that serene abode

Their early widow'd mistress served, alone ;)

The summon'd stranger came, a grave-eyed man,

Travel or Time had touch'd his temples wan,

Deepening his gracious features ; but the stamp

Of thought shone through them like a lighted lamp.

Not much inquiry of th' attendant throng,

To the sick chamber guiding him, he made,

But entering there, with deep emotion, long

That Lady's aspect silently survey'd.

On the hot azure of her aching eyes

His shadow fell ; but she regarded not, —

He touch'd the pillows where her fair head lies,

Nor stirr'd its drooping from that downy spot, —

He pressed her passive hand, but from his own
Released, it dropped down heavily as stone.
The breathing only of her parted lips
Showed life not wholly in its last eclipse.
Bending at length unto her vacant ear,
As if some potent spell-word he would speak,
"Dear one!" he said, in tend'rest accents clear—
"Rememberest thou cold Darra's distant Peak?"

Some change like that which shakes an exile's sleeping
When mournful music his lost home recalls—
Or thrills the famish'd Arab when the leaping
He hears afar of rocky waterfalls—
Was seen to lighten through that Lady's frame,
And slowly, sob by sob, volition came,
Along her brow twice pass'd her lifted hand,
As if to free some overtighten'd band;
Then all at once, as from a sultry heaven
Sweeps in an instant the collected rain,
The loosen'd waters of the fountain riven,
Rush'd in wild tears from her long-clouded brain.

Mysterious Memory! — by what silver Key,
Through years of silence tuneless and unshaken,
Can thy sweet touch, forgotten melody
In the dim Spirit once again awaken?
Long fell the freshness of those tears, and fast,
Melting to slumber on her lids at last.
So waned the night, and with the morning came
Healing and hope to her recruited frame,
Day after day health's roses round her head
More brightly bloom'd beneath the STRANGER's care,
Who, though for Europe many a sail was spread,
Was still a dweller in that palace fair.

* * * * *

In the stern shade of Darra's northern peak
A summer-bower has risen like a dream,
From whose white porch, when Evening's rosy cheek
Rests on yon crag above the dancing stream,
Two pensive friends, at times, are seen to glide
Winding together up the mountain side,
With looks less radiant and with steps more slow
Than when they trode it long, long years ago:
But steadfast light of calmer joy is round them,
And PAUL and BERTHA therefore come to bless,
In the old haunts where first Affection bound them,
Their lot of later holier happiness.

SOGGARTH AROON.

BY JOHN BANIM.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY," &c.

[I read a very interesting little volume of "Irish Ballad Poetry" published by that poor Duffy of the *Nation*, who died so prematurely the other day. There are some most pathetic, and many most spirited, pieces, and all, with scarcely an exception, so entirely *national*. Do get the book and read it. I am most struck with *Soggarth Aroon*, after the first two stanzas; and a long, racy, authentic, sounding dirge for the Tyrconnel Princes. But you had better begin with *The Irish Emigrant*, and *The Girl of Loch Dan*, which immediately follows, which will break you in more gently to the wilder and more impassioned parts. It is published in 1845, and as a part of "Duffy's Library of Ireland." You see what a helpless victim I still am to these enchanters of the lyre. I did not mean to say but a word of this book, and here I am furnishing you with extracts. But God bless all poets! and you will not grudge them a share even of your Sunday benedictions. — *Lord Jeffrey's Letter to Mrs. Empson, in Lord Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey.*]

Am I a slave they say,
 Soggarth Aroon? *
 Since you did show the way,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Their slave no more to be,
 While they would work with me
 Ould Ireland's slavery,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Her commands to fulfil
 Of his own heart and will,
 Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Yet be no slave to you,
 Soggarth Aroon, —
 Nor, out of fear to you —
 Stand up so near to you —
 Och! out of fear to you!
 Soggarth Aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
 Soggarth Aroon,

* Soggarth Aroon means Priest dear.

When the could blast did bite,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Came to my cabin-door,
 And, on my earthen-flure,
 Knelt by me, sick and poor,
 Soggarth Aroon ?

Who, on the marriage-day,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Made the poor cabin gay,
 Soggarth Aroon —
 And did both laugh and sing,
 Making our hearts to ring,
 At the poor christening,
 Soggarth Aroon ?

Who, as friend only met,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Never did flout me yet,
 Soggarth Aroon ?
 And when my hearth was dim,
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
 Soggarth Aroon ?

Och ! you, and only you,
 Soggarth Aroon !
 And for this I was true to you,
 Soggarth Aroon ;
 In love they'll never shake,
 When for ould Ireland's sake,
 We a true part did take,
 Soggarth Aroon !

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

O ! come to the West, love — O ! come there with me,
 'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea ;
 Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne,
 O, come to the West, and I'll make thee my own !
 I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
 And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West !

The south has its roses, and bright skies of blue,
 But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue —

Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best —
 O ! what is the south to the beautiful West ?
 Then come there with me, and the rose on thy mouth
 Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the south.

The north has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
 All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day,
 There the storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
 But the soft-breathing zephyr he plays in the West —
 Then come to the West, where no cold wind doth blow,
 And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow !

The sun in the gorgeous east chaseth the night,
 When he riseth refreshed in his glory and might,
 But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest ?
 O ! doth he not haste to the beautiful West ?
 Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best,
 'Tis the land of my sires ! 'tis my own darling West.

THE DEATH OF MARY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

[Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin 14th December, 1791, and died 21st February, 1823. On the death of his father his mother removed to England, and placed her son at Hyde Abbey school in Winchester, where he remained till 1808, when the family returned to Ireland. He then entered Trinity College, where he acquired distinction,—and having taken orders, he was ordained to the curacy of Castle Caulfield, in the diocese of Armagh. His poem on *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, which Lord Byron pronounced “the most perfect ode in the language,” has given him considerable posthumous celebrity; although several futile attempts have been made to deprive him of the honor of its paternity. It first appeared anonymously; but his minor poems display his powers as a poet of feeling and of fancy.]

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be;
 It never through my mind had past
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again,
 And still the thought I will not brook
 That I must look in vain.

But, when I speak, thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary! thou art dead.

If thou would'st stay e'en as thou art,
 All cold, and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been!
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own,
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
 In thinking too of thee;
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore.

O'DONOVAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

ONE midsummer's eve, when the Bel-fires were lighted,
 And the bag-piper's tone call'd the maidens delighted,
 I join'd a gay group by the Araglin's water,
 And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's Daughter.

Have you seen the ripe monadan glisten in Kerry?
 Have you mark'd on the Galteys the black whortle-berry,
 Or ceanaban wave by the wells of Blackwater?—
 They're the cheek, eye, and neck of O'Donovan's Daughter!

Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's round mountain?
 The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue fountain?
 Heard a weird woman chant what the fairy choir taught her?
 They've the step, grace, and tone of O'Donovan's Daughter!

Have you mark'd in its flight the black wing of the raven?
 The rose-buds that breathe in the summer breeze waven?
 The pearls that lie hid under Lene's magic water?
 They're the teeth, lip, and hair of O'Donovan's Daughter!

Ere the Bel-fire was dimm'd, or the dancers departed,
 I taught her a song of some maid broken-hearted :
 And that group, and that dance, and that love-song I taught her
 Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Donovan's Daughter.

God grant 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn that woos me,
 God grant 'tis not Cliodhna the queen that pursues me,
 That my soul lost and lone has no witchery wrought her,
 While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's Daughter !

If, spell-bound, I pine with an airy disorder,
 Saint Gobnate has sway over Musgry's wide border ;
 She'll scare from my couch, when with prayer I've besought her,
 That bright airy sprite like O'Donovan's Daughter.

THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
 His love is rich to me ;
 I could not in a palace find
 A truer heart than he.
 The eagle shelters not his nest
 From hurricane and hail,
 More bravely than he guards my breast —
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps
 Is not a whit more pure —
 The goat that down Cnoc Sheehy leaps
 Has not a foot more sure.
 No firmer hand nor freer eye
 E'er faced an Autumn gale —
 De Courcy's heart is not so high —
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

The brawling squires may heed him not,
 The dainty stranger sneer —
 But who will dare to hurt our cot,
 When Myles O'Hea is here ?
 The scarlet soldiers pass along —
 They'd like, but fear to rail —
 His blood is hot, his blow is strong —
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

His hooker's in the Scilly van,
 When seines are in the foam ;

But money never made the man,
 Nor wealth a happy home.
 So, blest with love and liberty,
 While he can trim a sail,
 He'll trust in God, and cling to me—
 The Boatman of Kinsale.

THE PARTING FROM SLEMISH; OR, THE CON'S FLIGHT TO TYRONE.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

[In Blackwood's Magazine, vol. 34, there is a long and interesting story by Mr. Ferguson, entitled *The Return of Claneboy*. The events in the narrative are placed in the summer of 1333; and the hero of the tale is O'Neill, "the youngest of the Princes of Claneboy." The scene is laid, principally, in the county Antrim; and this ballad is supposed to have been sung in the tent of O'Neill, on Slemish, near Ballymena, on the first night after he had crossed the Bann, the boundary of the British Pale. The person supposed to sing is "Turlough," the Prince's harper.]

My Owen Bawn's hair is of thread of gold spun;
 Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun;
 All curled in a coolun the bright tresses are—
 They make his head radiant with beams like a star!

My Owen Bawn's mantle is long and is wide,
 To wrap me up safe from the storm by his side;
 And I'd rather face snow-drift and winter-wind there,
 Than lie among daisies and sunshine elsewhere.

My Owen Bawn Con is a hunter of deer,
 He tracks the dun quarry with arrow and spear—
 Where wild woods are waving, and deep waters flow,
 Ah, there goes my love, with the dun-dappled roe.

My Owen Bawn Con is a bold fisherman,
 He spears the strong salmon in midst of the Bann;
 And rock'd in the tempest on stormy Lough Neagh,
 Draws up the red trout through the bursting of spray.

My Owen Bawn Con is a bard of the best,
 He wakes me with singing, he sings me to rest;
 And the cruit 'neath his fingers rings up with a sound,
 As though angels harped o'er us, and fays underground.

They tell me the stranger has given command,
 That crommeal and coolun shall cease in the land,

That all our youth's tresses of yellow be shorn,
And bonnets, instead, of a new fashion, worn :

That mantles like Owen Bawn's shield us no more,
That hunting and fishing henceforth we give o'er,
That the net and the arrow aside must be laid,
For hammer and trowel, and mattock and spade :

That the echoes of music must sleep in their caves,
That the slave must forget his own tongue for a slave's,
That the sounds of our lips must be strange in our ears,
And our bleeding hands toil in the dew of our tears.

O, sweetheart and comfort ! with thee by my side,
I could love and live happy, whatever betide ;
But *thou*, in such bondage, wouldst die ere a day —
Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away !

There are wild woods and mountains, and streams deep and clear,
There are lochs in Tir-oën as lovely as here ;
There are silver harps ringing in Yellow Hugh's hall,
And a bower by the forest side, sweetest of all !

We will dwell by the sunshiny skirts of the brake,
Where the sycamore shadows glow deep in the lake ;
And the snowy swan stirring the green shadows there,
Afloat on the water, seems floating in air.

Farewell, then, black Slemish, green Collon adieu,
My heart is abreaking at thinking of you ;
But tarry we dare not, when freedom hath gone —
Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen Bawn Con !

Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen away !
We will leave them the dust from our feet as a prey,
And our dwelling in ashes and flames for a spoil —
'Twill be long ere they quench them with streams of the Foyle !

BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

[*Brighidin ban mo stor* is in English *fair young bride*, or *Bridget my treasure*. The proper sound of this phrase is not easily found by the mere English-speaking Irish. It is as if written, "*Bree-dheen-bawn-mu-sthor*." The proper name *Brighit*, or *Bride*, signifies a *fiery dart*, and was the name of the goddess of poetry in the Pagan days of Ireland.]

I AM a wand'ring minstrel man,
 And Love my only theme,
 I've stray'd beside the pleasant Bann,
 And eke the Shannon's stream ;
 I've pip'd and play'd to wife and maid
 By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
 But never met a maiden yet
 Like Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
 By Nature's fingers wove —
 Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair
 As is her breast of Love ;
 And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,
 Beyond our cottage door,
 I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
 For Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

It is not that thy smile is sweet,
 And soft thy voice of song —
 It is not that thou fleest to meet
 My comings lone and long ;
 But that doth rest beneath thy breast,
 A heart of purest core,
 Whose pulse is known to me alone,
 My Brighidin Ban Mo Store!

CAROLAN AND BRIDGET CRUISE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that when deprived of sight, and after the lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand. The lady's name was Bridget Cruise; and though not a pretty name, it deserves to be recorded, as belonging to the woman who could inspire such a passion. On his return from a pilgrimage which he made to St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Dearg, he found several persons on shore waiting the arrival of the boat which had conveyed him to the scene of his devotion. In assisting one of these devout travellers to get on board he chanced to take a lady's hand, and his sense of touch and feeling was so acute, that upon taking it he exclaimed, "*Dar Lamh mo cardais Criost* (By the hand of my Gossip), this is the hand of my first love, Bridget Cruise."]

"TRUE love can ne'er forget ;
 Fondly as when we met,
 Dearest, I love thee yet,
 My darling one !"
 Thus sung a minstrel gay
 His sweet impassion'd lay,
 Down by the ocean's spray
 At set of sun.

But wither'd was the minstrel's sight,
 Morn to him was dark as night,
 Yet his heart was full of light,
 As he thus his lay begun.

"True love can ne'er forget ;
 Fondly as when we met,
 Dearest, I love thee yet,
 My darling one !
 Long years are past and o'er,
 Since from this fatal shore,
 Cold hearts and cold winds bore
 My love from me."
 Scarcely the minstrel spoke,
 When quick, with flashing stroke,
 A boat's light oar the silence broke
 O'er the sea ;

Soon upon her native strand
 Doth a lovely lady land,
 While the minstrel's love-taught hand
 Did o'er his wild harp run :
 "True love can ne'er forget ;
 Fondly as when we met,
 Dearest, I love thee yet,
 My darling one !"
 Where the minstrel sat alone,
 There, that lady fair hath gone,
 Within his hand she placed her own,
 The bard dropped on his knee ;

From his lips soft blessings came,
 He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
 In trembling tones he named — *her name*,
 Though her he could not see ;
 But, O ! — the touch the bard could tell
 Of that dear hand, remember'd well,
 Ah ! — by many a secret spell
 Can true love find her own !
 For true love can ne'er forget ;
 Fondly as when they met,
 He loved his lady yet,
 His darling one.

THE BLIND MAN'S BRIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WHEN first, beloved, in vanished hours
The blind man sought thy hand to gain,
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
New freshened by the summer's rain.
The beauty which made them rejoice
My darkened eyes might never see;
But well I knew thy gentle voice,
And that, was all in all, to me.

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,
They talked to me of Time's decay,
Of roses from thy soft cheek gone,
Of ebon tresses turned to gray.
I heard them, but I heeded not;
The withering change I could not see;
Thy voice still cheered my darkened lot,
And that, was all in all, to me.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,
We'll wander 'neath the genial sky,
And only know that we are old
By counting happy hours gone by;
Thy cheek may lose its blushing hue,
Thy brow less beautiful may be,
But O, the voice which first I knew,
Still keeps the same sweet tone to me.

EMAN-AC-KNUCK TO EVA.*

BY J. B. CLARKE.

ON the white hawthorn's bloom, in purpling streak,
I see the fairy-ring of morning break,
On the green valley's brow she golden glows,
Kissing the crimson of the opening rose, —
Knits with her thousand smiles its damask dyes,
And laughs the season on our hearts and eyes.
Rise, Eva, rise! fair spirit of my breast,
In whom I live, forsake the down of rest.

* Eman-ac-Knuck, or Ned of the Hill, a celebrated minstrel freebooter.

Lovelier than morn, carnationed in soft hues,
 Sweeter than rifled roses in the dews
 Of dawn divinely weeping — and more fair
 Than the coy flowers faun'd by mountain air ;
 More modest than the morning's blushing smile.
 Rise, Eva, rise ! pride of our Western Isle —
 The sky's blue beauties lose their sunny grace
 Before the calm, soft splendors of thy face.

Thy breath is sweeter than the apple bloom,
 When spring's musk'd spirit bathes it in perfume ;
 The rock's wild honey steepes thy rubied lip —
 Rise, Eva, rise ! — I long these sweets to sip.
 The polish'd ringlets of thy jetty locks
 Shame the black raven's on their sun-gilt rocks ;
 Thy neck can boast a whiter, lovelier glow,
 Than the wild cygnet's silvery plume of snow.

And from thy bosom, the soft throne of bliss,
 The witch of love, in all her blessedness,
 Heaves all her spells, wings all her feathered darts,
 And dips her arrows in adoring hearts.
 Rise, Eva, rise ! the sun sheds his sweet ray,
 Am'rous to kiss thee — rise, my love ! we'll stray
 Across the mountain, — on the blossomy heath,
 The heath-bloom holds for thee its odorous breath.

From the tall crag, aspiring to the skies,
 I'll pick for thee the strings of strawberries ;
 The yellow nuts, too, from the hazel tree —
 Soul of my heart ! — I'll strip to give to thee :
 As thy red lips the berries shall be bright,
 And the sweet nuts shall be as ripe and white
 And milky, as the love-begotten tide
 That fills thy spotless bosom, my sweet bride !

Queen of the smile of joy ! shall I not kiss
 Thee in the moss-grown cot, bless'd bower of bliss —
 Shall not thy rapturous lover clasp thy charms,
 And fold his Eva in his longing arms —
 Shall Inniscather's wood again attest
 Thy beauties strain'd unto this burning breast ?
 Absent how long ! Ah ! when wilt thou return ?
 When shall this wither'd bosom cease to mourn ?

Eva ! why stay so long ? why leave me lone,
 In the deep valley, to the cold gray stone
 Pouring my plaints ? O come, divinest fair !
 Chase from my breast the demon of despair.

The winds are witness to my deep distress,
Like the lone wanderer of the wilderness,
For thee I languish and for thee I sigh —
My Eva, come, or thy poor swain shall die !

And didst thou hear my melancholy lay ?
And art thou coming, love ? My Eva ! say ?
Thou daughter of a meek-eyed dame, thy face
Is lovelier than thy mother's, in soft grace.
O yes ! thou comest, Eva ! to my sight
An angel minister of heavenly light : —
The sons of frozen climes can never see
Summer's bright smile so glad as I see thee :
Thy steps to me are lovelier than the ray
That roses night's cheek with the blush of day.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

To the conqueror his crowning,
First freedom to the slave,
And air unto the drowning,
Sunk in the ocean's wave
And succor to the faithful,
Who fight their flag above,
Are sweet, but far less grateful
Than were my lady's love.

I know I am not worthy
Of one so young and bright ;
And yet I would do for thee
Far more than others might ;
I cannot give you pomp or gold,
If you should be my wife,
But I can give you love untold,
And true in death or life.

Methinks that there are passions
Within that heaving breast
To scorn their heartless fashions,
And wed whom you love best.
Methinks you would be prouder
As the struggling patriot's bride,
Than if rank your home should crowd, or
Cold riches round you glide.

O ! the watcher longs for morning,
 And the infant cries for light,
 And the saint for heaven's warning,
 And the vanquished pray for might ;
 But their prayer, when lowest kneeling,
 And their suppliance most true,
 Are cold to the appealing
 Of this longing heart to you.

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, M. P.

O ! GIVE me back that royal dream
 My fancy wrought,
 When I have seen your sunny eyes
 Grow moist with thought ;
 And fondly hop'd, dear Love, your heart from mine
 Its spell had caught ;
 And laid me down to dream that dream divine,
 But true, methought,
 Of how *my* life's long task would be, to make *yours* blessed as it
 ought.

To learn to love sweet Nature more
 For your sweet sake,
 To watch with you — dear friend, with you ! —
 Its wonders break ;
 The sparkling Spring in that bright face to see
 Its mirror make —
 On summer morns to hear the sweet birds sing
 By linn and lake ;
 And know your voice, your magic voice, could still a grander music
 wake !

On some old shell-strewn rock to sit
 In Autumn eves,
 Where gray Killiney cools the torrid air
 Hot autumn weaves :
 Or by that Holy Well in mountain lone,
 Where Faith believes
 (Fain would I b'lieve) its secret, darling wish
 True love achieves.
 Yet, O ! its Saint was not more pure than she to whom my fond
 heart cleaves.

To see the dank mid-winter night
 Pass like a noon,
 Sultry with thought from minds that teemed,
 And glowed like June :
 Whereto would pass in sculp'd and pictured train
 Art's magic boon ;
 And Music thrill with many a haughty strain,
 And dear old tune,
 Till hearts grew sad to hear the destined hour to part had come so
 soon.

To wake the old weird world that sleeps
 In Irish lore ;
 The strains sweet foreign Spenser sung
 By Mulla's shore ;
 Dear Curran's airy thoughts, like purple birds
 That shine and soar ;
 Tone's fiery hopes, and all the deathless vows
 That Grattan swore ;
 The songs that once our own dear Davis sung — ah, me ! to sing no
 more.

To search with mother-love the gifts
 Our land can boast —
 Soft Erna's isles, Neagh's wooded slopes,
 Clare's iron coast ;
 Kildare, whose legions gray our bosoms stir
 With fay and ghost ;
 Gray Mourne, green Antrim, purple Glenmalur —
 Lene's fairy host ;
 With raids to many a foreign land to learn to love dear Ireland
 most.

And all those proud old victor-fields
 We thrill to name ;
 Whose mem'ries are the stars that light
 Long nights of shame ;
 The Cairn, the Dun, the Rath, the Tower, the Keep,
 That still proclaim
 In chronicles of clay and stone, how true, how deep,
 Was Eiré's fame.
 O ! we shall see them all, with her, that dear, dear friend we two
 have lov'd the same.

Yet ah ! how truer, tend'rer still
 Methought did seem
 That scene of tranquil joy, that happy home,
 By Dodder's stream ;
 The morning smile, that grew a fixéd star
 With love-lit beam,

The ringing laugh, locked hands, and all the far
 And shining stream
 Of daily love, that made our daily life diviner than a dream.

For still to me, dear Friend, dear Love,
 Or both — dear Wife,
 Your image comes with serious thoughts,
 But tender, rife ;
 No idle plaything to caress or chide
 In sport or strife ;
 But my best chosen friend, companion, guide,
 To walk through life,
 Link'd hand in hand, two equal, loving friends, true husband and
 true wife.

CONNOR, THE FISHERMAN.

My Connor is a fisher bold — he likes the life so free —
 The roaring of the wintry winds — the lashing of the sea ;
 His home is on the noisy waves, and once I am his bride,
 O ! trust me, I'll be bold enough to tempt them by his side.

My Connor hath a fairy bark on summer seas to skim ;
 He tells me in the summer time that I shall sail with him.
 He thinks I have a coward heart, as if one need be brave
 To dare the tempest *any* night, and Connor there to save.

My Connor hath a warrior's soul, but, in this age of slaves,
 Perhaps he finds his fittest life in warring with the waves ;
 And never blew the tempest yet that Connor's spirit bowed ;
 His eye would meet the lightning's flash, as kingly and as proud.

My Connor hath a tender heart, for all his stormy life ;
 There never breaks a word from him of sullenness or strife ;
 His war is with the braggart waves, and once I am his bride,
 O ! trust me, I'll be bold enough to tempt them by his side !

MARY.

LOVE-DREAMS.

I DREAMED that my love was a milk-white doe,
 That ranged the forest wide ;
 And I was a dappled mountain roe,
 That bounded by her side ;
 Our home was the wild wood's lonely glade,
 Where hunters there were none ;

We danced on the harebell, and couched in the shade,
And we loved and lived alone.

I dreamed that my love was a beautiful bird,
And I her tuneful mate;
And the live-long day my song was heard,
So wild, so passionate.
And still when winter deformed the time,
We bent our course o'er the sea;
And we built our nest in a lovelier clime,
'Mid the blooms of the orange tree.

I dreamed that my love was the fairy Queen,
And I an Elfin knight,
That mixed with her train when she danced on the green,
Beneath the mild moonlight.
And, O! it was merry in Fairy-land, —
There's nothing on earth so sweet
As the music and mirth of the spirit band,
And the twinkling of fairy feet.

AILLEEN.

BY JOHN BANIM.

[John Banim, author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," was born in the city of Kilkenny, and received his education in its college. About 1813 he came to Dublin to study painting under an able master, but manifesting no strong desire for the profession of an artist, he returned to his native city, where he became a Drawing-Master. He did not long bear the fatigue and drudgery of this calling, for he soon had recourse to literature as his chosen profession. As a Novelist, his character stands deservedly very high; second indeed to no one. The records of departed genius truly show, that the track of gifted individuals is like that of a meteor, — brilliant to excess, but equally transient. His burning love of religion and country was traced by him in letters of fire, and his indignant sincerity gave him a power, which few possessed before him. His temperament was sensitive and gloomy; hence he depicted the darker passions and more sullen traits of the character of his countrymen. His novels are strong, and full of fire; replete with powerful and striking imagery, both moral and physical, — equally indicative of tenderness and strength. His ballads are very national, — full of natural feeling, and of true fidelity to Irish character. He returned to Dublin, after the burial of his only son in Paris, quite broken-hearted. Death soon placed him beyond the reach of this world's sympathy, after having attained the high honor of being Ireland's greatest novelist.]

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
'Tis not for love of fame;
Tho' fortune should her smile bestow,
And I may win a name,
Ailleen,
And I may win a name.

BALLADS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

And yet it is for gold I go,
 And yet it is for fame,
 That they may deck another brow,
 And bless another name,
Ailleen,
 And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go — for this
 I lose thy love a while ;
 And all the soft and quiet bliss
 Of thy young, faithful smile,
Ailleen,
 Of thy young, faithful smile.

• And I go to brave a world I hate,
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave, and try a fate
 Upon a stranger shore,
Ailleen,
 Upon a stranger shore.

O ! when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care !
 O ! when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear,
Ailleen,
 I know a brow shall wear !

And when with both returned again,
 My native land to see,
 I know a smile will meet me there,
 And a hand will welcome me,
Ailleen,
 And a hand will welcome me !

 A WOOING.

BY M. MAC DERMOTT.

O ! WHEN I think of you, dear,
 At once my voice becomes a song !
 Your eyes so deeply blue, dear,
 The clustering curls that richly throng,
 Revealing — concealing —
 The sweetest charms of hue and form ;
 Your face's soft graces —
 The eyes that awe and lips that warm !

My thoughts to love's heat new, dear,
Expand, gush o'er, and sweep along —
And, as I think of you, dear,
At once my voice becomes a song !

I've listened with devotion
To many a sweet old Irish air —
But deeper my emotion
While gazing on your face so fair —
Like moonlight, at lone night,
That music falls — each timid ray,
Gloom fringed and tinged —
But you are like the light of day
Through Heaven's sunny blue, dear,
That falls so wide, endures so long —
Lark-like ! — awaked by you, dear,
At once my voice becomes a song.

Ambition's fire may heat us —
But, ah ! the flame, while heating, sears ;
And patriot-love, though sweet, is,
Like flowers, nourished half on tears !
The Brave dies, and Death buys
The freedom won in thundering fight ;
And faint woe and graves strow
The long, long way from Wrong to Right.
I ask of Heaven but you, dear —
Pure joys to love, alone, belong —
And Heaven is kind to woo,-dear,
At once my voice becomes a song !

O, have me ! and I'll give you
A heart, with all its errors, true :
I'll love you and believe you,
And you will smile on all I do !
Yes ! you'll cheer my home here,
And I'll strive for you abroad ;
By day, toils — by night, smiles,
And mutual tears and prayer to God !
So fadeless flowers will strew, dear,
The humble path we pass along ;
And life to me and you, dear,
Will be one high, harmonious song.

O ! THE MARRIAGE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

O ! THE marriage, the marriage,
 With love and *mo buachail* for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me ;
 For Owen is straight as a tower,
 And tender and loving and true,
 He told me more love in an hour
 Than the Squires of the county could do.
 Then, O ! the marriage, &c.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
 His eye is as clear as the day,
 His conscience and vote were unsold
 When others were carried away ;
 His word is as good as an oath,
 And freely 'twas given to me ;
 O ! sure 'twill be happy for both
 The day of our marriage to see.
 Then, O ! the marriage, &c.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
 The neighbors think much of his skill,
 And Owen's the lad to my mind,
 Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
 But he has a tilloch of land,
 A horse, and a stocking of coin,
 A foot for the dance, and a hand
 In the cause of his country to join.
 Then, O ! the marriage, &c.

We meet in the market and fair—
 We meet in the morning and night—
 He sits on the half of my chair,
 And my people are wild with delight.
 Yet I long through the winter to skim,
 Though Owen longs more I can see,
 When I will be married to him,
 And he will be married to me.
 Then, O ! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and *mo buachail* for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me.

SWEET SIBYL.

BY CHARLES GAVIN DUFFY, M.P.

My Love is as fresh as the morning sky,
 My Love is as soft as the summer air,
 My Love is as true as the Saints on high,
 And never was saint so fair !
 O, glad is my heart when I name her name,
 For it sounds like a song to me—
 I'll love you, it sings, nor heed their blame,
 For you love me *Astor Machree* !

Sweet Sibyl ! sweet Sibyl ! my heart is wild
 With the fairy spell that her eyes have lit ;
 I sit in a dream where my Love has smil'd —
 I kiss where her name is writ !
 O, darling, I fly like a dreamy boy ;
 The toil that is joy to the strong and true,
 The life that the brave for their land employ,
 I squander in dreams of you.

The face of my Love has the changeful light
 That gladdens the sparkling sky of spring ;
 The voice of my Love is a strange delight,
 As when birds in the May-time sing.
 O, hope of my heart ! O, light of my life !
 O, come to me, darling, with peace and rest !
 O, come like the Summer, my own sweet wife,
 To your home in my longing breast !

Be blessed with the home sweet Sibyl will sway
 With the glance of her soft and queenly eyes ;
 O ! happy the love young Sibyl will pay
 With the breath of her tender sighs.
 That home is the hope of my waking dreams —
 That love fills my eyes with pride —
 There's light in their glance, there's joy in their beams,
 When I think of my own young bride.

MY OWN.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

By the strange beating of my heart,
 Finding no place for all its joy —
 By those soft tears that wet my cheek,
 Like dews from Summer sky —

By this wild rush through every vein —
 This chok'd and trembling tone,
 Surcharg'd with bliss it cannot tell —
 I feel thou art my own.

And yet it cannot all be true,
 I've dream'd a thousand wilder dreams ;
 But this is brighter, wilder far,
 Than even the wildest seems.
 I've dream'd of wonders, spirit-climes,
 Of glories and of blisses won ;
 But ne'er before did vision come,
 To say thou wert my own !

My own ! my own ! thus gazing on,
 My life-breath seems to ebb away ;
 And o'er and o'er, and still again,
 The same dear words I say !
 I know — I know it must be true,
 And here, with Heaven and Love alone,
 I hold thee next my heart of hearts,
 For thou art all my own !

THE MAN OF THE NORTH COUNTRY.

BY, T. D. M'GEE.

He came from the North, and his words were few,
 But his voice was kind and his heart was true,
 And I knew by his eyes no guile had he,
 So I married the man of the North Country.

O ! Garryowen may be more gay,
 Than this quiet street of Ballibay ;
 And I know the sun shines softly down
 On the river that passes my native town.

But there's not — I say it with joy and pride —
 Better man than mine in Munster wide ;
 And Limerick Town has no happier hearth
 Than mine has been with my Man of the North.

I wish that in Munster they only knew
 The kind, kind neighbors I came unto :
 Small hate or scorn would ever be
 Between the South and the North Country.

MY OWEN.

ANON. (MARY.)

Proud of you, fond of you, clinging so near to you,
 Light is my heart now I know I am dear to you!
 Glad is my voice now, so free it may sing for you
 All the wild love which is burning within for you!
 Tell me once more, tell it over and over,
 The tale of that eve which first saw you my lover.
 Now I need never blush
 At my heart's hottest gush —
 The wife of my Owen her heart may discover!

Proud of you, fond of you, having all right in you,
 Quitting all else through my love and delight in you!
 Glad is my heart since 'tis beating so nigh to you!
 Light is my step for it always may fly to you!
 Clasped in your arms where no sorrow can reach to me,
 Reading your eyes till new love they shall teach to me,
 Though wild and weak till now,
 By that blest marriage vow,
 More than the wisest know *your* heart shall preach to *me*.

NANNY.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

O! FOR an hour when the day is breaking
 Down by the shore, when the tide is making!
 Fair as a white cloud, thou, love, near me,
 None but the waves and thyself to hear me:
 O, to my breast how these arms would press thee;
 Wildly my heart in its joy would bless thee;
 O, how the soul thou hast won would woo thee,
 Girl of the snow-neck! closer to me.

O for an hour as the day advances,
 (Out where the breeze on the broom-bush dances,)
 Watching the lark, with the sun-ray o'er us,
 Winging the notes of his heaven-taught chorus!
 O, to be there, and my love before me,
 Soft as a moonbeam smiling o'er me;
 Thou wouldst but love, and I would woo thee:
 Girl of the dark eye! closer to me.

O for an hour where the sun first found us,
 (Out in the eve with its red sheets round us,)
 Brushing the dew from the gale's soft winglets,
 Pearly and sweet with thy long dark ringlets :
 O, to be there on the sward beside thee,
 Telling my tale though I know you'd chide me ;
 Sweet were thy voice though it should undo me —
 Girl of the dark locks ! closer to me.

O for an hour by night or by day, love,
 Just as the heavens and thou might say, love ;
 Far from the stare of the cold-eyed many,
 Bound in the breath of my dove-souled Nanny !
 O for the pure chains that have bound me,
 Warm from thy red lips circling round me !
 O, in my soul, as the light above me,
 Queen of the pure hearts, do I love thee !

MY NIAL BAWN.

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

He has no gold but the gold that shines
 In those bright clustering tresses ;
 There's neither rank nor power for him
 Whom this fond heart wildly blesses ;
 But, O ! there's truth, and power, and love
 For my Nial's kingly dower ;
 And never was king so idolized
 In the day of his highest power.

To have no hope in the wide, wide world
 But all that's round him clinging —
 There is neither life nor joy for me,
 Unless from his fondness springing.
 I never think of pain or woe,
 For life can bring no trial,
 Which angels e'en could guard me thro'
 More tenderly than Nial.

His soul is soft as a morn of May,
 But strong as the deep, dark ocean —
 With passions wild as the storm and flame,
 For deeds of a high devotion.
 O, fierce and brave is my own dear love,
 The wrong and the foe defying ;
 But his voice is low and sweet to me
 As winds in the spring-time sighing.

Bright blessings fall on my Nial Bawn !
 I know his love outpouring ;
 And there's no joy on earth for me
 Like the joy of thus adoring.
 O ! my heart has love — such deep, deep love !
 To fall in soft, refreshing showers,
 That all around will look bright and green
 Thro' our life's long golden hours !

SEBASTIAN CABOT TO HIS LADY.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

DEAR, my Lady, you will understand
 By these presents coming to your hand,
 Written in the Hyperborean seas,
 (Where my love for you doth never freeze,)
 Underneath a sky obscured with light,
 Albeit called of mariners the night,
 That my thoughts are not of lands unknown,
 Or buried gold beneath the southern zone,
 But of a treasure dearer far to me,
 In a far isle of the sail-shadowed sea.

I asked the Sun but lately as he set,
 If my dear Lady in his course he met —
 That she was matronly and passing tall,
 That her young brow covered deep thought withal,
 That her full eye was purer azure far
 Than his own sky, and brighter than a star ;
 That her kind hands were whiter than the snow
 That melted in the tepid tide below,
 That her light step was stately as her mind,
 Steadfast as Faith, and soft as Summer wind ;
 Whether her cheek was pale, her eye was wet,
 And where and when my Lady dear he met ?

And the Sun spoke not : next I asked the Wind
 Which lately left my native shores behind,
 If he had seen my Love the groves among,
 That round our home their guardian shelter flung,
 If he had heard the voice of song arise
 From that dear roof beneath the eastern skies,
 If he had borne a prayer to heaven from thee
 For a lone ship and thy lone Lord at sea ?
 And the Wind answered not, but fled amain,
 As if he feared my questioning again.

Anon the Moon, the meek-faced minion rose,
 But nothing of my love could she disclose.
 Then my soul, moved by its strong will, trod back
 The shimmering vestige of our vessel's track,
 And I beheld you, darling, by our hearth,
 Gone was your girlish bloom and maiden mirth,
 And Care's too early print was on the brow,
 Where I have seen the sunshine shamed ere now ;
 And as unto your widowed bed you passed,
 I saw no more — tears blinded me at last.

But mourn not, Mary, let no dismal dream
 Darken the current of Hope's flowing stream ;
 Trust Him who sets his stars on high to guide
 Us sinful sailors through the pathless tide,
 The God who feeds the myriads of the deep,
 And spreads the oozy couches where they sleep ;
 The God who gave even me a perfect wife,
 The star, the lamp, the compass of my life,
 Who will replace me on a tranquil shore,
 To live with Love and you for evermore.

The watch is set, the tired sailors sleep,
 The star-eyed sky o'erhangs the dreamy deep —
 No more, no more : I can no further write ;
 Vain are my sighs, and weak my words this night ;
 But kneeling here, amid the seething sea,
 I pray to God, my best beloved, for thee ;
 And if that prayer be heard, as well it may,
 Our parting night shall have a glorious day.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH MAIDEN.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

BY DENNY LANE.

ON Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,
 The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalia,
 And many a stream comes rushing down
 To swell the angry Ownabwee ;
 The moaning blast is sweeping fast
 Through many a leafless tree,
 And I'm alone, for he is gone,
 My hawk is flown, *ochone machree !*

The heath was green on Carrigdhoun,
 Bright shone the sun on Ardnalia,

The dark green trees bent trembling down
 To kiss the slumb'ring Ownabwee;
 That happy day, 'twas but last May,
 'Tis like a dream to me,
 When Doinnall swore, ay, o'er and o'er,
 We'd part no more, *oh stor machree!*

Soft April show'rs and bright May flow'rs
 Will bring the summer back again,
 But will they bring me back the hours
 I spent with my brave Doinnall then?
 'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France
 To wear the *fleur de lis*;
 But I'll follow you, my *Doinnall dhu*,*
 For still I'm true to you, *machree!*

KATE OF KENMARE.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

O! MANY bright eyes full of goodness and gladness,
 Where the pure soul looks out, and the heart loves to shine,
 And many cheeks pale with the soft hue of sadness,
 Have I worshipped in silence and felt them divine!
 But Hope in its gleamings, or love in its dreamings,
 Ne'er fashioned a being so faultless and fair
 As the lily-cheeked beauty, the rose of the Roughty,†
 The fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare!

It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,
 Her presence, her absence, all crowded on me;
 But time has not ages, and earth has not distance
 To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee!
 Again am I straying where children are playing—
 Bright is the sunshine and balmy the air,
 Mountains are heathy, and there do I see thee,
 Sweet fawn of the valley, young Kate of Kenmare!

Thy own bright arbutus hath many a cluster
 Of white waxen blossoms like lilies in air;
 But, O! thy pale cheek hath a delicate lustre,
 No blossoms can rival, no lily doth wear;

* My black Daniel.

† The river Roughty discharges itself at the head of the great river or bay of Kenmare.

To that cheek softly flushing, to thy lip brightly blushing,
 O ! what are the berries that bright tree doth bear?
 Peerless in beauty, that rose of the Roughty,
 That fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare !

O ! beauty, some spell from kind Nature thou bearest,
 Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,
 That hearts that are hardest, from forms that are fairest,
 Receive such impressions as never can die !
 The foot of the fairy, though lightsome and airy,
 Can stamp on the hard rock * the shape it doth wear,
 Art cannot trace it nor ages efface it —
 And such are thy glances, sweet Kate of Kenmare !

To him who far travels how sad is the feeling —
 How the light of his mind is o'ershadowed and dim,
 When the scenes he most loves, like the river's soft stealing,
 All fade as a vision and vanish from him !
 Yet he bears from each far land a flower for that garland,
 That memory weaves of the bright and the fair ;
 While this sigh I am breathing my garland is wreathing,
 And the rose of that garland is Kate of Kenmare !

In lonely Lough Quinlan in summer's soft hours,
 Fair islands are floating that move with the tide,
 Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with flowers,
 And thus o'er the bright waters fairy-like glide ! †
 Thus the mind the most vacant is quickly awakened,
 And the heart bears a harvest that late was so bare,
 Of him who in roving finds objects in loving,
 Like the fawn of the valley — sweet Kate of Kenmare !

Sweet Kate of Kenmare, though I ne'er may behold thee —
 Though the pride and the joy of another you be —
 Though strange lips may praise thee and strange arms enfold thee !
 A blessing, dear Kate, be on them and on thee !
 One feeling I cherish that never can perish —
 One talisman proof to the dark wizard care —
 The fervent and dutiful love of the Beautiful,
 Of which thou art a type, gentle Kate of Kenmare !

* In the vicinity of Kenmare is a rock called *The Fairy Rock*, on which the marks of several feet are deeply impressed ; they are, of course, supposed to have been the work of fairies.

† Dr. Smith, in his *History of Kerry*, says — “ Near this place is a considerable fresh water lake, called Lough Quinlan, in which are some small floating islands much admired by the country people. These islands swim from side to side of the lake, and are usually composed at first of a long kind of grass, which being blown off the adjacent grounds about the middle of September, and floating about, collect slime and other stuff, and so yearly increase till they come to have grass and other vegetables grown upon them.”

TALK BY THE BLACKWATER.

FAINT are the breezes and pure is the tide,
 Soft is the sunshine and you by my side ;
 'Tis just such an evening to dream of in sleep —
 'Tis just such a joy to remember and weep ;
 Never before, since you called me your own,
 Were you, I, and Nature, so proudly alone —
 Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be
 All the long summer eve talking to thee.

Dear are the green banks we wander upon —
 Dear is our own river, glancing along —
 Dearer the trust that as tranquil will be,
 The tides of the future for you and for me ;
 Dearest the thought, that, come weal or come woe,
 Through storm or through sunshine together they'll flow —
 Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be
 All the long summer eve thinking of thee.

Yon bark o'er the waters how swiftly it glides —
 My thoughts cannot guess to what haven it rides ;
 As little I know what the future brings near,
 But our bark is the same, and I harbor no fear ;
 Whatever our fortunes, our hearts will be true —
 Wherever the stream flows 'twill bear me with you —
 Cushlamachree, 'tis blessed to be
 Summer and winter time clinging to thee.

MARY.

THE BRIDE OF MALLOW.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

'Twas dying they thought her,
 And kindly they brought her
 To the banks of Blackwater,
 Where her forefathers lie ;
 'Twas the place of her childhood,
 And they hoped that its wild wood,
 And air soft and mild would
 Soothe her spirit to die.

But she met on its border
 A lad who adored her —
 No rich man, nor lord, or
 A coward, or slave ;

But one who had worn
A green coat, and borne
A pike from Slieve Mourne,
With the patriots brave.

O ! the banks of the stream are
Than emeralds greener ;
And how should they wean her
From loving the earth ?
While the song-birds so sweet,
And the waves at their feet,
And each young pair they meet,
Are all flushing with mirth.

And she listed his talk,
And he shared in her walk —
And how could she balk
One so gallant and true ?
But why tell the rest ?
Her love she confest,
And sunk on his breast,
Like the even tide dew.

Ah ! now her cheek glows
With the tint of the rose,
And her healthful blood flows,
Just as fresh as the stream ;
And her eye flashes bright,
And her footstep is light,
And sickness and blight
Fled away like a dream.

And soon by his side
She kneels a sweet bride,
In maidenly pride
And maidenly fears ;
And their children were fair,
And their home knew no care,
Save that all homesteads were
Not as happy as theirs.

THE LONELY POET.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

ALONE — I am alone, Ellen, this weary wintry even,
Lorn, as the solitary star, bewildered in the heaven :
All nature's thickly shrouded in a winding-sheet of snow,
And the embers on my cheerless hearth, like hope, are wearing low.

There's sorrow in my soul, Ellen ; and if I do not weep,
It is because the burning brand hath entered far too deep ;
And if I do not murmur at fate's severe decree,
It is that my own hand hath helped to mould my destiny.

Beloved of my life's morning ! beyond blue ocean's foam
My thoughts fly to thy native isle, and well-remembered home ;
They hover o'er thy lattice, like bees o'er honey flowers,
To wile her forth again, who there hath watched for me long hours.

But Fancy — the unkind one ! — cares nothing for my will —
I bid her bring me joy, and she returns with sadness still ;
For thy summer look of gladness, in maiden mildness worn,
She gives the melancholy smile of one long used to mourn.

And when I'd fain to near thee, where oft in bliss we met,
She leads me where I pressed thy cheek with tears of parting wet.
The world that is around me, or that which is within,
Contains no gem of happiness for such as I to win.

I know it, and I feel it now, — O ! would that I had known
And felt it thus, before I call'd thy loving heart my own !
What were all that I have borne, or yet may bear, to me,
Had the storm that smote me in its wrath, left thy young blossom
free ?

I dreamt I'd come again, Ellen, with riches, power, and fame —
But two of these I've ceased to seek, and the last is but a name ;
A name bestowed at random by the ignorant and loud,
And seldom rightly won or worn, till its owner's in his shroud.

In the country of the stranger my lasting lot is cast,
And the features of the future are as gloomy as the past ; —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, the gaudy sun may shine —
He'll sooner warm the marble cold, than this heavy heart of mine.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, the breeze across the sea
To thy land's shores may waft the ship — it bloweth not for me.
The lonely bird at eventide in thy bower may sing his fill —
My foot shall never break again the quiet of his hill !

CUSHLA-MO-CHREE.*

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL. D.

By the green banks of Shannon I wooed thee, dear Mary,
 When the sweet birds were singing in summer's gay pride,
 From those green banks I turn now, heart-broken and dreary,
 As the sun sets to weep o'er the grave of my bride.
 Idly the sweet birds around me are singing;
 Summer, like winter, is cheerless to me;
 I heed not if snow falls, or flow'rets are springing,
 For my heart's-light is darkened — my *Cushla-mo-chree*!

O! bright shone the morning when first as my bride, love,
 Thy foot, like a sunbeam, my threshold cross'd o'er,
 And blest on our hearth fell that soft eventide, love,
 When first on my bosom thy heart lay, *asthore*!
 Restlessly now, on my lone pillow turning,
 Wear the night-watches, still thinking on thee;
 And darker than night, breaks the light of the morning,
 For my aching eyes find thee not, *Cushla-mo-chree*!

O, my loved one! my lost one! say, why didst thou leave me
 To linger on earth with my heart in the grave!
 O! would thy cold arms, love, might ope to receive me
 To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave.
 Still from our once happy dwelling I roam, love,
 Evermore seeking, my own bride, for thee;
 Ah, Mary! wherever thou art is my home, love,
 And I'll soon lie beside thee, my *Cushla-mo-chree*!

I WOULD THAT I WERE DEAD.

No more to bless my soul shall rise
 The joys of by-gone years;
 No more my unstrung harp replies
 To worldly hopes or fears.
 In mirkest night is lost the star,
 Whose light my pathway led;
 I am lonely, very lonely,
 O! I would that I were dead.

No more along thy banks, sweet Foyle,
 My evening path shall lie;

* Pulse of my heart.

No more my Mary's love-lit face
Shall meet my longing eye.
All that could cheer my wayward soul,
Like sunset tints hath fled ;
I am lonely, very lonely,
O ! I would that I were dead.

Ah ! when the pleasant Spring-time came,
Like bride dedecked with flowers,
How blest, adown the hawthorn lane,
We passed the twilight hours.
My Mary, Heaven had called you then,
Its light was round you shed ;
I am lonely, very lonely,
O ! I would that I were dead.

Even then your words of love would blend,
With hopes of freedom's day ;
And whisper thus — " No woman's love
In slavish hearts should stay."
The while the wild rose in your hair,
Scarce matched your cheek's pure red ;
I am lonely, very lonely —
O ! I would that I were dead.

O ! that my stubborn heart should live
That dreadful moment through,
When those bleak robes I raised, to give
One parting kiss to you ;
When there lay all my earthly joy,
Arrayed for death's cold bed ;
I am lonely, very lonely —
O ! I would that I were dead.

Yes, Mary dear, thy earnest wish,
Is all that wakes me now ;
To haste the day when slavery's blush
Shall flee our country's brow ;
To toil, to strive, till free she'll rise,
Then lay with thee my head ;
For I'm lonely, very lonely,
And longing to be dead.

FINIS.

MARY.

BY M. MAC DERMOTT.

LOVE me, dearest Mary !
 No honey speech I own,
 Nor talisman to win you, save
 This true, fond heart alone ;
 I cannot offer rank or gold —
 Such things I never knew —
 But all one human heart can hold
 Of love, I'll give to *you*,
Mary !
 Of love, I'll give to you.

For you were aye unto me,
 From boyhood to this hour,
 That sweet to which all bright thoughts clung,
 Like bees around a flower ;
 The whispering tree, the silent moon,
 The bud beneath the dew,
 All, by the fairy hand of love,
 Were linked with thoughts of *you*,
Mary !
 Were linked with thoughts of you.

Were ever linked with you, love,
 And when I rose to part
 From scenes that long had nursed my soul,
 From many a kind, old heart —
 Though sad to hearth, and vale, and stream,
 And friends to bid adieu !
 Yet still my soul in silence wept
 Until I thought of *you*,
Mary !
 Until I thought of you.

O ! since 'mid life's unquiet,
 Through many a wintry storm,
 What lay, like hope, within my breast,
 And kept its currents warm ?
 What, when the night shone gemmed with stars,
 Was brighter than the blue,
 And sweeter than my toil-earn'd sleep ?
 The memory of *you*,
Mary !
 The memory of you.

And now I've won a home, dear,
 Not very grand or high,
 But still with quite enough to meet
 The day that's passing by;
 With one bright room where we might sit
 And have a friend or two —
 Ay, bright, I say — for, O, 'tis lit
 With hope 'twill yet see *you*,
Mary!
 With hope 'twill yet see *you*.

Then love me, dearest Mary,
 No honey speech I own,
 Nor talisman to win you, save
 This true, fond heart alone;
 I cannot offer rank or gold —
 Such things I never knew —
 But all one human heart can hold
 Of love, I'll give to *you*,
Mary!
 Such love I'll give to *you*.

ELLEN BAWN.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

ELLEN BAWN, O, Ellen Bawn, you darling, darling dear, *you*,
 Sit awhile beside me here, I'll die unless I'm near *you*!
 'Tis for *you* I'd swim the Suir and breast the Shannon's waters;
 For Ellen dear, you've not your peer in Galway's blooming daughters!

Had I Limerick's gems and gold at will to mete and measure,
 Were Loughrea's abundance mine, and all Portumna's treasure,
 These might lure me, might insure me many and many a new love,
 But O! no bribe could pay your tribe for One like *you*, my true love!

Blessings be on Connaught! that's the place for sport and raking!
 Blessings too, my love, on *you*, a-sleeping and a-waking!
 I'd have met *you*, dearest Ellen, when the sun went under,
 But, woe! the flooding Shannon broke across my path in thunder!

Ellen! I'd give all the deer in Limerick's parks and arbors,
 Ay, and all the ships that rode last year in Munster's harbors,
 Could I blot from Time the hour I first became your lover,
 For, O! you've given my heart a wound it never can recover!

Would to God that in the sod my corpse to-night were lying,
 And the wild birds wheeling o'er it, and the winds a-sighing,
 Since your cruel mother and your kindred choose to sever
 Two hearts that Love would blend in one for ever and for ever !

WELCOME HOME TO YOU.

A HUNDRED thousand welcomes, and 'tis time for you to come
 From the far land of the foreigner, to your country and your home.
 O ! long as we are parted, ever since you went away,
 I never passed a dreamless night or knew an easy day.

Do you think I would reproach you with the sorrows that I bore ?
 Sure the sorrow is all over, now I have you here once more —
 And there's nothing but the gladness and the love within my heart,
 And the hope, so sweet and certain, that again we'll never part.

Did the strangers come around you with true heart and loving hand ?
 Did they comfort and console you when you sickened in their land ?
 Had they pleasant smiles to court you, and silver words to bind ?
 Had they hearts more fond and loyal than the hearts you left behind ?

There's a quiver on your proud lip, and a paleness on your brow ;
 Maybe if they had so loved you, you would not be near me now.
 O ! cruel was the coldness which my darling's heart could pain !
 O ! blessed was whatever sent him back to me again !

A hundred thousand welcomes ! — how my heart is gushing o'er
 With the love and joy and wonder thus to see your face once more ;
 How did I live without you through these long, long years of woe ?
 't seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from you now.

You'll never part me, darling — there's a promise in your eye ;
 I may tend you while I'm living — you will watch me when I die ;
 And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high,
 What a hundred thousand welcomes shall await you in the sky !
MARY.

KATHLEEN.

BY E. D. WILLIAMS.

My Kathleen dearest ! in truth or seeming
 No brighter vision ere blessed mine eyes
 Than she for whom, in Elysian dreaming,
 Thy tranced lover too fondly sighs.

O ! Kathleen fairest ! if elfin splendor
Hath ever broken my heart's repose,
'Twas in the darkness, ere purely tender,
Thy smile, like moonlight o'er ocean, rose.

Since first I met thee thou knowest thine are
This passion-music, each pulse's thrill —
The flowers seem brighter, the stars diviner,
And God and Nature more glorious still.
I see around me new fountains gushing —
More jewels spangle the robes of night ;
Strange harps are pealing — fresh roses blushing —
Young worlds emerging in purer light.

No more thy song-bird in clouds shall hover —
O ! give him shelter upon thy breast,
And bid him swiftly, his long flight over,
From heav'n drop into that love-built nest.
Like fairy flow'rets is Love thou fearest,
At once that springeth like mine from earth —
'Tis friendship's ivy grows slowly, dearest,
But Love and Lightning have instant birth.

The mirthful fancy and artful gesture —
Hair black as tempest, and swan-like breast,
More graceful folded in simplest vesture
Than proudest bosoms in diamonds drest —
Not these, the varied and rare possession
Love gave to conquer, are thine alone ;
But, O ! there crowns thee divine expression,
As saints a halo, that's all thine own.

Thou art, as poets, in olden story,
Have pictur'd woman before the fall —
Her angel beauty's divinest glory —
The pure soul shining, like God, thro' all.
But vainly, humblest of leaflets springing,
I sing the queenliest flower of love :
Thus soars the sky-lark, presumptuous singing
The orient morning enthroned above.

Yet hear, propitious, belovèd maiden,
The minstrel's passion is pure as strong,
Tho' Nature fated, his heart, love-laden,
Must break, or utter its woes in song.
Farewell ! if never my soul may cherish
The dreams that bade me to love aspire,
By Mem'ry's altar ! thou shalt not perish,
First Irish pearl of my Irish lyre !

MY CONNOR.

BY J. FRAZER.

His eye is as black as the sloe;
 And his skin is as white as its blossom —
 He loves me ; but hate to the foe
 Has the innermost place in his bosom ;
 I forgive him, for sorrow unmixed,
 His child, like himself, should inherit,
 If hatred to chains had not fixed
 The strong kernel-stone in his spirit.

The lark never soars but to sing —
 Nor sings but to soar ; but my Connor
 Surpasses the lark on the wing,
 Tho' walking the earth without honor !
 The fetters — the fetters awake
 Deep passionate songs that betoken
 The part and the place he will take,
 When bonds are held up to be broken.

He loves me more dearly than life,
 Yet would he forsake me to-morrow,
 And lose both his blood and his wife,
 To free his loved island from sorrow ;
 And could I survive but to see
 The land without shackle upon her,
 I freely a widow would be,
 Tho' dearly I dote on my Connor.

There is hope for the land where the ties
 'Twixt husband and wife have been reckoned
 As virtue the first, in strange eyes,
 Yet are, *in their own*, but the second !
 The sun never shines from the sky,
 If the country be long in dishonor —
 With women — all braver than I —
 And men — all as brave as my Connor.

PAST PLEASURE.

BY W. KENNEDY.

REMEMBEREST thou the evening we met in the shady glen ?
 'Twas the only time we ever were there, or ever shall be again.
 Thy eye and cheek so beautiful, a glorious lustre wore ;
 And deeper and quicker my young heart beat than ever it beat before.

The sun went down unheeded to his chamber in the West ;
We lived in the light of each other's looks and we felt that both
were blest.

The far-off voice of the water-fall, and the bird's song warbled nigh,
Were drowned in the passionate tones that gushed from our bosoms
swelling high.

Years have rolled by since we parted, years many a weary one ;
And I sigh for rest, as the seaman sighs for land, ere his course is run.
No heart is there now to love me, or be beloved by me ;
Not one to stir the spirit that watched in the glen's lone haunts, with
thee.

I'll never forget that evening ! No — though the thought be vain —
I would still be thine, all lost as thou art, could I feel what I felt
again.

Sorrow and shame have followed it ; yet, like a desolate star,
That floats in the wake of a thunder-cloud, its memory shines afar !

THE GIRL OF DUNBWY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

'Tis pretty to see the girl of Dunbwy
Stepping the mountain stately —
Though ragged her gown, and naked her feet,
No lady in Ireland to match her is meet.

Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies —
Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of her eyes ;
The child of a peasant — yet England's proud Queen
Has less rank in her heart, and less grace in her mien.

Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams, just as if
A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff,
And love, and devotion, and energy speak
From her beauty-proud eye, and her passion-pale cheek.

But pale as her cheek is, there's fruit on her lip,
And her teeth flash as white as the crescent moon's tip,
And her form and her step, like the red deer's go past —
As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.

I saw her but once, and I looked in her eye,
And she knew that I worshipped in passing her by ;
The saint of the wayside — she granted my prayer,
Though we spoke not a word, for her mother was there.

I never can think upon Bantry's bright hills,
 But her image starts up, and my longing eye fills ;
 And I whisper her softly, "again, love, we'll meet,
 And I'll lie in your bosom, and live at your feet."

LOVE'S GREETING.

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

WELCOME again, as the May's scented blossom,
 Welcome again to your home in this bosom.
 O ! for the sweet blessed hour that has brought you
 Back to the arms that so long, long have sought you.
 Welcome, O ! welcome, with wild-ringing laughter,
 Tears than the evening-dew sweeter and softer,
 Music and light in my soul's depth o'erflowing,
 Pulses that throb — color coming and going —

Whispers that none but my lov'd one shall listen,
 Glances where every fond secret shall glisten,
 Claspings of hands that have long been asunder,
 Hearts brimming over with rapture and wonder :
 Thoughts like the green leaves so joyously dancing,
 When warm sun and sweet winds around them are glancing,
 Joy for me ! — joy ! for you never will leave me,
 And now there is nought on the wide earth to grieve me.

Glad as the bird up the summer vault singing —
 Light as the bough with its gay blossoms springing —
 Bright as the gold-sparks that glisten and quiver
 At morning or eve, on the breast of the river :
 Calm as the child in its soft slumber lying —
 Blest as the saint to his home above flying,
 Fill'd with a love ever thrilling and burning —
 So am I now at my darling's returning !

KATE OF ARRAGLEN.

BY DENNY LANE.

WHEN first I saw thee, Kate,
 That summer ev'ning late,
 Down at the orchard gate
 Of Arraglen,
 I felt I'd ne'er before
 Seen one so fair, asthore,

I fear'd I'd never more
 See thee again —
 I stopped and gazed at thee,
 My footfall luckily
 Reach'd not thy ear, though we
 Stood there so near;
 While from thy lips a strain,
 Soft as the summer rain,
 Sad as a lover's pain
 Fell on my ear.

I've heard the lark in June,
 The harp's wild plaintive tune,
 The thrush, that aye too soon
 Gives o'er his strain —
 I've heard in hush'd delight
 The mellow horn at night,
 Waking the echoes light
 Of wild Loch Lene.
 But neither echoing horn,
 Nor thrush upon the thorn,
 Nor lark at early morn,
 Hymning in air,
 Nor harper's lay divine,
 E'er witch'd this heart of mine,
 Like that sweet voice of thine,
 That ev'ning there.

And when some rustling, dear,
 Fell on thy listening ear,
 You thought your brother near,
 And named his name,
 I could not answer, though,
 As luck would have it so,
 His name and mine, you know,
 Were both the same —
 Hearing no answering sound,
 You glanced in doubt around,
 With timid look, and found
 It was not he;
 Turning away your head,
 And blushing rosy red,
 Like a wild fawn you fled
 Far, far from me.

The swan upon the lake,
 The wild rose in the brake,
 The golden clouds that make
 The west their throne,

The wild ash by the stream,
 The full moon's silver beam,
 The ev'ning star's soft gleam,
 Shining alone ;
 The lily robed in white,
 All, all are fair and bright ;
 But ne'er on earth was sight
 So bright, so fair,
 As that one glimpse of thee,
 That I caught then, machree,
 It stole my heart from me
 That ev'ning there.

And now you're mine alone,
 That heart is all my own —
 That heart that ne'er hath known
 A flame before.
 That form of mould divine,
 That snowy hand of thine —
 Those locks of gold are mine
 For evermore.
 Was lover ever seen
 As blest as thine, Kathleen ?
 Hath lover ever been
 More fond, more true ?
 Thine is my every vow !
 For ever, dear, as now !
 Queen of my heart be thou !
 *Mo cailín ruadh ! **

THE LAST ADIEU.

BY B. SIMMONS.

ADIEU ! adieu ! In secret now
 My spirit sore must chide
 The grief that fain would sear my brow,
 Despite of all my pride.
 But none shall tell, for none shall know
 The wasting agony of woe
 This heart must learn to hide,
 Though still remembering that we met,
 To love — to sever — and forget.

Forget thee — ay — let Lethé out
 Upon my senses roll —

* My golden-haired girl.

Or be the Hebrew Ruler's doubt
 Proved groundless to my soul ; *
 To whence it came let it depart,
 And its existence newly start
 Once more from Being's goal ;
 Then in *that* second sinful race
 Of *this* and thee shall live no trace.

But until soul and sense be sunk
 In mute forgetfulness,
 The madd'ning draught of love I've drunk
 To passion's wild excess,
 More sweet 'mid sorrowing and shame
 Than if the world around us came
 To brighten and to bless —
 Shall leave a fever in this brain
 The touch of Time would cool in vain.

Adieu, adieu ! — the scathed bough
 When riven from its tree,
 Parts not more hopelessly than now
 I sever wide from thee —
 Nor differs more May's morning light
 From Winter's wild December night
 Than our fates disagree !
 Blighted or blest may be thy lot,
 All one to me, — I share it not.

Thou nameless, guileless, guiltless One,
 Whose smile to me was woe !
 How my heart heaves to think upon
 Thy fortune here below !
 Shall this our distant northern clime
 Behold the wasting hand of Time,
 O'er thy young beauty go,
 Or shall our green isle's verdure wave
 O'er love's sole rest — thine early grave ?

No — even the cherished recompense
 Of weeping o'er the clay
 That shrouds thy love's omnipotence,
 Fate to me will not pay —
 Far, far where wide Ohio's floods
 Sweep through Kentucky's twilight woods,
 Thy life shall wane away —
 Till like some lute's last parting tone,
 It sinks in sweetness all its own.

And should I learn in after years
 Thy destiny was blest,
 That thou went'st through this vale of tears
 Caressing and caressed ;
 Or, different far, that thy young life,
 With the chill world's unfeeling strife,
 Was to the last opprest —
 Warm tears shall be my sole reply,
 That gush from heart and not from eye.

Yes, tears — soul-starting and heart-wrung —
 Should happiness be thine,
 To think thy destiny was flung
 So wide away from mine ;
 And tears, should the rude shock of fate
 Leave thy lone heart all desolate,
 O'er vanish'd days to pine —
 To feel how Hope once lit our eyes
 With dreams she dared not realize.

Adieu, adieu ! — no breeze shall spring
 Hereafter from the sea,
 But I will fancy on its wing
 It wafts a sigh to me
 From that dear lip, whose last pure prayer
 To Heaven shall be, to meet me where,
 Through bright eternity,
 Are linked those hearts and souls, above,
 Who loved on earth while life could love !

A DREAM OF OTHER YEARS.

True love, remembered yet through all that mist of years,
 Clung to with such vain, vain love — wept with such vain tears —
 On the turf I sat last night, where we two sat of yore,
 And thought of thee till memory could bear to think no more.

The twilight of the young year was fading soft and dim ;
 The branches of the budding trees fell o'er the water's brim ;
 And the stars came forth in lonely light through all the silent skies ;
 I scarce could see them long ago with looking in thine eyes.

For O, thou wert my starlight, my refuge, and my home ;
 My spirit found its rest in thee, and never sought to roam ;
 All thoughts and all sensations that burn and thrill me through,
 In those first days of happy love were calmed and soothed by you.

How wise thou wert — how tender — ah, but it seemed to be
Some glorious guardian angel that walked this earth with me;
And now though hope be over, and love too much in vain,
What marvel if my weary heart finds nought like thee again.

Beloved, when thou wert near me, the happy and the right,
Were mingled in our gentle dream of ever fresh delight;
But now the path of duty, seems cold and dark to tread,
Without one radiant guide star to light me overhead.

If there were aught, my faith in thee, to darken or remove
One memory of unkindness — one chilling want of love; —
But no — thy heart still clings to me as fondly, warmly, true,
As mine, thro' chance, and change, and time, must ever cling to you.

If there were aught to shrink from — to blush with sudden shame —
That he who won the beating heart the lips must fear to name;
But O, before the whole wide world how proudly would I say:
"He reigned my king long years ago — he reigns my king to-day."

And so I turn to seek thee through all the mist of years,
And love with vain devotion, and weep with vainer tears;
And on the turf I sit alone, where we two sat of yore,
And think of thee till memory can bear to think no more!

MARY.

THE POET'S PASSION.

BY B. D. WILLIAMS.

I LOVE thee! O! how weak a scroll
Is song the most divine,
To paint the strength of Love's control,
The pangs that rend the battling soul
That vainly strives to stem the roll
Of passion's wave, like mine!

Each day — my ev'ry combat vain —
I love thee more and more;
The secret fire, with blissful pain,
Flashes and glows, thro' heart and brain,
More fierce than that the Minstrels feign
From Heav'n Prometheus bore.

I love thee far before them all
Of Beauty's train that be:
Thy smile and step, in bow'r and hall —

BALLADS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

The lightest words that from thee fall —
 Thy very shadow on the wall
 Is something dear to me.

In dream, I kiss thee o'er and o'er —
 Alas ! in dreams alone —
 Last night I thought we sat before
 A wood-embosomed cottage door,
 That view'd a garden's starry floor,
 And thou didst seem mine own.

For language far too deeply blest,
 Our souls convers'd in sighs ;
 And thou didst tremble when I press'd
 My cheek upon thy glowing breast,
 And sunk to that Elysian rest
 That seals Love's languid eyes.

As when the bee from roses sips
 The fairies' fragrant wine —
 As the fierce sun in ocean dips
 When Thetis' arms his fires eclipse,
 To thee I flew with thirsting lips
 That wildly quaff'd from thine.

My lips no heedless kiss could steal
 From thine; then careless sever —
 Ah, no ! thy rosy mouth should feel
 The fervid stamp of passion's seal,
 While, as to magnets clings the steel,
 I clung to thee for ever.

And yet my only speech is sighs,
 To speak my love to thee ;
 In vain my tongue to woo thee tries,
 Nor dare I gaze into thine eyes,
 Altho' the blue and starry skies
 Are less divine to me.

Unawed I join, when thou'rt away,
 The laugh without control ;
 But when thou'rt near I am not gay —
 No beams of mirth around me play —
 A deeper joy — a holier ray
 Pervades my conscious soul.

I feel, though round bright spirits be,
 Thy presence like a cloud ;
 Thenceforth I am no longer free —

My heart in secret kneels to thee,
And hails the present deity,
In silent worship bow'd.

O ! when, in some green bower apart,
Shall I, without disguise,
In faltering tones, yet void of art,
And tears, despite the will, that start,
Lay bare thy lover's bleeding heart
Before thy guilty eyes ?

O Christ ! — the matchless joy and pride
To call thee by my name —
To clasp thee fondly to my side,
A dearly-loved and happy bride,
Till down the vale of years we glide,
And Heaven's high mandate came.

At last our earthly robes to fling
Upon the flow'ry sod ;
And heart to heart, on viewless wing,
Away ! — away ! — commingled spring,
For evermore to love and sing
Fast by the throne of God !

Yet, if His eye foresee my hand
Should e'er thy sorrow prove,
May His unsparing angel stand
Between us, with the flaming brand
That flash'd 'twixt Adam and the land
Where man first bowed to Love.

O ! sooner than one cloud of care,
Thou joy-predestin'd child,
Should darken o'er thy dawning fair,
Condemn me, Heaven, in lone despair,
Branchless, blasted, cold, and bare,
To wither on the wild —

Where round me love's young fruits and flowers
Shall ne'er be seen to wave,
But dismally the dreary hours
Shall wane, afar from Beauty's bowers,
And when I fall, no pitying showers
Bedew my sterile grave !

MY OWN LOVE.

O ! come to me, asthore machree !
 I love you more than my heart can tell ;
 I've not a thought in the night or day
 But to prove how deep and well.
 The softest green of the summer trees,
 The sweetest strain of the wild bird's song,
 The holiest sunbeam that lights the sky,
 Were welcome small for the *one* whom I
 Have worshippèd and wept so long !

There's none I know, on earth below,
 Could treasure and dote on my love like me ;
 The laughter and tears of my inmost soul
 Rush on in a stream to thee.
 There's hardly place in my heart's deep cell
 To hold the wealth that on thee I'd pour,
 And I sit alone all the long, long hours,
 While a heaving joy swells through tearful showers,
 In my fondness for you, asthore !

Then come to me, cushla machree !
 You're left by the world to me alone ;
 And wild and bright is my joy and pride
 When I think of my darling one !
 I know not how I can greet you best —
 I know not how I can most adore ;
 But in winged delight still I rove along,
 With a dreamy step and a voice of song,
 Waiting for you, asthore !

 THE LOST MADONNA.

BY B. SIMMONS.

O ! lost Madonna, young and fair !
 O'er-leant by broad embracing trees,
 A streamlet to the lonely air
 Murmurs its meek low melodies ;
 And there, as if to drink the tune,
 And 'mid the sparkling sands to play,
 One constant Sunbeam still at noon
 Shoots through the shades its golden way.

My lost Madonna, whose glad life
 Was like that ray of radiant air,
 The March-wind's violet scents blew rife
 When last we sought that fountain fair.
 Blithe as the beam from heaven arriving,
 Thy hair held back by hands whose gleam
 Was white as stars with night-clouds striving —
 Thy bright lips bent and sipped the stream.

Fair fawn-like creature ! innocent
 In soul as faultless in thy form, —
 As o'er the wave thy beauty bent
 It blushed thee back each rosy charm.
 How soon the senseless wave resigned
 The tints, with thy retiring face,
 While glassed within my mournful mind
 Still glows that scene's enchanting grace.

Ah, every scene, or bright or bleak,
 Where once thy presence round me shone,
 To echoing Memory long shall speak
 The Past's sweet legends, Worshipp'd One !
 The wild blue hills, the boundless moor,
 That, 'like my lot, stretched dark afar,
 And o'er its edge, thine emblem pure,
 The never-failing evening star.

My lost Madonna, fair and young !
 Before thy slender-sandalled feet
 The dallying wave its silver flung,
 Then dashed far ocean's breast to meet ;
 And farther, wider, from thy side
 Than unreturning streams could rove,
 Dark Fate decreed me to divide —
 To me, my henceforth buried Love !

Yes ! far for ever from my side,
 Madonna, now for ever fair,
 To death of DISTANCE I have died,
 And all has perished, but — Despair.
 Whether thy fate with woe be fraught,
 Or Joy's gay rainbow gleams o'er thee,
 I've died to all but the mad thought
 That what was once no more shall be.

'Tis well : — at least I shall not know
 How time or tears may change that brow ;
 Thine eyes shall smile, thy cheek shall glow
 To me in distant years as now.

And when in holier worlds, where Blame,
And Blight, and Sorrow, have no birth,
Thou'rt mine at last — I'll clasp the same
Unaltered Angel, loved on earth.

MURMURS OF LOVE.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

THE stars are watching, the winds are playing;
They see me kneeling, they see me praying;
They hear me still, through the long night saying —
Asthore machree, I love you, I love you!

And O! with no love that is light or cheerful,
But deep'ning on in its shadow fearful;
Without a joy that is aught but tearful,
'Tis thus I love you, I love you.

Whispering still, with those whispers broken,
Speaking on, what can ne'er be spoken,
Were all the voices of earth awoken —
O! how I love you, I love you!

With all my heart's most passionate throbbing,
With wild emotion, and weary sobbing,
Love and light from all others robbing —
So well I love you, I love you!

With the low faint murmurs of deep adoring,
And voiceless blessings for ever pouring,
And sighs that fall with a sad imploring,
'Tis thus I love you, I love you.

With the burning beating, the inward hushing,
Ever and ever in music gushing,
Like mystic tones from the sea-shell rushing,
O, thus I love you, I love you.

They pass me dancing, they pass me singing,
While night and day o'er the earth are winging;
But I sit here, to my trance still clinging —
For O! I love you, I love you!

THE POET'S HEART.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Thou know'st it not, love, when light looks are around thee,
 When music awakens its liveliest tone,
 When pleasure in chains of enchantment hath bound thee,
 Thou know'st not how truly this heart is thine own.
 It is not while all are about thee in gladness,
 While shining in light from thy young spirit's shrine,
 But in moments devoted to silence and sadness,
 That thou'lt ere know the value of feelings like mine.

Should grief touch thy cheek, or misfortune o'ertake thee,
 How soon would thy mates of the summer decay !
 They first of the whole fickle flock to forsake thee,
 Who flattered thee most when thy bosom was gay.
 What though I seem cold while their incense is burning,
 In the depths of my soul I have cherished a flame
 To cheer the loved one should the night time of mourning
 Ere send its far shadows to darken her name.

Then leave the gay crowd, — though my cottage is lonely,
 Gay halls without hearts are far lonelier still ;
 Then say thou'lt be mine, Mary, always and only,
 And I'll be thy shelter whate'er be thine ill.
 As the fond mother clings to her fair little blossom
 The closer when blight hath appeared on its bloom,
 So thou, Love, the dearer shalt be to this bosom,
 The deeper thy sorrow, the darker thy doom.

CONAL AND EVA.

My Conal was poor, and he never would sue —
 I said, " I have riches enough for us two ;"
 My Conal was proud, from his girl he would take
 No more than her heart — he has left it to break —
 For, O ! he is toiling far over the sea,
 He never would stoop to owe riches to me,
My proud love.

The gold is all mine ; now there's no one to share,
 But for treasure or pleasure 'tis little I care,
 For I'm dreaming all night, and I'm thinking all day —
 How he's poor and deserted, and far, far away,

With none to console him if sickness should smite,
With none to watch o'er him by day or by night,
My own love.

If I thought in the land of the stranger he'd find
A voice that could soothe him, a tie that could bind —
If I thought he'd forgot me, or wished to resign,
O ! never should reach him one murmur of mine ;
But I'd pray that the fair girl he chose for his own
Might love him and guard him as I would have done,
My dear love.

But always he told me wherever he'd roam,
His heart would be true to the true heart at home ;
That he'd love his poor Eva, though far from her side,
And come back, with God's blessing, to make her his bride —
And sure when I think of each look and each vow,
It seems like a sin to be doubting him now,
My fond love.

I'll not wrong him or grieve him by doubting or care,
But watch o'er him still with my blessing and prayer;
I'll go down to the sea-side, for there I can see
The spot where my darling last parted from me,
And I'll kneel on the bare stones the saints to implore
That Conal and Eva may meet there once more —
My true love.

MARY.

THE DEAREST.

BY JOHN STERLING.

O ! THAT from far-away mountains,
Over the restless waves,
Where bubble enchanted fountains
Rising from jewelled caves,
I could call a fairy bird
Who, whenever thy voice was heard,
Should come to thee, dearest !

He should have violet pinions,
And a beak of silver white,
And should bring from the sun's dominions,
Eyes that would give thee light.
Thou shouldst see that he was born
In a land of gold and morn,
To be thy servant, dearest !

Oft would he drop on thy tresses
 A pearl or a diamond stone,
 And would yield to thy light caresses
 Blossoms in Eden grown.
 Round thy path his wings would shower
 Now a gem and now a flower,
 And dewy odors, dearest !

He should fetch from his eastern island
 The songs that the Peris sing,
 And when evening is clear and silent,
 Spells to thy ear would bring,
 And with his mysterious strain
 Would entrance thy weary brain ; —
 Love's own music, dearest !

No Phoenix, alas ! will hover,
 Sent from the morning star ;
 And thou must take of thy lover
 A gift not brought so far :
 Wanting bird, and gem, and song,
 Ah ! receive and treasure long,
 A heart that loves thee, dearest !

UNA.

UNA of the wreathy tresses, wavy waist, and foot of fay —
 Una of the merry glances, witching thought and will away —
 Una of the heart so loving, and the smile so frank and free —
 Una, Una, 'tis the Summer, but no summer time with me.

Swelling mount and rolling meadow hem the landscape where I
 rove ;

Shady trees are branching o'er me, green and mossy as the Grove.
 In the distance throbs the ocean, winds the river through the wold,
 And the royal sun, like Midas, touches every thing to gold.

But I miss your loving presence — and my heart is in eclipse —
 Lambent smile and graceful frolic, balmy breath upon my lips.
 O ! I'd give a life's ambition for this moment by your side,
 And I'd scale the gates of Heav'n to beg my Una for my bride.

Ah, but Hope is lame and fickle, and Fate is void of ruth,
 And Friends are cold and careless, and time is warping Truth.
 The dreams we wove are ravelled, our olden life is dead,
 And the days we passed together for aye to us are sped.

Breezy mornings, panting bravely o'er the mountain's ruddy heath ;
 Sunny noons, the humming air around, the couchèd grass beneath ;
 Azure eves, the wavelets rippling, by our sand-belated steps ;
 Dewy twilight, swelling surges, where the glaucous wave-light leaps

How our blue boat skimmed the waters, as a skater skims the ice !
 How she clove the mantling billow's crest, and tacked her in a trice
 When the mountain gusts came rapid, bluff against our tiny sail,
 And your hand sought mine, all trembling, with your rosy cheek so
 pale !

That glorious beetling mountain, with its grisly head of black,
 And its sides smooth-sloping downwards, like a lion's brawny back.
 The bay with its guardian castles, my bark with its taper spar,
 The steady helm, and the surfing swell, and the twin lights at the
 bar.

It makes my hopes swell high again ; they mesh my life like a lure ;
 They haunt my heart like the hope of Heav'n, and my eyes like a
 Calenture.

O'er my books I feel, in fancy, long locks trailing by my cheek,
 And through the dreamful, lonely night list love-words that you
 speak.

* * * * *

Dear my land, I love you dearly, but I'm sick of toil and strife !
 Dear my friends, 'tis hard to part you, but I'm longing for the life,
 Far away from crowds and cities, dear my love, I led with thee —
 With my own, own darling Una, by the mountains and the sea !

D. F. B.

SLEEP ON.

BY FLORENCE BEAMISH.

SLEEP on, for I know 'tis of me you are dreaming,
 Sleep on, till the sun comes to give you a call,
 Though the pride of my heart is to see your eye beaming,
 Yet still *to be dreamt of* is better than all.
 For then 'tis to yours that my heart's always speaking,
 And then 'tis the spell that enchains it gives way,
 And reveals all the love that I never, when waking,
 Could get round my tongue in the daylight to say.

Yes, sleep on, mavourneen, my joy, and my treasure,
 Not often does sleep get a comrade so fair,
 And no wonder it is that his eye takes a pleasure
 To watch by your pillow while you slumber there.

Then sleep — softly sleep, till the day-dawn is breaking,
 And peeps in to give you a smile and a call,
 For though great as my joy is to see you when waking,
 Yet still *to be dreamt of* is better than all !

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. B. WILDE.)

How beautiful, how beautiful you streamed upon my sight,
 In glory and in grandeur, as a gorgeous sunset light !
 How softly, soul-subduing, fell your words upon mine ear
 Like low aerial music when some angel hovers near !
 What tremulous, faint ecstasy to clasp your hand in mine
 Till the darkness fell upon me of a glory too divine !

The air around grew languid with our intermingled breath,
 And in your Beauty's shadow I sank motionless as death.
 I saw you not, I heard not, for a mist was on my brain —
 I only felt that life could give no joy like that again :
 And this was *Love* — I knew it not, but blindly floated on,
 And now I'm on the ocean waste, dark, desolate, alone.

The waves are raging round me — I'm reckless where they guide ;
 No hope is left to light me, no strength to stem the tide ;
 As a leaf along the torrent — a cloud across the sky —
 As dust upon the whirlwind, so my life is drifting by.
 The dream that drank the meteor's light — the form from Heaven
 has flown —

The vision and the glory they are passing — they are gone.
 O ! love is frantic agony, and life one throb of pain ;
 Yet I would bear its darkest woes to dream that dream again.

MY KALLAGH DHU ASTHORE.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

AGAIN the flowery feet of June have tracked our cottage side ;
 And o'er the waves the timid moon steals, smiling like a bride :
 But what were June or flowers to me, or waves, or moon, or more,
 If evening came and brought not thee — my Kallagh dhu asthore !

Let others prize their lordly lands, and sceptres gemmed with blood,
 More dear to me the honest hands that earn my babes their food :
 And little reck we queens or kings when daily labor's o'er ;
 And by the evening embers sings my Kallagh dhu asthore.

And when he sings, his every song is sacred freedom's own :
 And like his voice his arm is strong, for labor nursed the bone :
 And then his step, and such an eye ! ah, fancy ! touch no more ;
 My spirit swims in holy joy o'er Kallagh dhu asthore !

His voice is firm, his knee is proud when pomp's imperious tone
 Would have the freeborn spirit bowed, that right should bow alone ;
 For well does Kallagh know his due, nor ever seeks he more ;
 Would heaven mankind were all like you, my Kallagh dhu asthore !

And Kallagh is an Irishman in sinew, soul, and bone ;
 Not e'en the veins of old Slieveban are purer than his own :
 The wing of woe has swept our skies, the foreign foe our shore,
 But stain or change thy race defies, my Kallagh dhu asthore !

What wonder, then, each word he said fell o'er my maiden day,
 Like breathings o'er the cradle-bed where mothers kiss and pray ;
 Though dear your form, your cheek, and eye, I loved those virtues
 more,

Whose bloom nor ills nor years destroy, my Kallagh dhu asthore !

O, could this heart, this throbbing thing, be made a regal chair,
 I'd rend its every swelling string, to seat you, Kallagh, there :
 And O, if honest worth alone the kingly bawble bore,
 No slave wert thou, my blood, my bone, my Kallagh dhu asthore !

MO CRAOIBHIN CNO.*

BY EDWARD WALSH.

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
 And Dublin town ;
 It strays beyond the Southern side
 Of Cnoc-Maol-Donn,†
 Where Cappoquin‡ hath woodlands green,
 Where Anhan-Mhor's§ waters flow,
 Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
 Mo craoibhin cno,
 Low clustering in her leafy screen,
 Mo craoibhin cno !

* *Mo craoibhin cno* literally means *my cluster of nuts* ; but it figuratively signifies *my nut-brown maid*. It is pronounced *Ma Creevin Kno*.

† *Cnoc-maol-Donn* — *The Brown bare hill*. A lofty mountain between the county of Tipperary and that of Waterford, commanding a glorious prospect of unrivalled scenery.

‡ Cappoquin. A romantically situated town on the Blackwater, in the county of Waterford. The Irish name denotes the *head of the tribe of Conn*.

§ *Anhan-mhor* — *The Great River*. The Blackwater, which flows into the sea at Youghal. The Irish name is uttered in two sounds *Oan-Vore*.

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
 Are rich and fair,
 With wavy plume, and silken gown,
 And stately air;
 Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
 Can silks thy neck of snow?
 Or measur'd pace, thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhin cno,
 When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
Mo craoibhin cno?

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
 That maidens sung —
 They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
 In Saxon tongue —
 O! bring me here that Gaelic dear
 Which cursed the Saxon foe,
 When thou didst charm my raptured ear,
Mo craoibhin cno!
 And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've wandered by the rolling Lee!
 And Lene's green bowers —
 I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,
 And Limerick's towers —
 And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
 Frown o'er the flood below;
 My wild heart strays to Amhan-mhor's side,
Mo craoibhin cno!
 With love and thee for aye to hide,
Mo craoibhin cno!

LOVE BALLAD.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

LONELY from my home I come,
 To cast myself upon your tomb,
 And to weep.
 Lonely from my lonesome home,
 My lonesome house of grief and gloom,
 While I keep
 Vigil often all night long,
 For your dear, dear sake,
 Praying many a prayer so wrong
 That my heart would break!

Gladly, O my blighted flower,
 Sweet Apple of my bosom's Tree,
 Would I now
 Stretch me in your dark death-bower
 Beside your corpse, and lovingly
 Kiss your brow.
 But we'll meet ere many a day
 Never more to part,
 For ev'n now I feel the clay
 Gathering round my heart.

In my soul doth darkness dwell,
 And through its dreary winding caves
 Ever flows,
 Ever flows with moaning swell,
 One ebbless flood of many Waves,
 Which are Woes.
 Death, love, has me in his lures,
 But that grieves not me,
 So my ghost may meet with yours
 On yon moon-loved lea.

When the neighbors near my cot
 Believe me sunk in slumber deep
 I arise —
 For, O ! 'tis a weary lot
 This watching eye, and wooing sleep
 With hot eyes —
 I arise, and seek your grave,
 And pour forth my tears ;
 While the winds that nightly rave,
 Whistle in mine ears.

Often turns my memory back
 To that dear evening in the dell,
 When we twain
 Sheltered by the sloe-bush black,
 Sat, laughed, and talked, while thick sleet fell,
 And cold rain.
 Thanks to God ! no guilty leaven
 Dashed our childish mirth.
 You rejoice for this in Heaven,
 I not less on earth !

Love ! the priests feel wroth with me
 To find I shrine your image still
 In my breast.
 Since you are gone eternally,
 And your fair frame lies in the chill
 Grave at rest ;

But true Love outlives the shroud,
 Knows nor check nor change,
 And beyond Time's world of Cloud
 Still must reign and range.

Well may now your kindred mourn
 The threats, the wiles, the cruel arts,
 They long tried
 On the child they left forlorn !
 They broke the tenderest heart of hearts,
 And she died.
 Curse upon the love of show !
 Curse on Pride and Greed !
 They would wed you "high" — and woe !
 Here behold their meed !

A DREAM OF A DREAM.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY EVA. (MISS MARY EVA KELLY.)

O, BUT for a moment only, and never and never more,
 To sit in thine eyes' glad sunlight, my treasure of love to pour ;
 To breathe it in broken murmurs of rapture and wild despair,
 Ere its song and its joy, for ever, are drunk by the empty air !

The voice of my Dreams is dying, so mournfully, day by day,
 Like the sound of those distant waters that glide from the earth
 away ;

Ah ! faint as the faint bells ringing, in silence within the ear !
 And dim as the wavering moonbeam, the hopes of my life appear.

The spell of the Minstrel's *Clairseach*, his power, and his visions — all,
 To the winds of the dreary Winter, in stillness and sorrow fall ;
 Pass out in this tearful sighing — those throbs of a heart that ne'er
 Knew glory, or woe, or gladness, save that which thy love brought
 there !

O ! to tell thee the weary longing, like wild bird, in my breast,
 That flies through the night and morning, yet knows not a place of
 rest —

To whisper thee, sad and lowly, how dark is the world and cold,
 And hear thee but give me, dearest, one word like the words of old !

Sure the sun falls in shadows only, since the hour you were torn
 from me ;

No flower in my heart has blossom'd — ah, never, *asthore machree* !

No eye has shed joy upon me — no heart warm'd mine within :
The cold spot my bosom chilling, is cold at this hour as then !

Come, come ! can this deep devotion I pour from my soul to thee,
Not triumph o'er all, this moment, that severs thee far from me ? —
Vain, vain ! o'er the troubled waters there cometh no word or sign —
No voice comes with answering power — The dream of a dream is
mine !

THE PEASANT'S BRIDE.

I WAS a simple country girl
That loved the morning dearly ;
My only wealth a precious pearl
I found one morning early.
I milked my mother's only cow,
My kind poor lovin' *Drimin* ;
I never envied then nor now
The kine of richer women.

The sun shone out in bonny June,
And fragrant were the meadows ;
A voice as sweet as an Irish tune
(I know it was my Thady's,)
Said, " Mary dear, I fain would stay,
But where's the use repining ?
I must away to save my hay
Now while the sun is shining."

Now Thady was as stout a blade
As ever stood in leather,
With hook or scythe, with plough or spade,
He'd beat ten men together ;
He's just the man, thought I, for me,
He is working late and early,
He shall be mine if he is free,
He takes my fancy fairly.

I gave my hand, though I was young,
And *heart*, too, like a feather,
Our marriage song by the lark was sung
When we were wed together ;
And many a noble lord, I'm told,
And many a noble lady,
Would gladly give a crown of gold
To be like me and Thady.

KATHLEEN BAN ADAIR.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

THE battle blood of Antrim had not dried on freedom's shroud,
 And the rosy ray of morning was but struggling thro' the cloud;
 When, with lightning foot and deathly cheek, and wildly waving
 hair,
 O'er grass and dew, scarce breathing, flew young Kathleen ban Adair.

Behind, her native Antrim in a reeking ruin lies;
 Before her, like a silvery path, Kells' sleeping waters rise;
 And many a pointed shrub has pierc'd those feet so white and bare,
 But, O! thy heart is deeper rent, young Kathleen ban Adair.

And Kathleen's heart but one week since was like a harvest morn,
 When hope and joy are kneeling round the sheaf of yellow corn;
 But where's the bloom then made her cheek so ripe, so richly fair?
 Thy stricken heart hath fed on it, young Kathleen ban Adair.

And now she gains a thicket, where the sloe and hazel rise;
 But why those shrieking whispers, like a rush of worded sighs?
 Ah, low and lonely bleeding lies a wounded patriot there,
 And every pang of his is thine, young Kathleen ban Adair.

"I see them, O! I see them, in their fearful red array;
 The yeomen, love! the yeomen come — ah! heavens away, away!
 I know, I know they mean to track my lion to his lair;
 Ah! save thy life — ah! save it for thy Kathleen ban Adair!"

"May Heaven shield thee, Kathleen! — when my soul has gone to
 rest;
 May comfort rear her temple in thy pure and faithful breast;
 But to fly them, O! to fly them, like a bleeding, hunted hare;
 No! not to purchase heaven, with my Kathleen ban Adair.

"I loved, I love thee, Kathleen, in my bosom's warmest core —
 And Erin, injured Erin, O! I loved thee even more;
 And death I feared him little when I drove him thro' their square,
 Nor now, though eating at my heart, my Kathleen ban Adair."

With feeble hand his blade he grasp'd, yet dark with spoilers' blood;
 And then, as though with dying bound, once more erect he stood;
 But scarcely had he kiss'd that cheek, so pale, so purely fair,
 When flash'd their bayonets round him and his Kathleen ban Adair!

Then up arose his trembling, yet his dreaded hero's hand,
 And up arose, in struggling sounds, his cheer for mother land:

A thrust — a rush — their foremost falls ; but ah ! good God ! see
there,
Thy lover's quivering at thy feet, young Kathleen ban Adair !

But heavens ! men, what recked he then your heartless taunts and
blows,
When from his lacerated heart ten dripping bayonets rose ?
And maiden, thou with frantic hands, what boots it kneeling there
The winds heed not thy yellow locks, young Kathleen ban Adair.

O ! what were tears, or shrieks, or swoons, but shadows of the rest,
When torn was frantic Kathleen from the slaughtered hero's breast ?
And hardly had his last-heaved sigh grown cold upon the air,
When O ! of all but life they robb'd young Kathleen ban Adair !

But whither now shall Kathleen fly ? — already is she gone ;
Thy water, Kells, is tempting fair, and thither speeds she on ;
A moment on its blooming banks she kneels in hurried prayer —
Now in its wave she finds a grave, poor Kathleen ban Adair !

DARK MARGARET.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

We sit by the fire,
My poor old wife and I ;
The fire burns slow, our hearts are low,
And the tear stands in the eye,
For our daughters three who are over the sea,
Far, far, in the wooded west ;
One after one, our darlings are gone ;
But our Mary we loved the best.

My brother's son
Sits in the chimney by us ;
The staff of our age — hard, hard is the page
Of the lesson that keeps him by us.
For he longs to be free, to go over the sea,
Where his kindred have found their rest.
One after one, our darlings are gone,
But our Mary he loved the best.

Welcome, Margaret !
Dear Margaret, have you come ?
Draw nigh to the fire, and tighten the wire,
And sing us a song of home.

For though heaven denies the light to your eyes,
 Yet never were expressed
 By the Harper King, such strains as you sing,
 And our Mary loved them best.

Sit by *me*, Margaret,
 Dear Margaret, sit by *my* side ;
 For you loved my dearest daughter, far o'er the world-wide water,
 Who should have been our Patrick's bride.
 O ! sing me *her* songs, for my poor heart longs
 To clasp her to my breast ;
 Though tears it will bring, yet my darling *must* sing
 What our Mary loved the best.

You are there, Patrick !
 I feel your breathing soft upon my cheek ;
 A tear is in your eye, and well your heart knows why ;
 You are there I say, although you do not speak.
 I have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fingal beneath,
 And homeward I am going to the west ;
 And I thought as I did pass I would sing the "*Colleen Dhas*,"
 That one you loved so well, and best.

Hark ! she sings.
 Tremblingly over the strings her fingers stray ;
 And the light that heaven denies to her clear but darkened eyes,
 Her wreathed smiles and dimpling cheeks betray.
 O ! it is our "*Colleen Dhas*," as her pleasant days did pass,
 Loudly lilting at the milking with the rest ;
 Soon, soon, alas ! in sighs and tears, she leaves our longing eyes :
 The Mary we all loved the best.

No more, my dearest Margaret, —
 Sing the "*Colleen Dhas*" no more ;
 For her father and her mother loved her more than any other,
 And her parting grieves them sore.
 You have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fingal beneath,
 And homeward you are going to the west ;
 Tell us all the country news, the merriest you can choose,
 To pleasure the old couple we love best.

I have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fingal beneath,
 And homeward I am going to the west ;
 I will tell the country news, the merriest I can choose,
 To pleasure the old couple we love best.
 YOUR MARY HAS COME HOME — YOUR LOVED AND LOVING ONE,
 And here she comes to tell you all the rest !
 Now, Patrick, fill your glass, while I sing the "*Colleen Dhas*,"
 With a welcome home to Mary, you love best !

FLORENCE.

DEAR Florence, his heart is so loving and gay,
 And his blue eyes would dazzle dark sorrow away,
 And his voice, full of music, 'tis sweet as can be,
 But sweetest when talking low love-words to me.

O ! light is the step with which Florence goes by,
 And kindly his glance as a smile from the sky,
 And ready his hand is to give, or to aid,
 And faithful his heart to his own Irish maid.

Most girls in the village are richer than I,
 And many a fairer walks under the sky,
 But little he heeded, for Florence well knew
 That never a heart beat more loving and true.

And once, when my sister just bid me good night,
 And spoke of his beauty so gladdening and bright,
 I thought — there's a dearer than all you have said —
 'Tis the love in his heart for his poor Irish maid.

For, though Florence is courtly to win and to please,
 And gay as the skylark, and kind as the breeze,
 Alas ! for my weak thoughts, most fondly they twine
 Round the frank, loving heart that is plighted to mine.

MARY.

THE LAST REPROACH.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

THE charm, the gilded life is over,
 I live to feel I live in vain,
 And worlds were worthless to recover
 That dazzling dream of mine again.
 The idol I adored is broken,
 And I may weep its overthrow ;
 Thy lips at length my doom have spoken,
 And all that now remains is woe.

And is it thus indeed we sever,
 And hast thou then forgotten all ;
 And canst thou cast me off for ever,
 To mourn a dark and hopeless thrall ?
 O ! perfidy, in friend or foe,
 In stranger, lover, husband, wife ;
 Thou art the blackest drop of woe
 That bubbles in the cup of life.

But most of all in woman's breast,
Triumphant in thy blasting power,
Thou reignest, like a Demon-guest,
Enthroned in some celestial bower.
O! cold and cruel she who, while
She lavishes all wiles to win
Her lover o'er, can smile and smile,
Yet be all dark and false within!

Who, when his glances on another
Too idly and too long have dwelt,
Will sigh as if she sought to smother
The grief her bosom never felt.
Who, versed in every witching art,
That e'er the warmest love would dare,
First having gained her victim's heart,
Then turns him over to despair.

Alas! and can such treachery be?
The worm that winds in slime along,
Is nobler, better far than she
Who revels in such heartless wrong!
Go now, and triumph in thy guilt,
And weave thy wanton spells anew;
Go, false as fair, and if thou wilt,
Again betray the fond and true.

Yet this, my last and long farewell,
Is less in anger than in sorrow;
Mine is the tale which myriads tell,
Who loathe to-day and dread to-morrow
Me, Frances! me thou never knewest
Nor sawest that, if my speech was cold,
The love is deepest oft and truest,
That burns within the soul untold.

Farewell! in life's gay giddy whirl
Soon wilt thou have forgotten me;
But where, O! most dissembling girl,
Where shall I from thine image flee?
Farewell! for thee the Heavens are bright,
And flowers along thy pathway lie;
The bolts that strike, the winds that blight,
Will pass thy bower of beauty by.

But where shall I find rest? Alas!
Soon as the winter winds shall rave
At midnight, through the long, dark grass,
Above mine unremembered grave!

THE CLADDAGH BOATMAN.

I AM a Claddagh boatman bold,
 And humble is my calling,
 From morn to night, from dark to light,
 In Galway bay I'm trawling ;
 I care not for the great man's frown,
 I ask not for his pity,
 My wants are few, my heart is true,
 I sing a boatman's ditty.

I have a fair and gentle wife,
 Her name is Eily Holway ;
 With many a wile, and joke, and smile,
 I won the pride of Galway ;
 For twenty years, 'mid hopes and fears,
 With her I've faithful tarried ;
 Her heart to-night is young and light,
 As when we first were married.

I have a son, a gallant boy,
 Unstained by spot or speckle ;
 He pulls and hawls, and mends the trawls
 And minds the other tackle ;
 His mother says the boy, like me,
 Loves truth, and hates all blarney —
 The neighbors swear in Galway bay
 There's not the like of Barney.

Thank God, I have another child,
 Like Eily, lithe and slender ;
 She clasps my knee and kisses me
 With love so true and tender ;
 Though oft will rage the howling blast
 Upon the angry water,
 I ne'er complain of wind or rain,
 For I think of my little daughter.

When Sunday brings the hour of rest,
 That sweet reward of labors,
 We cross the fields to early Mass
 And walk home with the neighbors
 O ! would the rest of Erin's sons
 Were but like us united ;
 I'm loath to swear, but by my oath,
 Her name should not be slighted.

THE WELCOME.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M. R. I. A.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever."

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

O! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "true lovers, don't sever!"

Fairy Ballads.

SIR TURLOUGH, OR THE CHURCHYARD BRIDE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY," ETC.

[In the churchyard of Erigle Truagh, in the barony of Truagh, county Monaghan, there is said to be a Spirit which appears to persons whose families are there interred. Its appearance, which is generally made in the following manner, is uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unhappy as to meet with it. When a funeral takes place, it watches the person who remains last in the graveyard, over whom it possesses a fascinating influence. If the loiterer be a young man, it takes the shape of a beautiful female, inspires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise to meet in the churchyard on a month from that day: this promise is sealed by a kiss, which communicates a deadly taint to the individual who receives it. It then disappears, and no sooner does the young man quit the churchyard, than he remembers the history of the spectre — which is well known in the parish — sinks into despair, dies, and is buried in the place of appointment on the day when the promise was to have been fulfilled. If, on the contrary, it appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty. Some years ago I was shown the grave of a young person about eighteen years of age, who was said to have fallen a victim to it: and it is not more than ten months since a man in the same parish declared that he gave the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as lost. He took a fever, died, and was buried on the day appointed for the meeting, which was exactly a month from that of the interview. There are several cases of the same kind mentioned, but the two now alluded to are the only ones that came within my personal knowledge. It appears, however, that the spectre does not confine its operations to the churchyard, as there have been instances mentioned of its appearance at weddings and dances, where it never failed to secure its victims by dancing them into pleuritic fevers. I am unable to say whether this is a strictly local superstition, or whether it is considered peculiar to other churchyards in Ireland, or elsewhere. In its female shape it somewhat resembles the Elle maids of Scandinavia; but I am acquainted with no account of fairies or apparitions in which the sex is said to be changed, except in that of the devil himself. The country people say it is Death.]

THE bride she bound her golden hair —

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

And her step was light as the breezy air

When it bends the morning flowers so fair,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And O, but her eyes they danc'd so bright,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow's light,
Her bridal vows of love to plight,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
To receive from his Eva her virgin vow ;
" Why tarries the bride of my bosom now ? "
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A cry ! a cry ! — 'twas her maidens spoke,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
" Your bride is asleep — she has not awoke ;
And the sleep she sleeps will be never broke, "
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And his cheek became like the marble stone —
" O, the pulse of my heart is for ever gone ! "
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen * is loud, it comes again,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And rises sad from the funeral train,
As in sorrow it winds along the plain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* The Irish cry, or wailing for the dead; properly written *Caolne*, and pronounced as if written keen. Speaking of this practice, which still prevails in many parts of Ireland, the Rev. A. Ross, rector of Dungiven, in his statistical survey of that parish, observes that "however it may offend the judgment or shock our present refinement, its affecting cadences will continue to find admirers wherever what is truly sad and plaintive can be relished or understood." It is also thus noticed in the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry :"—"I have often, indeed always, felt that there is something exceedingly touching in the Irish cry; in fact, that it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow. The Irish peasantry, whenever a death takes place, are exceedingly happy in seizing upon any contingent circumstances that may occur, and making them subservient to the excitement of grief for the departed, or the exaltation and praise of his character and virtues. My entrance was a proof of this; for I had scarcely advanced to the middle of the floor, when my intimacy with the deceased, our boyish sports, and even our quarrels, were adverted to with a natural eloquence and pathos, that, in spite of my firmness, occasioned me to feel the prevailing sorrow. They spoke, or chanted mournfully, in Irish: but the substance of what they said was as follows:—'O, mavourneen! you're lying low this mornin' of sorrow! lying low are you, and does not know who it is (alluding to me) that is standin' over you, weopin' for the days you spent together in your youth! It's yourself, *acushla agus asthore machree*, (the pulse and beloved of my heart) that would stretch out the right hand warmly to welcome him to the place of his birth, where you had both been so often happy about the green hills and valleys with each other!' They then passed on to an enumeration of his virtues as a father, a husband, son, and brother—specified his worth as he stood related to society in general, and his kindness as a neighbor and a friend."

And O, but the plumes of white were fair,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 When they flutter'd all mournful in the air,
 As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer,*
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And it softly pours, from behind the bier,
 Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
 And names young Turlough's name with woe,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
 The fairest corpse among the dead,†
 By the bonny green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid ;
 And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"O ! go not yet — not yet away,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"
 The long-departed seem to say,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are gone,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And beneath each cold forgotten stone,
 The mouldering dead sleep all alone,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* It is usual in the North of Ireland to celebrate mass for the dead in some green field between the house in which the deceased lived and the grave-yard. For this the shelter of a grove is usually selected, and the appearance of the ceremony is highly picturesque and solemn.

† Another expression peculiarly Irish, "What a purty corpse!" — "How well she becomes death!" "You wouldn't meet a purtier corpse of a summer's day!" "She bears the change well!" are all phrases quite common in cases of death among the peasantry.

But who is he who lingereth yet ?

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,

And his heart in the bridal grave is set,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

O, who but Sir Turlough, the young and brave,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,

And to his death-bound Eva rave,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy ?

"Weep not — weep not," said a lady fair,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

"Should youth and valor thus despair,

And pour their vows to the empty air ?"

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There's charmed music upon her tongue,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

Such beauty — bright, and warm, and young —

Was never seen the maids among,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A laughing light, a tender grace,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

Sparkled in beauty around her face,

That grief from mortal heart might chase,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

Thy grief or love can ne'er recall ;

She rests beneath that grassy pall,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

And now that thy plighted love is free,

Give its unbroken pledge to me,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,

Killeevy, O Killeevy !

His faithless tears are already dry,

And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"To thee," the charmed chief replied,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 "I pledge that love o'er my buried bride ;
 O ! come, and in Turlough's hall abide,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Again the funeral voice came o'er
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
 And streams of mournful music bore,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"If I to thy youthful heart am dear,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 One month from hence thou wilt meet me here,
 Where lay thy bridal, Eva's bier,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And his *banshee's* * wail — now far and broken —
 Murmured "Death," as he gave the token,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy ;

"Adieu ! adieu !" said this lady bright,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
 Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,
 And gold for those who will calm his brain,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Come, haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagha's pride,
 Has pledged his love to the churchyard bride,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* "Woman of the hill." — Treating of the superstitions of the Irish, Miss Balfour says, "What rank the *banshee* holds in the scale of spiritual beings, it is not easy to determine; but her favorite occupation seems to be that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. Every family had formerly its *banshee*, but the belief in her existence is now fast fading away, and in a few more years she will only be remembered in the storied records of her marvellous doings in days long since gone by."

The leech groaned loud, "Come tell me this,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
 Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss ?"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The banshee's cry is loud and long,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 At eve she weeps her funeral song,
 And it floats on the twilight breeze along,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Then the fatal kiss is given ; — the last
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Of Turlough's race and name is past,
 His doom is seal'd, his die is cast,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain ;
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 O, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
 And half his lands thou shalt retain,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 With pious shrift his soul released,
 And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,
 By the bonny green woods of Killeevy.

The *shanachies* now are assembled all,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,
 To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,
 O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The month is closed, and Green Truagha's pride,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Is married to death — and, side by side,
 He slumbers now with his churchyard bride,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

THE FAIRY WELL.

FORTH from a sparkling well
 A little stream went bubbling,
 But there was some sad spell,
 Its bosom ever troubling;
 When through the balmy air
 No faint breeze had been sighing,
 A low moan was heard there,
 As of an infant dying.

The ripples on its breast
 Were ever in commotion,
 And found as rarely rest
 As billows on the ocean.
 But when the first star shone
 From the blue sky at even,
 That gently plaintive moan
 Ascended thence to Heaven.

Music so soft and sweet,
 So mournfully thrilling,
 As was this calm retreat
 With notes of sorrow filling —
 How could it be of earth,
 Or share in earthly gladness,
 When even its seeming mirth
 Partook so much of sadness?

Each evening near that well
 A female form was sitting,
 Whose beauty did excel
 The fairies round her flitting.
 She came to breathe her tale
 Of love and bitter sorrow,
 And from the stars so pale
 Some rays of hope to borrow.

The lov'd one of her heart,
 Inspired by noble duty,
 From her was forced to part
 In her glad hour of beauty;
 And fell he in the field,
 Victorious although gory,
 His life his country's shield,
 His death his country's glory.

The Spirit of that well
Oft viewed the grief-struck maiden,
Whose breast with care did swell,
Whose heart with grief was laden;
And while a tear would stray
From her soft eyes in pity,
To her at close of day
She sang this plaintive ditty.

“ Why, fair one of the earth,
Why mournest thou so wildly,
When in their happy mirth,
The bright stars shine so mildly;
And even the silken flowers
Are slumbering and sleeping
Around thy garden bowers,
Whilst thou, alas! art weeping?

“ Cease, cease, those bitter sighs,
Be not so heavy-hearted,
Thy love to yon clear skies
Before thee has departed;
And should he now look down,
And see his lov'd one fading,
What tears his cheek would drown,
What grief his brow be shading!

“ Lo! as yon silvery star
May soon in storms be shrouded,
And its soft rays afar
To us be overclouded,
Even so, thy heart's despair
Would dim his dazzling brightness,
And shade with clouds of care
His robe of snowy whiteness.”

Died on the maiden's ear
The song of the kind fairy;
Then ceased the gushing tear,
Then grew her heart less weary;
For parting here, she knew,
Leads to a future meeting,
Where all the good and true
Enjoy an endless greeting.

And oft she came again
To thank the Well's fair daughter,
For that consoling strain
In which such truths she taught her;

But on the streamlet flow'd
 In mild and peaceful gladness —
 Her beautiful abode
 Who changed to joy such sadness.

And thus, when all is pain
 Above, beneath, around us,
 And sorrow's crushing chain
 With iron link hath bound us;
 Let us, no longer bowed
 To earth with hopeless sorrow,
 See, through the darkest cloud,
 Rays of a joyous morrow.

HY-BRASAIL—THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

[From the Isles of Aran and the west continent, often appears visible that enchanted island called O'Brasil, and in Irish Beg-ara, or the Lesser Aran, set down in cards of navigation. Whether it be real and firm land, kept hidden by speciall ordinance of God, as the terrestriall paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evill spirits, is more than our judgments can sound out. There is, westward of Aran, a wild island of huge rocks, (Skira Rocks) the receptacle of a deale of seales thereon yearly slaughtered. These rocks sometimes appear to be a great city far off, full of houses, castles, towers, and chimneys; sometimes full of blazing flames, smoak, and people running to and fro. Another day you would see nothing but a number of ships, with their sailes and riggings; then so many great stakes or reekes of corn and turf; and this not only on fair sun shining dayes, whereby it might be thought the reflection of the sun-beame, on the vapours arising about it, had been the cause, but alsoe on dark and cloudy days.— *O'Flaherty's West Connaught, Irish Archaeological Society's Publications, page 68.*]

ON the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
 A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell:
 Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
 And they called it *Hy-Brasail*, the isle of the blest;
 From year unto year, on the ocean's blue rim,
 The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim;
 The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
 And it looked like an Eden, away, far away!

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
 In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail;
 From Ara, the holy, he turned to the west,
 For though Ara was holy, *Hy-Brasail* was blest.
 He heard not the voices that called from the shore —
 He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar;
 Home, kindred, and safety, he left on that day,
 And he sped to *Hy-Brasail*, away, far away!

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,
 O'er the faint rim of distance, reflected its smile ;
 Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore
 Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before ;
 Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,
 And to Ara again he looked timidly back ;
 O ! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
 Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away !

Rash dreamer, return ! O, ye winds of the main,
 Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again.
 Rash fool ! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
 To barter thy calm life of labor and peace.
 The warning of reason was spoken in vain ;
 He never revisited Ara again !
 Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
 And he died on the waters, away, far away !

THE CLURICAUNE.

BY J. L. FORREST.

[The superstition respecting the CLURICAUNE is rather a singular one. In appearance he is said to resemble a very diminutive and antiquated Frenchman. His occupation is evidently that of "the gentle craft," as, when met with, he is invariably employed in making or repairing shoes. The idea current amongst the peasantry is that these fairies are well acquainted with the hiding-places of the vast treasures which are said to have been long since buried by our ancestors, and that if one can come stealthily upon and grasp one of the creatures, keeping the eye steadily fixed upon him, he will, to obtain his freedom, point out the hidden gold. Care, however, must be taken not to withdraw the eye from him, not even for a moment, or the result will be that the creature will vanish. To effect his escape he will use every means to distract the attention of his captors, and will be profuse of promises, blandishments, and compliments, and employ every stratagem that wit and cunning can devise. The capture of one of the species, and its results, the following legend details.]

INTRODUCTION.

O ! I could linger out a summer day
 Beneath thy groves, sweet Blarney ; — by thy lake,
 Thy meads, thy streams, and every flowery brake,
 For hours delighted, I could gladly stray,
 And breathe the fragrance of the perfumed air.
 Wild flowers begem each wooded, shaded way,
 And modestly their trembling petals rear ;
 To me than rich exotics far more fair,
 And graceful-like. Ye seek the sunlight's ray
 In bashfulness, from tangled briers peeping,
 Or timidly amidst the long grass creeping,
 But always winning in the garb ye wear.

Children of Nature, fitly do ye play
 Beneath the ivied walls of yon old ruin gray !
 Relic of time ! his heavy hand hath leant
 Too hardly on thee ; yet withal thou hast
 Around thee still fine traces of the Past,
 The glorious Past in every lineament.
 Type of my country ! — strength and ruin blent —
 Thou standest forth, amid the thunder shower,
 A Thing of grandeur. Storm on storm hath spent
 Its rage upon thee, yet round yon old tower
 The ivy twines its tendrils through each rent.
 Thus, ERIN, thou, 'mid Desolation's blast,
 'Mid crushing storms, and blighted hopes dost wear
 Perennial green ! *Unlike* yon mouldering pile
 Thy day of glory dawns, when thou shalt bear
 A form of life, and bask in Freedom's blessed smile !

O'ER the mountain heights declining, the sun is softly shining,
 His golden rays entwining with the heather and the trees ;
 And tower and cot are glowing in the smile of his bestowing,
 And, where the water's flowing in mimic rippling seas,
 Grace and Beauty seem as waited on the breeze,
 As it sighs, softly sighs while it flees.

The beauteous star of Even is smiling in its heaven,
 Alone and silent weaving the anthem of its praise,
 As though to man the story 'twould tell of all the glory,
 Which shall be when no more he basks on earth beneath its rays,
 And would guide him, gently guide him, by its blaze,
 To a glorious home beyond his gaze.

There's a magic and a power in that quiet, placid hour,
 When the shades of evening lower over hill and verdant lea,
 And the rich and russet meadow grows browner in its shadow,
 While the heart becomes more sad — O ! that happy time for me !
 Mine Ida, by thy side at that silent hour I'd be,
 Breathing love in whispers unto thee !

Then in thought, it is most pleasant to wander from the present,
 To where beauties evanescent light the pages of the past,
 And as in thought we wander, to pause upon and ponder,
 In a sort of dreamy wonder, over joys too bright to last —
 Over fields of Promise scathed by Adversity's fierce blast —
 Thought ! what a world in thy womb thou hast !

O ! there, to gloomy mortal, thou openest wide thy portal,
 And persuasive dost exhort all to kneel before thy shrine.

Great and glorious are the treasures, very placid are the pleasures,
Which thy mighty spirit measures from its deep and diamond
mine—

Vast and varied are the jewels which there in splendor shine—
O my Spirit, may those gems be thine !

And when the streams are welling from that fount, O thought, thy
dwelling,

With Joy and thee revelling, my spirit lives in light,
And on wings of pleasure soaring, o'er Nature's volume poring,
My heart is found adoring the Beautiful and Bright ;
And my soul is filled with rapture at the sight
Of the glories of the day and the night.

The sun in all his brightness, the clouds in fleecy whiteness,
That float in airy lightness in the azure of the sky—
The purple hills eternal, the trees and meadows vernal,
The bright-winged stars that burn all in yonder dome on high,
The flowers that give their fragrance to the south wind's gentle sigh,
Have a grace and a charm for the eye.

And the heart, that owns their power, hath a princedom for its
dower ;

For it, fresh beauties flower in sweet perennial pride :
Through its throbbing pulses flowing pours the flood of Love's
bestowing,

And that heart is ever glowing with its bright, translucent tide—
In that region Love and Friendship wander sweetly side by side,
Like a bridegroom with his bride.

When the stars are sweetly lighting their brilliant lamps, and
bright in

Yon cloudless arch they're writing, a language clear and plain ;
When the cascade's rushing water calls to Echo's lonely daughter,
And the notes which Nature taught her are wafted back again,
O ! the thoughtful heart is filled with a holy music then,
And in melody gives back the strain !

On MARY'S heart descending fell such varied music blending,
While her joyous footsteps wending, she wandered by the lake,
Whose placid waters sleeping, through that guiding grove were
creeping,

Whose branches seemed as weeping their thirsting leaves to slake ;
And the thorny twisted briars of that brake
Seem'd to open for her sake.

As walks the moon in brightness so walks MARY in her lightness,
As a snow-cloud in its whiteness is her bosom round and white.
As a swan in beauty gliding, the placid lake dividing,

Or in pride and grandeur riding, when the waves rise in their
 night ;
 So MARY, in her stateliness, moves like a thing of light —
 — A moon amid the stars so bright.

Like a fawn, in grace astounding, when the hunter's horn is
 sounding,
 Startled, sends her lightly bounding over upland, over lea —
 Like a wavelet of the ocean, when in softness of devotion,
 The south wind puts in motion the waters of the sea —
 Such was MARY in her beauty, and her gracefulness, and glee —
 Such — so beautiful was she !

Soft as Infancy when dreaming, now her eyes with love are beaming,
 Anon, in brightness gleaming, they dazzle with their light ;
 Now, in gentleness, are dancing, now, like a meteor, glancing,
 Yet in each phrase entrancing the spell-struck gazer's sight —
 There's a majesty and beauty in their might,
 — Such as wear the stars of Night !

As rosebuds in their blushing, are her cheeks, when Passion
 flushing,
 Sends the rich blood swiftly gushing through each blue and
 swelling vein ;
 As the south wind softly presses back her flowing raven tresses,
 Love himself, with soft caresses, seems to sport with all his train ;
 And her joyous laughter falls as in summer-time doth rain,
 — And her heart and brow are free from stain.

By lake and copsewood straying, her evening walk delaying,
 The maiden had been staying, till the golden sunset fell :
 O'er each blushing wild flower stooping, she pluck'd its petals
 drooping,
 Till a fragrant nosegay grouping from each daisy spangled dell,
 She started as she listen'd to the solemn sounding knell
 — Of the gentle vesper bell.

What thoughts and wishes holy, breathe o'er the bosom lowly,
 As its mournful cadence slowly sails on the evening gale :
 As, o'er the full heart stealing, is shed a holy feeling,
 And in devotion kneeling, it breathes to Heav'n its tale,
 And the fragrance of the flowers, that laugh along the vale,
 — Mingles with its prayer and the night wind's wail.

Her dove-like eyes are beaming, her soul with fervor teeming,
 Her heart of Heaven dreaming, and all things pure and fair —
 Adoring and believing, the gentle maid is giving,
 Unto the Ever-Living, the homage of her prayer,
 And her gratitude for all a gracious Father's care —
 — What sweeter sounds are wafted upon air ?

Faith in that Power protecting, her heart in strength erecting,
 Her steps she's now directing towards a distant wood —
 The dark Rock-close she enters, no light within it centres,
 Yet onward still she ventures upon its solitude ;
 And her trustful heart scarce keeps its calm and placid mood,
 Yet she leans on Him who watcheth o'er the good !

And now forth from its shadow she emerges on a meadow,
 And her pulses beat more glad — O ! her breath is drawn more
 free —

Its waving grass dividing, her footsteps she is guiding —
 Herself a young fairy gliding — through its sweetly scented sea ;
 And her eye is gleaming bright in its gratitude and glee,
 And her footfall maketh melody. =

Each step elastic making amid the grass a-shaking
 The dew in drops is breaking from each blade and graceful stem —
 And, in the sun's declining, with purple hues are shining
 The honeysuckles twining, as round a garment doth a hem ;
 And the daffodils and meadow-sweets are dancing too with them,
 The dew upon all sparkling like a gem !

By the Castle's ruined tower, where the shadows deeper lower,
 By its walls of massive power now she speedeth like a deer —
 Through a little rustic wicket to a green-leaved shady thicket,
 On she passes — Hark ! a click — it striketh strangely on her ear —
 And a moment she is check'd by a passing shade of fear —
 Then with silent step she draweth near.

Stranger sight than I can tell — O ! a little merry fellow,
 With nose and cheek most mellow, is seated all alone,
 O'er a broken shoe low bending, mirth with business deftly blending,
 Its heel he's neatly mending — his stool a mossy stone —
 And his voice has mirth and music in its tone,
 Music such as fairy voices own.

As he's stooping thus and stitching, in strains the most bewitching
 His little pipe he's pitching unto a merry tune,
 The while but little dreaming that, with all their gentle seeming,
 Less kind orbs are on him beaming than the bright stars and the
 moon —
 Little dreaming that an earthly hand will tightly grasp him soon,
 And welcome too the prize as a boon.

With stealthy step and wary bendeth o'er him bonny MARY,
 And she grasps the little fairy with a grasp both firm and tight. —
 "Ha ! I have you now, and never from my power shall you sever —
 I will hold you closely ever, nor permit you from my sight,
 Till you lead me to the tower where your treasures glitter bright,
 And with jewels as the day shines the night !"

With fluttering heart and beating, in wailing tones entreating
 Escape, the fairy repeating all the reasons he can bring,
 In pledges without measure, doth promise her each treasure,
 To which Womanhood and Pleasure might wish to closely cling —
 He promiseth the maiden each fair and beauteous thing,
 And tells her he will make her the mate of a king!

But his promises so lavish, have no power her heart to ravish,
 And his prospects are but slavish, and his soul is in despair.
 Though he tells her she is fairer, than of gems the noblest wearer,
 That her beauty is far rarer than the fairest of the fair,
 That with her earth's noblest, highest, could not venture to com-
 pare —

Yet his softest words are wasted upon air!

Now another mode he trieth. In her ear he shrilly crieth,
 And he tells the maid where lieth a heap of glittering gold —
 Gold and treasures most amazing, rich jewels bright and blazing,
 Rare gems to win the gazing of the youthful and the old —
 Gems of worth to soften a heart of sternest mould —
 All these, he saith, her eyes shall behold.

Ah! her heart the maiden bendeth, a willing ear she lendeth,
 And her steps she swiftly wendeth to the ruined castle's door,
 Where, through the fissure creeping, the ivy green is peeping,
 And the moonbeams soft are sleeping on the hard and rugged floor,
 And their silver light is shedding its rich and beauteous store —
 Thus it is, and thus it will be, evermore!

A word of magic spoken, and the binding spell is broken,
 And the portal, at the token, flies open full and wide;
 Gold, from floor to lofty ceiling — treasures worth a monarch's
 stealing,
 Is that gentle moon revealing, when it pours its radiant tide —
 Gems, far richer than e'er graced the brow of any mortal bride,
 These cluster in lustre at her side.

Too much for MARY's vision is the prospect so Elysian —
 A scream of fierce derision echoes wildly round and round;
 And a mocking peal of laughter shakes each startled wall and rafter,
 And a rapid moment after claps the door with fearful sound,
 As with a cry of joy, and a swift and nimble bound,
 From her arms springs the fairy to the ground.

There's a crushing and a crashing — there's a flaring and a flashing —
 There's a rushing and a dashing, as if crowds were hurrying by —
 There's a screaming and a shouting, as a multitude was routing,
 And phantom forms are flouting the blackness of the sky,
 And in mockery their voices are lifted wild and high,
 As they lilt a merry measure while they fly.

Lo! a scene of dread and wonder! — Hark! a rattling peal of
thunder!

And the walls seem rent asunder with a sharp and startling shock!
Hark! a rumbling and a tearing! See! the lambent lightning flaring,
While the owls and bats are scaring from the castle in a flock —
And the gleaming flame is baring the ivy and the rock —
And the roaring of the thunder a thousand voices mock,

'Mid the elemental battle — 'mid the roaring thunder's rattle —
'Mid the lowings of the cattle, that in terror scorn the green —
Repentant of her error, in anguish, grief, and terror,
Poor MARY scarce can stir, or believe in what hath been —
Still she looks around her there with a strange and troubled mien,
As she gazes, wildly gazes on the scene!

But see, yon cloud dividing, the moon again is gliding,
And smiling like a bride in the heaven's blue expanse;
And the stars, her maids of honor, attendant wait upon her,
Though amongst them surely none are that can with their queen
advance —

Thus again they sparkle brightly, thus again they smile and dance,
And MARY awaketh from her trance.

Like that calm and happy feeling, o'er the storm-toss'd sailor
stealing,

When the ruddy dawn revealing shows the welcome port in view —
Like that peace, whose gentle traces are writ on angel faces,
Shedding beauty, shedding graces, ever radiant, ever new,
Is the joy which brightly races in MARY's bosom too —
Her heart and throbbing pulses, races through.

Thunder, lightning, no more frighten — hope and joy her eyes now
brighten

As the moon's soft beams enlighten once more her homeward path.
Now sits throned smiling gladness, where of late was nought but
sadness,

Where of late well-nigh was madness, with the fear of fairy wrath —
And a happy heart and joyous brow the merry maiden hath,
As she, scathless, treads again the meadow path!

THE FAIRIES' CHILD.

BY T. IRWIN.

Amid the nut-grove, still and brown,
The Fairies' Child is walking,
List, list, as the leaves come down,
To the sprites around her talking.

Along the windy, waving grass
 Their evening whispers breathe and pass :
 From yon aged bending bough
 Their leafy language floats below ;
 And now o'erhead in the air 'tis streaming.
 O, who can tell what things she hears —
 What secrets of the fairy spheres,
 That fill her eyes with silent tears !
 Sweet wandering fancy charmed the child,
 With cheek so pale, and eyes so wild.
 O, what shall come of this dreaming !

Down by the sun-dry harvest-road,
 Through quiet evening's hours,
 She paces with her scented load
 Of late year moss and flowers.
 Blooms from the wood of every hue,
 Moon pale, purple, jet and blue.
 Woven in bunches and lightly pressed
 Upon her simple, snowy breast,
 And through the brown locks lightly tressed
 Nodding in crownlets o'er her.
 And lo ! as the cloud on ocean's brim,
 With moonlight has enriched its rim ;
 A quaint wild shape with kindly eyes,
 And a smile like a star of the distant skies,
 Goes tripping the path before her.

Now by her pillow, small and white,
 'Mid faded leaflets lying,
 An eager star, like a taper light,
 O'er the curtain's edge is spying.
 The scent of the broom-buds fills the room ;
 The window is full of the bare blue gloom,
 And by the low hearth ashily sinking,
 Half asleep, is a fairy winking.
 Out in the air there comes a sound
 Of music eddying round and round
 The ivied chimneys — swooning near
 The glassy pave, and streaming clear
 As moonlight into the little ear,
 Like a shell in brown weed gleaming ;
 And just as the first bird mounted high,
 On the sycamore's tinkling canopy,
 Sings to the first red streak of day,
 Her soul with the Fairies speeds away,
 O'er field, and stream, and hamlet gray
 Where the weary folk are dreaming.

THE BANSHEE'S SUMMONS.

I AM come, I am come from the land unknown,
 For the earth I have quitted my airy throne,
 I have left the heights of yon starry sphere,
 To sing his dirge in a mortal's ear.

Ullilu, Ullilu! morn comes fast,
 A soul will have sped ere the moonlight's past.

I am come, I am come, as I came before
 To the sires of thy house in the days of yore;
 Many a chieftain has heard my cry —
 Many a dame of thy ancestry.

Ullilu, Ullilu! thou must go
 To join them either in joy or woe.

Hast thou call'd up tears to the widow's eye?
 Hast thou listen'd in vain to the orphan's cry?
 Hast thou driven the hungry from thy door?
 Or taken the roof from the starving poor?

Ullilu, Ullilu! take the cost!
 Ye mourners weep, for a soul is lost!

Hast thou seen thy country sunk in woe,
 And taken the side of the tyrant foe?
 Or a traitorous part has thy bosom played,
 Hast thou risen on the wreck of friends betrayed?

Ullilu, Ullilu! then weep on,
 Ye mourners, weep, for a soul is gone!

Or hast thou striven for the good of all? —
 Did danger daunt not — or death appal?
 Didst thou urge thy way in virtue's path,
 Fearing no vials of human wrath?

Ullilu, Ullilu! earth must wail,
 But heaven's bright angels record the tale.

Tremble not then, as thou hear'st my cry;
 Why should a good man fear to die?
 Mourners, let your mourning cease,
 Such a death is the soul's release.
 Away on the morn's first beam I soar,
 A sleeper will waken on earth no more.

ARRANMORE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

[“The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that in a clear day they can see from this coast Hy-Brasail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories.” — *Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland.*]

O ! ARRANMORE, loved Arranmore,
 How oft I dream of thee ;
 And of those days when, by thy shore,
 I wandered young and free.
 Full many a path I've tried since then,
 Through pleasure's flowery maze,
 But ne'er could find the bliss again
 I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon the breezy cliffs
 At sunny morn I've stood,
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs
 That danced along the flood ;
 Or when the western wave grew bright
 With daylight's parting wing,
 Have sought that Eden in its light,
 Which dreaming poets sing —

That Eden, where th' immortal brave
 Dwell in a land serene, —
 Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
 At sunset, oft are seen ;
 Ah, dream, too full of sadd'ning truth !
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth,
 As sunny and as vain !

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY.

[The Rev. George Crolly was born in Ireland about the end of the last century. He studied in the Dublin University, and was in due time ordained by the friend of Burke, O'Beirne, Bishop of Meath, who gave him charge of a parish in his diocese. His residence was on the border of an immense lake imbedded in mountains, where his poetic genius had ample nourishment in the beautiful scenes around him. After spending some years in this poetic solitude, he visited London, just at the time when England first embarked in the Spanish war. He sympathized warmly with the freedom of that land of old romance, and travelled through Germany and France in the midst of their excitement. Several works were the

result of this journey. Lord Brougham gave him one of the livings in his gift as Chancellor in 1831, and in 1835. Lord Lyndhurst, then Chancellor, gave him his present living as rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. There is but little feeling in his poetry, and the heart looks in vain for either affection or tenderness in his gorgeous and vigorous poems.

"For at that time the Atlantic sea was navigable, and had an island before that mouth which is called by you the pillars of Hercules. But this island was greater than both Libya and all Asia together, and afforded an easy passage to other neighboring islands, as it was easy to pass from those islands to all the Continent which borders on this Atlantic sea. * * * But, in succeeding times, prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them desolation in the space of one day and night, all that warlike race of Athenians was at once merged under the earth; and the Atlantic island itself being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared." — *Plato's Timæus.*]

O ! THOU Atlantic, dark and deep,
Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves !

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom ;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb !

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told ? —
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall,
Secure from steel and storm ;
And he, the feaster on them all,
The canker-worm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
Once glow'd in morning's beam ;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Out sprang the stream :

And on its bank the olive grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose — the nightbird's love-
Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now ?
Where are thy bright and brave ?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow ?
Look on that wave !

Crime deepened on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven ;

There power uprear'd the bloody hand,
There scoff'd at Heaven.

The word went forth — the word of woe —
The judgment thunders pealed ;
The fiery earthquake blazed below ;
Its doom was seal'd.

Now on its hills of ivory
Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man and angel's eye
The land of crime.

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.*

BY T. CROFTON CROKER,

AUTHOR OF "FAIRY LEGENDS OF IRELAND."

THE Lord of Dunkerron — O'Sullivan More,
Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten shore ?
His bark lies in haven, his hounds are asleep ;
No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly the Lord of Dunkerron is known
On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone ;
For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 'tis said,
The Lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When by moonlight the waters were hush'd to repose,
That beautiful spirit of ocean arose ;
Her hair full of lustre just floated and fell
O'er her bosom, that heav'd with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he lov'd her — long vainly essay'd
To lure from her dwelling the coy ocean maid ;
And long had he wander'd and watch'd by the tide,
To claim the fair spirit O'Sullivan's bride !

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth,
Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth ;
Then smiled ; and, abashed as a maiden might be,
Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea.

* The remains of Dunkerron Castle are distant about a mile from the village of Kenmare, in the county of Kerry. It is recorded to have been built in 1596, by Owen O'Sullivan More. *More* is merely an epithet signifying the *Great*.

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above,
O'Sullivan felt 'twas the dawning of love ;
And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind,
Like the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

The Lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves,
And sought through the fierce rush of waters, their caves ;
The gloom of whose depth studded over with spars,
Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell, or can fancy, the treasures that sleep
Entombed in the wonderful womb of the deep ?
The pearls and the gems, as if valueless, thrown
To lie 'mid the sea-wrack concealed and unknown.

Down, down went the maid — still the chieftain pursued ;
Who flies must be followed ere she can be wooed.
Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
The maiden at length he has clasped in his arms !

They rose from the deep by a smooth-spreading strand,
Whence beauty and verdure stretch'd over the land.
'Twas an isle of enchantment ! and lightly the breeze,
With a musical murmur just crept through the trees.

The haze-woven shroud of that newly born isle,
Softly faded away, from a magical pile,
A palace of crystal, whose bright-beaming sheen
Had the tints of the rainbow — red, yellow, and green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
Were there, as flung up — the wild sport of the storm ;
Yet all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm,
It seemed but a region of sunshine and balm.

“ Here, here shall we dwell in a dream of delight,
Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite !
Yet, loved son of earth ! I must from thee away ;
There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to obey !

“ Once more must I visit the chief of my race,
His sanction to gain ere I meet thy embrace.
In a moment I dive to the chambers beneath :
One cause can detain me — one only — 'tis death ! ”

They parted in sorrow, with vows true and fond ;
The language of promise had nothing beyond.
His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns :
The moment is gone — but no maiden returns.

FAIRY BALLADS.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified ear —
What accents of rage and of grief does he hear?
What sees he? what change has come over the flood —
What tinges its green with a jetty of blood?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would explain?
That she sought the consent of her monarch in vain!
For see all around him, in white foam and froth,
The waves of the ocean boil up in their wrath!

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dyes of the rainbow no longer are there;
The grottoes with vapor and clouds are o'ercast,
The sunshine is darkness — the vision has past!

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief;
They sought him with accents of wailing and grief;
He heard, and he struggled — a wave to the shore,
Exhausted and faint bears O'Sullivan More!

M'CARTHY MORE AND THE BANSHEE.

A STAR from the heavens hath yesternight faded,
On the prime of thy race that in glory looked down,
And through many an age shone forth clear and unshaded,
While the bards sung of nought but thy father's renown!

Then thine oak, in its majesty throned on the mountains,
Might laugh at the wild winds that lashed it in vain,
All spotless thy flag as Killarney's pure fountains,
Deep, clear and eternal, that spring without stain.

Long the proud star of honor is dwindling and waning,
The land of thy fathers has ceased to be free,
And the air thrills at night with their spirits complaining:
Thy hours are now numbered! I tarry for thee!

The days of thy sires are all vanished and over,
The fierce tide of fight never more shall they stem,
O'er the fields where they fell their sad spirits still hover,
'Tis time the last chieftain were gathered to them!

For in their gray palace the long grass is waving,
Their clan to the stranger has bended the knee,
And a wild wail is heard when the night winds are raving,
M'Carthy, M'Carthy, I tarry for thee!

We have caves broad and glorious beneath the deep billow,
 Where the long bleeding heart from all sorrow may fly,
 Where the emerald grows we will smooth thee a pillow,
 And thou shalt taste pleasure that never may die !

Weep, weep not for earth ! with a smile thou shouldst rather
 Hasten on to the clime of the valiant and free !
 Last heir of thy race, the lone tomb of thy father
 For ever is closed, when it closes o'er thee !

The shadows of evening fall deeper and deeper,
 The mist from the lake rises over the lea,
 But that mist, ere it fade from the eyes of the sleeper,
 M'Carthy, M'Carthy, thou shalt be with me !

Farewell to the mountains ! farewell to the river !
 Farewell to the sun you shall never more see !
 O'er the far western ocean a star sets forever !
 M'Carthy, M'Carthy, I tarry for thee ! C.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with Angels."]

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
 And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's dwelling —
 And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O ! come back to me."

Her beads while she number'd, the baby still slumber'd,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee ;
 "O ! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 O ! pray to them softly, my baby, with me —
 And say thou wouldst rather, they'd watch o'er thy father,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
 And closely caressing her child, with a blessing
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

THE FAIRY THORN.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

"GET up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning wheel;
For your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep:
Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a highland reel
Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green;
And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air:

And linking hand and hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless way,
Till they come to where the rowan trees in lonely beauty grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn gray.

The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee;
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head gray and dim
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go,
O, never carolled bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maiden's voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old Whitethorn between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and stealing side to side,
 They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,
 Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
 For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together bowed,
 Soft o'er their bosoms beating — the only human sound —
 They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
 Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
 But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three —
 For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
 By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
 And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws;
 They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
 But they dare not look to see the cause:

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
 Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze;
 And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes
 Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of Night the Earth has rolled her dewy side,
 With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below;
 When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
 The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
 And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain —
 They pined away and died within the year and day,
 And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

THE BANSHEE.

ANON. (MARY.)

SHE sat beside the haunted stream
 While 'twas crimsoned yet with the sunset beam,
 And her long black hair with the wild winds flew,
 And her robe was a robe of snowy hue,
 And she gazed with sad dark-glancing eye
 Where Mac Caura's towers rose proud and high.

But sudden that gaze was past, and the one
 That sat by the lonely stream was gone;

And aloft, on the misty mountain's height,
Was seen the dark form in snowy white —
And wild and high, over hill and dale
Was heard the loud cry of the Banshee's wail : —

" 'Tis past ; and the bright setting beam of the west
Has sunk o'er yon towers, in safety and rest ;
But, alas ! the first red dawning cloud of the morrow
Will bring mourning and blood to the house of Mac Caura !

The glad voice of mirth is now heard in the hall,
And the notes of the minstrel low murmuring fall
Wild and sweet ; but before the first dawn of the morrow
His harp-strings shall weep o'er the blood of Mac Caura.

Go rouse the bold stripling in slumber that's wreathed,
While his sire issues forth with steel bright and unsheathed,
Go, rouse him ! for ere the bright beam of the morrow
He'll start, when he hears the death-shriek of Mac Caura.

Now firm is the heart, that in battle was nurst,
And strong is the hand, in the red forray first ;
But nerveless and cold, ere the fast coming morrow,
And lowly and bloody will slumber Mac Caura.

The keen hollow blast that wafts musingly by —
The meteor that flames in yon star-gleaming sky —
The raven that croaks for the deep-bloodied morrow,
Speak mourning and death to the house of Mac Caura."

The fen fog fell, and the robe of white
Was dimmer seen on the mountain's height —
And the long black locks still floated away,
Till the night glooms came as black as they.
And the form at length was in darkness shaded —
And the song at length was in distance faded.

But still the sounds in the listening ear,
With the cool calm gale, were wafted near,
And still the murmuring echoes fell
O'er heath-clad hill and o'er moss green dell,
And still they sung of woe and grief,
And blood, and death, to Mac Caura's chief.

" But what care I," said that chieftain bold,
As gently he shrunk from his lady's hold, —
" What care I for that foul night-hag,
Whose wild yells echo o'er cliff and crag ?
The gleaming mail which my father wore,
Shall ne'er be stained with his kindred gore.

The steel which oft in his red hand quivered,
Shall ne'er from the side of his son be shivered.
Yet, should I fall — should the Saxon brand
Still flame unquenched through our sainted land" —
And close he clasped his lady's hand, —

"Then, be it thine, with tenfold care,
To guard Mac Caura's stripling heir,
And when his nerves are braced and strong,
To tell the race from which he sprang —
How nobly lived and bravely died,
His sires for Erin's fallen pride;

Until his breast, with kindling zeal,
Shall burn to make the tyrant feel
How deeply can wound a freeman's steel.
But, clansmen, away! by yon rocky steep
We must wind, — while the reckless Saxons sleep,
And break their love-dreams ere break of day,
With the gun-flash and war-cry — away! away!"

Vain was the hope, no slumber light
Lay on the foeman's lid that night;
For ere the morn the Saxon bold
Agreed to storm Mac Caura's hold —
To rush upon his new raised powers,
And give to flame his castled towers.

But soon within the glen ere yet
The rocky steep was passed — they met,
And soon begun the signal clash,
And the groan, and the shout, and the gleaming flash,
Till, where the foremost rank he stood,
Mac Caura fell in wounds and blood;

And the gleaming mail which his father wore,
Was deeply stained with his kindred gore;
And the blade which oft in his red hand quivered,
From the grasp of his son was in fragments shivered;
And the eye was fixed, and the heart which never
Knew fear, was throbless and cold for ever.

But low and sad upon the gale
Was heard again the voice of wail,
And again, in the morning's dim gray light,
Was seen the form in shadowy white;
And the moaning plaint of deep-felt sorrow
Was slowly murmured o'er Mac Caura.

* * * *

The day-beam breaks on the green hill-side,
 And gleams over hill and river ;
 And the Saxón's banner is floating wide —
 With the blood of the hapless heroes dyed ;
 But Mac Caura's boast and Mac Caura's pride
 Is faded and lost for ever. .

BOUCHELLEEN BAWN.

BY J. KEEGAN.

O, PRAY have you heard of my *Bouchelleen Bawn* ? *
 Can you tell me at all of my *Bouchelleen Bawn* ?
 Have you come by the " rath," on the hill of Knock-awn : †
 Or what can you tell of my *Bouchelleen Bawn* ?

The pulse of my heart was my *Bouchelleen Bawn* ;
 The light of my eyes was my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.
 From Dinan's red wave to the tower of Kilvawn,
 You'd not meet the like of my *Bouchelleen Bawn* !

The first time I saw my own *Bouchelleen Bawn*,
 'Twas a Midsummer eve on the fair-green of Bawn. ‡
 He danced at the " Baal-fire," § as light as a fawn,
 And away went my heart with my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

I loved him as dear as I loved my own life ;
 And he vowed on his knees he would make me his wife.
 I looked in his eyes, flashing bright as the dawn,
 And drank love from the lips of my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

But, Christ save the hearers ! his angel forsook him —
 My curse on the Queen of the fairies — she took him !
 Last All-hallows' eve as he came by Knock-awn,
 She saw — loved, and " struck " my poor *Bouchelleen Bawn*

Like the primrose when April her last sigh has breathed,
 My *Bouchelleen* drooped and his young beauty faded ;
 He died — and his white limbs were stretched in Kilvawn,
 And I wept by the grave of my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

* *Bouchelleen Bawn*, — The fair-haired boy, or the white-skinned boy.

† *Knockawn, Kilvawn*, — are localities in the county Kilkenny : the former a celebrated " rath," a haunt of the fairies ; the latter a well-known churchyard.

‡ *Bawn*, — a celebrated fair place in the northern part of the county Kilkenny.

§ *Baal-fire*, — The bonfire, lighted on Midsummer-eve in the rural districts of Ireland, a custom originating in pagan times, and transferred in Italy to St. John's eve.

I said to myself, sure it cannot be harm,
 To go to the wise man and ask for a charm;
 'Twill cost but a crown, and my heart's blood I'd pawn,
 To purchase from bondage my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

I went to the priest, and he spoke about heaven:
 And said that my failings would not be forgiven,
 If ever I'd cross the gray fairy-man's bawn;
 Or try his weird spells for my *Bouchelleen Bawn*.

I'll take his advice, though God knows my heart's breaking;
 I start in my sleep, and I weep when I'm waking.
 O, I long for the blush of eternity's dawn,
 When again I shall meet my own *Bouchelleen Bawn*!

THE DOOM OF THE MIRROR.

BY B. SIMMONS.

[The superstition that whoever breaks a looking-glass is destined to misfortune, is widely entertained in Ireland. The little story related in these verses is not altogether imaginative.]

FAIR Judith Lee — a woful pair,
 Were steed and rider weary,
 When, winding down from mountains bare,
 By crag and fastness dreary,
 I first beheld her — where the path
 Resigned its sterner traces
 In a green depth of woods, like Wrath
 Subdued by Love's embraces.

By the oak-shadowed well she stood,
 Her rounded arms uplifted,
 To bind the curls whose golden flood
 Had from its fillets drifted, —
 Whilst stooping o'er the fount to fill
 The rustic urn beside her,
 Her face to evening's beauty still
 Imparting beauty wider.

She told me of the road I missed —
 Gave me to drink — and even,
 At parting, waved the hand she kissed,
 White as a star in heaven;
But never smiled — though prompt and warm
 I paid, in duteous phrases,
 The tribute that so fair a form
 From minstrel ever raises.

The gladness murmured to her cheek,
 Unfolded not its roses —
 That bluest morn will never break
 That in her eye reposes.
 Some gentle woe, with dovelike wings,
 Had o'er her cast a shadow,
 Soft as the sky of April flings
 Upon a vernal meadow.

In vain, with venial art, to sound
 The springs of that affliction,
 I hinted of my *craft* — renowned
 For omen and prediction:
 In vain assuming mystic power,
 Her fortune to discover,
 I guessed its golden items o'er,
 And closed them with — *a lover*.

It failed for once — that final word —
 A maiden's brow to brighten,
 The cloud within her soul unstirred,
 Refused to flash or lighten.
 She felt and thanked the artifice,
 Beneath whose faint disguising
 I would have prompted hope and peace,
 With accents sympathizing.

But no — she said (the while her face
 A summer-wave resembled,
 Outsparkling from some leafy place,
 Then back to darkness trembled) —
 For her was neither living hope
 Nor loving heart allotted,
 Joy had but drawn her horoscope
 For Sorrow's hand to blot it.

Her words made silvery stop — for lo!
 Peals of sweet laughter ringing!
 And through that wood's green solitudes
 Glad village-damsels winging!
 As though that mirth some feeling jarred,
 The maiden, pensive-hearted,
 Murmured farewell, and through the dell
 In loneliness departed.

With breeze-tossed locks and gleaming feet,
 And store of slender pitchers,
 O'er the dim lawns, like rushing fawns,
 Come the fair Water-fetchers;

And there, while round that well's gray oak
Cluster'd the sudden glory,
Fair Judith Lee, from guileless lips
I heard thy simple story.

Of humble lot — the legends wild
Believed by that condition,
Had mingled with her spirit mild
Their haunting superstition,
Which grew to grief, when o'er her youth
The doom descended, spoken
On those who see beneath their touch
The fatal Mirror broken.

"NEVER IN LIFE TO PROSPER MORE."
And so from life sequestered,
With dim forebodings brooding o'er
The shafted fate that festered
Deep in the white depths of her soul,
The patient girl awaited
Ill's viewless train — her days to pain
And duty consecrated.

At times she deemed the coming woe
Through others' hearts would reach her,
Till every tie that twined her low,
Upon the lap of Nature
Her once-loved head unwatched, unknown
Should sink in meek dejection,
Hushed as some Quiet carved in stone
Above entombed affection.

E'en her young heart's instinctive want
To be beloved and loving,
Inexorably vigilant,
She checked with cold reproving.
For still she saw, should tempests frown,
That treacherous anchor sever,
And Hope's whole priceless freight go down
A shipwrecked thing for ever.

So pined that gracious form away,
Her bliss-fraught life untasted ;
A breeze-harp whose divinest voice
On lonely winds is wasted.
And such the tale to me conveyed
In laughing tones or lowly,
As still that rosy crowd was swayed
By mirth or melancholy.

I've seen since then the churchyard nook,
 Where Judith Lee lies sleeping ;
 The wild ash loves it, and a brook
 Through emerald mosses creeping ;
 For that lost maiden ever there
 A low sweet mass is singing,
 While all around, like nuns at prayer,
 Pale water-flowers are springing.

Poor Girl ! — I've thought, as there reclined,
 I drank the sunset's glory —
 Thy tale to meditative mind
 Is but an allegory ;
 Once shatter *inborn Truth* divine,
 The soul's transparent mirror,
 Where Heaven's reflection loved to shine,
 And what remains but terror ?

Terror and Woe ; — Faith's holy face
 No more our hearts relieving —
 Fades from the past each early grace,
 The future brings but grieving ;
 However fast life's blessings fall
 In lavish sunshine o'er us,
 That Broken Glass distorts them all
 Whose fragments glare before us.

THE FAIRIES OF KNOCKSHEGOWNA.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

[Knockshegowna is the name of a fairy Hill in Lower Ormond, and in English means Oonagh's Hill, — so called from being the fabled residence of Una, the Fairy Queen of Spenser.]

A RUSTLING, whirling sound sweeps by,
 Like leaves on an Autumn breeze,
 Tho', since sunset fled, there was scarce a sigh
 To stir the slumbering trees ;
 And a troop comes forth from the moonlit glen,
 With such mist-like motion on,
 That you may not find an injured flower
 Where their coursers' hoofs have gone.

They glide along o'er the dewy banks,
 On their viewless, filmy wings,
 And anon and again from their restless ranks
 The merry fairy laughter rings.

In lonely dells, where the starbeams fall
But on fern, and lake and tree,
Nor eye profane the mirth may mar,
I have heard their minstrelsie.

To the fitful song of the haunted stream
The aerial numbers flow ;
And their tiny spears in the starlight gleam
To the burden to and fro.
Away ! quick march ! through the ruined arch,
At the sound of the nutshell gong —
And here shall we halt at the Viking's vault,
And chant him a battle-song.

Now, left and right, in the moon's pale light,
Low'r your flags as the monarch comes.
In the Elfin ring is the Elfin king —
Ding-a-ding go the Elfin drums !
With the glow-worm's gem is his diadem,
For this festal pageant, lit ;
The beetle booms through the hawthorn blooms,
And the bats through the branches flit.

Advance ! advance ! for a farewell dance,
Ere the nightly pomp is o'er :
From a mushroom's cone shall our pipers drone,
The sward our elastic floor :
While the Phooka-horse holds his frantic course
Over wood and mountain-fall,
And the Banshees croon a rhythmic rune
From the crumbling, ivied wall ! —

In the noon of night, o'er the stormy hills,
The fairy minstrels play,
And the strain, replete with fantastic dreams,
On the wild gust flits away.
Then the sleeper thinks, as the dreamful song
On the blast to his slumber comes,
That his nose as the church's spire is long,
And like its organ hums !

And when they spread their filmy wings
In the dim Moon's waning ray,
Strange meteors dance, and the glittering rills
Seem show'ring fiery spray.
And deep when booms the solemn toll
Of the distant cloister bells,
The clang, and the clash, and the tambour roll
Of their midnight music swells.

Their beamy spears, and crests, and shields,
 The lated wanderer sees,
 And their blazon'd banners flap and fly,
 And rattle on the breeze.
 'Tis thus in martial panoply,
 The Genii of the Wold
 With Elfin pomp and minstrelsy
 Their nightly revels hold.

ALICE AND UNA.

(A TALE OF "CÉIM-AN-EICH.")

BY D. F. M'CARTHY,

AUTHOR OF "BALLADS, POEMS, AND LYRICS," ETC.

[The pass of Céim-an-eich (the path of the deer) lies to the south-west of Inch-
 ageela, in the direction of Bantry Bay. The tourist will commit a grievous error
 if he omit to visit it. Perhaps in no part of the kingdom is there to be found a
 place so utterly desolate and gloomy. A mountain has been divided by some con-
 vulsion of nature; and the narrow pass, about two miles in length, is overhung
 on either side by perpendicular masses clothed in wild ivy and underwood, with,
 occasionally, a stunted yew tree or arbutus growing among them. At every step
 advance seems impossible—some huge rock jutting out into the path; and, on
 sweeping round it, seeming to conduct only to some barrier still more insurmount-
 able; while from all sides rush down the "wild fountains," and, forming for them-
 selves a rugged channel, make their way onward—the first tributary offering to
 the gentle and fruitful Lee:]

"Here, amidst heaps
 Of mountain wrecks, on either side thrown high,
 The wide-spread traces of its watery might,
 The tortuous channel wound."

Nowhere has nature assumed a more appalling aspect, or manifested a more stern
 resolve to dwell in her own loneliness and grandeur undisturbed by any living
 thing; for even the birds seem to shun a solitude so awful, and the hum of bee
 or chirp of grasshopper is never heard within its precincts.—*Hall's Ireland*,
 vol. i. p. 117.]

Ah! the pleasant time hath vanished, ere our wretched doubtings
 banished
 All the graceful spirit-people, children of the earth and sea—
 Whom in days now dim and olden, when the world was fresh and
 golden,
 Every mortal could behold in haunted rath, and tower, and tree—
 They have vanished, they are banished—ah! how sad the loss for
 thee,
 Lonely Céim-an-eich!

Still some scenes are yet enchanted by the charms that Nature
 granted,
 Still are peopled, still are haunted, by a graceful spirit band.

Peace and beauty have their dwelling where the infant streams are
 welling,
 Where the mournful waves are knelling on Glengariff's coral
 strand,*
 Or where, on Killarney's mountains, Grace and Terror smiling
 stand,
 Like sisters, hand in hand !

Still we have a new romance in fire-ships, through the tamed seas
 glancing,
 And the snorting and the prancing of the mighty engine steed ;
 Still, Astolpho-like, we wander thro' the boundless azure yonder,
 Realizing what seemed fonder than the magic tales we read —
 Tales of wild Arabian wonder, where the fancy all is freed —
 Wilder far, indeed !

Now that Earth once more hath woken, and the trance of Time is
 broken,
 And the sweet word — Hope — is spoken, soft and sure, though none
 know how, —
 Could we — could we only see all these, the glories of the Real,
 Blended with the lost Ideal, happy were the old world now —
 Woman in its fond believing — man with iron arm and brow —
 Faith and Work its vow !

Yes ! the Past shines clear and pleasant, and there's glory in the
 Present ;
 And the Future, like a crescent, lights the deepening sky of Time ;
 And that sky will yet grow brighter, if the Worker and the
 Writer —
 If the Sceptre and the Mitre join in sacred bonds sublime.
 With two glories shining o'er them, up the coming years they'll
 climb
 Earth's great evening as its prime !

With a sigh for what is fading, but, O earth ! with no upbraiding, —
 For we feel that time is braiding newer, fresher flowers for thee, —
 We will speak, despite our grieving, words of Loving and Believing,
 Tales we vowed when we were leaving awful Céim-an-eich —
 Where the sever'd rocks resemble fragments of a frozen sea,
 And the wild deer flee !

'Tis the hour when flowers are shrinking, when the weary sun is
 sinking,
 And his thirsty steeds are drinking in the cooling western sea ;
 When young Maurice lightly goeth, where the tiny streamlet
 floweth,

* In the bay of Glengariff, and towards the N. W. parts of Bantry Bay, they dredge up large quantities of coral sand. — *Smith's Cork*, vol. i. p. 286.

And the struggling moonlight showeth where his path must be, —
 Path whereon the wild goats wander fearlessly and free
 Through dark Céim-an-eich.

As a hunter, danger daring, with his dogs the brown moss sharing,
 Little thinking, little caring, long a wayward youth lived he;
 But his bounding heart was regal, and he looked as looks the eagle,
 And he flew as flies the beagle, who the panting stag doth see —
 Love, who spares a fellow-archer, long had let him wander free
 Through wild Céim-an-eich !

But at length the hour drew nigher when his heart should feel that
 fire ;

Up the mountain high and higher had he hunted from the dawn ;
 Till the weeping fawn descended, where the earth and ocean
 blended,

And with hope its slow way wended to a little grassy lawn —
 It is safe, for gentle Alice to her saving breast hath drawn
 Her almost sister fawn.

Alice was a chieftain's daughter, and, though many suitors sought
 her,

She so loved Glengariff's water that she let her lovers pine ;
 Her eye was beauty's palace, and her cheek an ivory chalice,
 Through which the blood of Alice gleamed soft as rosiest wine,
 And her lips like lusmore blossoms which the fairies intertwine,*
 And her heart a golden mine.

She was gentler and shyer than the light fawn that stood by her, *
 And her eyes emit a fire soft and tender as her soul ;
 Love's dewy light doth drown her, and the braided locks that crown
 her

Than autumn's trees are browner, when the golden shadows roll
 Through the forests in the evening, when cathedral turrets toll,
 And the purple sun advanceth to its goal.

Her cottage was a dwelling all regal homes excelling,
 But, ah ! beyond the telling was the beauty round it spread !
 The wave and sunshine playing, like sisters each arraying —
 Far down the sea-plants swaying upon their coral bed,
 As languid as the tresses on a sleeping maiden's head,
 When the summer breeze is dead.

Need we say that Maurice loved her, and that no blush reproved her
 When her throbbing bosom moved her to give the heart she gave ;
 That by dawn-light and by twilight, and O blessed moon ! by thy
 light —

* The lusmore (or fairy cup) — literally, the great herb — *Digitalis Purpurea*.

When the twinkling stars on high light the wanderer o'er the
wave —

His steps unconscious led him where Glengariff's waters lave
Each mossy bank and cave.

He thitherward is wending — o'er the vale is night descending —
Quick his step, but quicker sending his herald thoughts before;
By rocks and streams before him, proud and hopeful on he bore him;
One star was shining o'er him — in his heart of hearts two more —
And two other eyes, far brighter than a human head e'er wore,
Unseen were shining o'er.

These eyes are not of woman — no brightness merely human
Could, planet-like, illumine the place in which they shone;
But nature's bright works vary — there are beings, light and airy,
Whom mortal lips call fairy, and Una she is one —
Sweet sisters of the moonbeams and daughters of the sun,
Who along the curling cool waves run.

As summer lightning dances amid the heavens' expanses,
Thus shone the burning glances of those flashing fairy eyes;
Three splendors there were shining — three passions intertwining —
Despair and hope combining their deep contrasted dyes,
With jealousy's green lustre, as troubled ocean vies
With the blue of summer skies!

She was a fairy creature, of heavenly form and feature —
Not Venus' self could teach her a newer, sweeter grace —
Not Venus' self could lend her an eye so dark and tender,
Half softness and half splendor, as lit her lily face;
And as the choral planets move harmonious throughout space,
There was music in her pace.

But when at times she started, and her blushing lips were parted,
And a pearly lustre darted from her teeth so ivory white,
You'd think you saw the gliding of two rosy clouds dividing,
And the crescent they were hiding gleam forth upon your sight
Thro' these lips, as thro' the portals of a heaven pure and bright,
Came a breathing of delight!

She had seen young Maurice lately walk forth so proud and stately,
And tenderly and greatly she loved him from that hour;
Unseen she roamed beside him, to guard him and to guide him,
But now she must divide him from her human rival's power.
Ah! Alice — gentle Alice! the storm begins to lower
That may crush Glengariff's flower.

The moon, that late was gleaming, as calm as childhood's dreaming,
Is hid, and, wildly screaming, the stormy winds arise;

And the clouds flee quick and faster before their sullen master,
 And the shadows of disaster are falling from the skies —
 Strange sights and sounds are rising — but, Maurice, be thou wise,
 Nor heed the tempting cries.

If ever mortal needed that counsel, surely he did ;
 But the wile has now succeeded — he wanders from his path ;
 The cloud its lightning sendeth, and its bolt the stout oak rendeth,
 And the firm arbutus bendeth in the whirlwind, as a lath !
 Now and then the moon looks out, but, alas ! its pale face hath
 A dreadful look of wrath.

In vain his strength he squanders — at each step he wider wanders —
 Now he pauses — now he ponders where his present path may lead ;
 And, as he round is gazing, he sees — a sight amazing ! —
 Beneath him, calmly grazing, a noble jet-black steed.
 "Now, Heaven be praised !" cried Maurice, "this is fortunate indeed —
 From this labyrinth I'm freed !"

Upon its back he leapeth, but a shudder through him creepeth,
 As the mighty monster sweepeth like a torrent through the dell ;
 His mane, so softly flowing, is now a meteor blowing,
 And his burning eyes are glowing with the light of an inward hell ;
 And the red breath of his nostrils, like steam where the lightning fell,
 And his hoofs have a thunder knell !

What words have we for painting the momentary fainting
 That the rider's heart is tainting, as decay doth taint a corse ?
 But who will stoop to chiding, in a fancied courage priding,
 When we know that he is riding the fearful Phooka Horse ? *
 Ah ! his heart beats quick and faster than the smittings of remorse
 As he sweepeth through the wild grass and gorse.

* The Phooka is described as belonging to the malignant class of fairy beings, and he is as wild and capricious in his character as he is changeable in his form. At one time an eagle or an *ignis fatuus*, at another a horse or a bull. while occasionally he figures as two single animals "rolled into one," exhibiting a compound of the calf and goat. When he assumes the form of a horse, his great object, according to a recent writer, seems to be "to obtain a rider, and then he is in his most malignant glory. Headlong he dashes through brier and brake, through flood and fell, over mountain, valley, moor, or river, indiscriminately; up or down precipice is alike to him, provided he gratifies the malevolence that seems to inspire him. He bounds and flies over and beyond them, gratified by the distress, and utterly reckless and ruthless of the cries and danger and suffering of the luckless wight who bestrides him. As the '*tinna geblane*' or 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' he lures but to betray. Like the Hanoverian 'Tuckbold,' he deludes the night wanderer into a bog, and leads him to his destruction in a quagmire or pit. Macpherson's Spirit of Loda is evidently founded on the tradition of the phooka: and in the Finian Tales he is repeatedly mentioned as the 'Puka (*gruagach*, or hairy spirit) of the blue valley.' " — *Croker's Fairy Legends, Hall's Ireland.*

As the avalanche comes crashing, 'mid the scattered streamlets
splashing,

Thus backward wildly dashing, flew the horse through Céim-an-eich ;
Through that glen so wild and narrow, back he darted like an arrow —

Round, round by Gougane Barra, and the fountains of the Lee ;
O'er the Giant's Grave he leapeth, and he seems to own in fee
The mountains, and the rivers, and the sea !

From his flashing hoofs who shall lock the eagle homes of Malloc *
When he bounds, as bounds the Mialloch † in its wild and murmuring tide ?

But as winter leadeth Flora, or the night leads on Aurora,
Or as shines green Glashenglora ‡ along the black hill's side —
Thus, beside that demon monster, white and gentle as a bride,
A tender fawn is seen to glide.

It is the fawn that fled him, and that late to Alice led him —
But now it does not dread him, as it feigned to do before,
When down the mountain gliding, in that shelter'd meadow hiding,
It left his heart abiding by wild Glengariff's shore ;
For it was a gentle Fairy who the fawn's light form wore,
And who watched sweet Alice o'er.

But the steed is backward prancing where late it was advancing,
And his flashing eyes are glancing, like the sun upon Loch Foyle ;
The hardest granite crushing, through the thickest brambles brushing,
ing,

Now like a shadow rushing up the sides of Slieve-na-goil ! §
And the fawn beside him gliding o'er the rough and broken soil,
Without fear and without toil.

Through woods, the sweet birds' leaf home, he rusheth to the sea
foam —

Long, long the fairies' chief home, when the summer nights are cool,
And the blue sea, like a Siren, with its waves the steed environ,
Which hiss like furnace iron when plunged within a pool,
Then along among the islands where the water nymphs bear rule,
Through the bay to Adragool.

Now he rises o'er Bearhaven, where he hangeth like a raven —
Ah ! Maurice, though no craven, how terrible for thee !
To see the misty shading of the mighty mountains fading,

* "Wildly from Malloc the eagles are screaming." — *Callanan's Gougane Barra*.

† Mialloch, "the murmuring river" at Glengariff. — *Smith's Cork*.

‡ Glashenglora, a mountain torrent which finds its way into the Atlantic ocean through Glengariff, in the west of the county of Cork. The name, literally translated, signifies "the noisy green water."

§ The most remarkable and beautiful mountain at Glengariff is the noble conical one whose ancient name is *Slíabh-na-goil* ("the mountain of the wild people.")

And thy winged fire-steed wading thro' the clouds as thro' a sea!
 Now he feels the earth beneath him — he is loosen'd — he is free,
 And asleep in Céim-an-eich.

Away the wild steed leapeth, while his rider calmly sleepeth
 Beneath a rock which keepeth the entrance to the glen,
 Which standeth like a castle, where are dwelling lord and vassal,
 Where within are wine and wassail, and without are warrior men —
 But save the sleeping Maurice, this castle cliff had then
 No mortal denizen ! *

Now Maurice is awaking, for the solid earth is shaking,
 And a sunny light is breaking through the slowly opening stone —
 And a fair page at the portal crieth, " Welcome, welcome! mortal,
 Leave thy world (at best a short ill), for the pleasant world we own —
 There are joys by thee untasted, there are glories yet unknown —
 Come, kneel at Una's throne."

With a sullen sound of thunder, the great rock falls asunder,
 He looks around in wonder, and with ravishment awhile —
 For the air his sense is chaining, with as exquisite a paining,
 As when summer clouds are raining o'er a flowery Indian isle —
 And the faces that surround him, O ! how exquisite their smile,
 So free of mortal care and guile.

These forms, O ! they are finer — these faces are diviner
 Than, Phidias, even thine are, with all thy magic art ;
 For beyond an artist's guessing, and beyond a bard's expressing,
 Is the face that truth is dressing with the feelings of the heart ;
 Two worlds are there together — Earth and Heaven have each a
 part —

And such, divinest Una, thou art !

And then the dazzling lustre of the hall in which they muster —
 Where brightest diamonds cluster on the flashing walls around ;
 And the flying and advancing, and the sighing and the glancing,
 And the music and the dancing on the flower-inwoven ground,
 And the laughing and the feasting, and the quaffing and the sound,
 In which their voices all are drowned.

But the murmur now is hushing — there's a pushing and a rushing,
 There's a crowding and a crushing, through that golden, fairy place,
 Where a snowy veil is lifting, like the slow and silent shifting
 Of a shining vapor drifting across the moon's pale face,
 For there sits gentle Una, fairest queen of fairy race,
 In her beauty, and her majesty, and grace.

* There is a great square rock, literally resembling the description in the text, which stands near the Glengariff entrance to the pass of Céim-an-eich.

The moon by stars attended, on her pearly throne ascended,
 Is not more purely splendid than this fairy-girted queen;
 And when her lips had spoken, 'mid the charmed silence broken,
 You'd think you had awoken in some bright Elysian scene;
 For her voice than the lark's was sweeter, that sings in joy between
 The heavens and the meadows green.

But her cheeks — ah! what are roses? What are clouds where eve
 reposes?

What are hues that dawn discloses? to the blushes spreading there;
 And what the sparkling motion of a star within the ocean,
 To the crystal soft emotion that her lustrous dark eyes wear?
 And the tresses of a moonless and a starless night are fair
 To the blackness of her raven hair.

“Ah! Mortal, hearts have panted for what to thee is granted —
 To see the halls enchanted of the spirit world revealed;
 And yet no glimpse assuages the feverish doubt that rages
 In the hearts of bards and sages wherewith they may be healed;
 For this have pilgrims wandered — for this have votaries kneeled —
 For this, too, has blood bedewed the field.

“And now that thou beholdest, what the wisest and the oldest,
 What the bravest and the boldest, have never yet descried —
 Wilt thou come and share our being, be a part of what thou'rt
 seeing,
 And flee, as we are fleeing, through the boundless ether wide?
 Or along the silver ocean, or down deep where pearls hide?
 And I, who am a queen, will be thy bride.

“As an essence thou wilt enter the world's mysterious centre” —
 And then the fairy bent her, imploring to the youth —
 “Thou'lt be free of death's cold ghastness, and, with a comet's
 fastness,

Thou canst wander through the vastness to the Paradise of Truth,
 Each day a new joy bringing, which will never leave, in sooth,
 The slightest stain of weariness and ruth.”

As he listened to the speaker, his heart grew weak and weaker —
 Ah! Memory, go seek her, that maiden by the wave,
 Who with terror and amazement is looking from her casement,
 Where the billows at the basement of her nestled cottage rave
 At the moon, which struggles onward through the tempest, like the
 brave,
 And which sinks within the clouds as in a grave.

All maidens will abhor us — and it's very painful for us
 To tell how faithless Maurice forgot his plighted vow;
 He thinks not of the breaking of the heart he late was seeking —

He but listens to her speaking, and but gazes on her brow —
 And his heart has all consented, and his lips are ready now
 With the awful, and irrevocable vow.

While the word is there abiding, lo ! the crowd is now dividing,
 And, with sweet and gentle gliding, in before him came a fawn ;
 It was the same that fled him, and that seemed so much to dread
 him,

When it down in triumph led him to Glengariff's grassy lawn,
 When, from rock to rock descending, to sweet Alice he was drawn,
 As through Céim-an-eich he hunted from the dawn.

The magic chain is broken — no fairy vow is spoken —
 From his trance he hath awoken, and once again is free ;
 And gone is Una's palace, and vain the wild steed's malice,
 And again to gentle Alice down he wends through Céim-an-eich :
 The moon is calmly shining over mountain, stream, and tree,
 And the yellow sea-plants glisten through the sea.
 * * * * *

The sun his gold is flinging, the happy birds are singing,
 And bells are gayly ringing along Glengariff's sea ;
 And crowds in many a galley to the happy marriage rally
 Of the maiden of the valley and the youth of Céim-an-eich ;
 Old eyes with joy are weeping, as all ask on bended knee,
 A blessing, gentle Alice, upon thee !

PUCK THE FAIRY.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

WOULD'ST know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,
 Are played by me, the merry little Sprite,
 Who wing through air from the camp to the court,
 From king to clown, and of all make sport ;
 Singing, I am the Sprite
 Of the merry midnight,
 Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight ?

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
 And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept ;
 Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,
 And he waked to catch — but away I sprang,
 Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,
 She was waiting her love at that starlight hour ;

"Hist — hist!" quoth I, with an amorous sigh,
And she flew to the door, but away flew I,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,
Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from above,
And he swoon'd — for he thought 'twas the ghost, poor man!
Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
Singing, I am the Sprite
Of the merry midnight,
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight.

EARL DESMOND AND THE BANSHEE.

Now cheer thee on, my gallant steed,
There's a weary way before us —
Across the mountain swiftly speed,
For the storm is gathering o'er us.
Away, away, the horseman rides;
His bounding steed's dark form
Seem'd o'er the soft black moss to glide —
A spirit of the storm!

Now, rolling in the troubled sky,
The thunder's loudly crashing;
And through the dark clouds, driving by,
The moon's pale light is flashing.
In sheets of foam the mountain flood
Comes roaring down the glen;
On the steep bank one moment stood
The horse and rider then.

One desperate bound the courser gave,
And plunged into the stream;
And snorting, stemmed the boiling wave,
By the lightning's quivering gleam.
The flood is past — the bank is gained —
Away with headlong speed:
A fleeter horse than Desmond rein'd
Ne'er served at lover's need.

His scattered train, in eager haste,
Far, far behind him ride;
Alone he's crossed the mountain waste,
To meet his promised bride.

The clouds across the moon's dim form
Are fast and faster sailing,
And sounds are heard on the sweeping storm,
Of wild unearthly wailing.

At first low moanings seem'd to die
Away, and faintly languish ;
Then swell into the piercing cry
Of deep, heart-bursting anguish.
Beneath an oak, whose branches bare
Were crashing in the storm,
With wringing hands and streaming hair,
There sat a female form.

To pass that oak in vain he tried ;
His steed refused to stir,
Though furious 'gainst his panting side
Was struck the bloody spur.
The moon, by driving clouds o'ercast,
Withheld its fitful gleam ;
And louder than the tempest blast
Was heard the Banshee's scream.

And when the moon unveiled once more,
And showed her paly light,
Then nought was seen save the branches hoar
Of the oak-tree's blasted might.
That shrieking form had vanished
From out that lonely place ;
And, like a dreamy vision, fled,
Nor left one single trace.

Earl Desmond gazed — his bosom swell'd
With grief and sad foreboding ;
Then on his fiery way he held,
His courser madly goading.
For well that wailing voice he knew,
And onward hurrying fast,
O'er hills and dales impetuous flew,
And reached his home at last.

Beneath his wearied courser's hoof
The trembling drawbridge clangs,
And Desmond sees his own good roof,
But darkness o'er it hangs ;
He pass'd beneath the gloomy gate,
No guiding tapers burn ;
No vassals in the court-yard wait,
To welcome his return.

The hearth is cold in the lonely hall,
 No banquet decks the board ;
 No page stands ready at the call,
 To 'tend his wearied lord.
 But all within is dark and drear,
 No sights or sounds of gladness —
 Nought broke the stillness on the ear,
 Save a sudden burst of sadness.

Then slowly swell'd the keener's strain
 With loud lament and weeping,
 For round a corse a mournful train
 The sad death-watch were keeping.
 Aghast he stood, bereft of power,
 Hope's fairy visions fled ;
 His fears confirmed — his beauteous flower —
 His fair-hair'd bride — was dead !

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

[The tradition in this beautiful little ballad is almost the same as that on which "Hy-Brasail," and other poems in this collection are founded, except in point of locality; the scene of the latter ballads being placed in the Atlantic, to the west of the Isles of Arran, while "the Enchanted Island" is supposed to be in the neighborhood of Rathlin Island, off the north coast of the county Antrim. The name of the island, which has been spelt a different way by almost every writer on the subject, is supposed to be derived from *Ragh-Erin*, or "the Fort of Erin," as its situation, commanding the Irish coast, might make it, not unaptly, be styled "the fortress of Ireland." — See *Leonard's Topographia Hibernica*.]

To Rathlin's Isle I chanced to sail,
 When summer breezes softly blew,
 And there I heard so sweet a tale,
 That oft I wished it could be true.
 They said, at eve, when rude winds sleep,
 And hushed is every turbid swell,
 A mermaid rises from the deep,
 And sweetly tunes her magic shell.

And while she plays, rock, dell, and cave,
 In dying falls the sound retain,
 As if some choral spirits gave
 Their aid to swell her witching strain.
 Then summoned by that dulcet note,
 Uprising to th' admiring view,
 A fairy island seems to float
 With tints of many a gorgeous hue.

And glittering fanes, and lofty towers,
 All on this fairy isle are seen ;
 And waving trees, and shady bowers,
 With more than mortal verdure green.
 And as it moves, the western sky
 Glows with a thousand varying rays ;
 And the calm sea, tinged with each dye,
 Seems like a golden flood of blaze.

They also say, if earth or stone,
 From verdant Erin's hallowed land,
 Were on this magic island thrown,
 For ever fixed, it then would stand.
 But, when for this, some little boat
 In silence ventures from the shore —
 The mermaid sinks — hushed is the note,
 'The fairy isle is seen no more !

A FAIRY LEGEND OF KNOCK-MA.

BLITHE as young hearts will ever be, when Earth is robed in summer
 pride,
 A band of peasant maidens sport along Knock-Ma's grass-covered
 side ;
 The birds that carol gayly round are not so free from pain or care —
 The lambs that frisk across the lea sport not with a more joyous air ;
 Sweet strains in which their swelling souls find voice for every rap-
 tured sense,
 And laughter such as only peals from youth and health and inno-
 cence,
 Ring down the slope, like distant chimes, or like the gushing music
 pour'd
 From pebbly-bedded rivulets for ever gliding Ocean-ward.
 Tall, stately forms that well might grace the proudest Orient Sultan's
 throne ;
 Dark eyes, whose flashing glances like stars from the midnight azure
 shone ;
 Long tress'd girls, with voices like the breathings of a golden
 string —
 The bloom of dawning womanhood — the lighter glow of maiden
 Spring —
 All — all are there. Some dance around with steps that leave be-
 hind no trace :
 Some musingly recline, or sit in attitudes of winning grace,
 Entwining fragrant diadems, of every wild flower's brightest tints ;
 And well are Nature's children decked in Nature's simplest orna-
 ments.

The evening's hues are gorgeous all, yet some the mind more grand-
ly strike ;

All song is sweet, but all can claim the spirit's homage not alike ;
So, 'mid these buds of loveliness, is one well meet to be their Queen ;
Hers is the chastened grace of form, the faultless bloom and sunny
mien,

That glad the eye and type a heart within as pure as they are fair ;
Hers is the fleetest foot, and hers the lightest lay and laughter there ;
Yet this spontaneous flow of mirth, the sparkling levity of youth,
Was but a surface gleam that rose from golden mines of Love and
Truth.

Amid their joyous merriment, a Cloud sails slowly o'er the Sun !
They start up as the shadow falls ; they look ; it loometh dreadly
dun ;

And though not e'en the slightest leaf is by the slumbering breezes
stirred,

Advancing bodefully afar a Pyramid of Gloom appeared !
Hushed is each tone so lately loud ; each knee is bent ; each brow is
crossed ; —

All know that whirlwind mass enfolds Fionn-Varra and his Fairy-
host !

Its coming is awaited now in agonizing breathlessness : —

O ! Mary, Mother ! shield them — save — in this dread moment of
distress.

The Doom-cloud passes o'er at length ; slowly its fatal shade de-
parts ;

The sun outshines ; the maids arise, with trembling frames and
beating hearts ;

A thankful prayer unconsciously from every pallid lip bursts forth —
Why voiceless — stirless — thus is *She*, so lately full of song and
mirth ?

Round wildly her companions throng ; they call upon her, but in
vain ;

They look upon the brow — it wears no trace of agony or pain ;
But all is calm as if the maid had sunk in slumber's soft embrace,
And they might deem she slept, but for that awful fixedness of
face !

Bitterly their tears now fall ; for sister-like was she beloved.

Alas ! that only thus can be the truth of their affection proved !

With many a pause for sorrowing, they slowly pass down to the
plain —

Meet bearers of the beauteous Dead — a young and lovely funeral
train !

Soon to their village homes beneath are borne the sounds of their
lament ;

The terror-stricken hearers feel a dolorous presentiment

That some disaster has occurred; and hurrying forth with wordless
awe,
The dark fulfilment of their saddest fear advancing home they saw!

Those raven locks, that gentle face, it is not hard to recognize —
Now nearer still — her well-loved name from mouth to mouth, low
whispered, flies;

One fearful word the tragic tale of her untimely fate has told —
A tale to blanch the manliest lips, and freeze the very heart's blood
cold!

Yet less of sorrow for the maid so early blighted is expressed,
Than for the mother whose last hope and only joy in her were
placed.

O! who will break to her the woful tidings of her darling's doom,
And fling o'er all her light of life an everlasting cloud of gloom?

Home-borne at length, the tale is told; those who have wept an
only child

May picture — but how faintly still — what pangs that mother's
bosom filled.

One short, sharp cry burst from her lips, as if the seat of life were
stung;

Unto the breathless corpse she leaped, and there in sorrow's silence
clung.

Ah! think ye words can take the gall from anguish so unspeak-
able?

Preach calmness to the Winter blast, and make the torrent's flow be
still —

Command the starry host to cease their mighty motions round the
Pole —

But seek not grief's convulsions in a broken spirit to control!

Too long remains that death-like trance of tearless, wordless agony —
Too soon, alas! she must awake to keener sense of misery!

But — Heavens! — the film drawn o'er her eyes — the stillness of
each lineament —

The firm-set lips, the rigid limbs — the cold, damp forehead's ashy
tint —

O, darkest woe! her mother-heart was stricken to its inmost core —
She could but die — and earthly grief shall reach her bosom never
more!

And O! but it was sad to see the young flower blighted in its
prime,

Beside the fallen parent-stem, rugged with care, and thought, and
time!

That night was many an effort made, by mystic rite and holy
prayer —

By aught possessed of power to awe the spirit-dwellers of the air;

But vainly culled were mystic herbs, and vainly wrought each spell
and charm—

Nor fervent prayers, nor heart-wrung tears, reanimate the soulless
form !

One shroud and coffin served for both — it were unmeet to separate
Those who in life had loved so well, and borne in death the same
sad fate !

In Glanafosha's ruined church they slumber calmly, side by side ;
And oft this legend of Knock-Ma the peasants tell at eventide.

MAC-DUACH.

THE BANSHEE.

BY J. L. FORREST.

[The lament of the Banshee is heard only at night. It is a solemn and melancholy strain, generally streaming fitfully from some neighboring cairn or hillock, or from beside a stream. The well known Irish keen very closely resembles it. Its utterance, too, like that of the keen, is accompanied with a clapping of hands, and all the indications of intense sorrow.]

SHELTER'D within a pleasant sunny nook,
A cottage stood. Beside it flowed a brook
That babbled as it went, and some old trees,
Whose green leaves quivered in the summer breeze,
Stood round and near it : roses and jessamine
Through its quaint porch luxuriantly did twine,
And peeped into the open lattices.

It had a quiet and a cheerful look
That spoke of comfort. With a favorite book
I know no place where one might wile away
More pleasantly a sun-bright summer day ;
For ever as within its shaded porch I bent,
There breathed an atmosphere of such content
As sank into the heart.

Beside the stream,
Rapt, I've wrought out full many a bright day-dream,
As short-lived as its bubbles, while the hours,
Fraught with the fragrance of the laughing flowers,
Flew lightly by. That happy, happy time !
At dewy eve or morning's lovely prime,
Or 'neath the blaze of noontide's glowing ray,
Pleasant alike the minutes flew away,
And all was happiness !

One summer eve I stray'd
Along the streamlet's side. Two children play'd,

Two rosy children, 'mid the stately ranks
Of rushy weeds that line its mossy banks,
Untiringly; and the long summer day
Seemed all too short for their delightful play.
One was a being beautiful and bright,
Soft as the dawn of summer's morning light;

And delicate as soft; her raven hair
Hung o'er a brow most exquisitely fair,
Its tresses twining round a neck of snow,
Down which they curled in rich and graceful flow.
In each bright sparkle of her gentle eyes
Some laughing Fairy lurked in soft disguise,
And music, as she laughed, in mirthful glee,
Burst forth in tones of touching melody.

Of age maturer was the stalwart boy
Who wandered by her side. To him 'twas joy
To tend that gentle girl: for her he bent
O'er the dark stream that murmured as it went.
To pluck the flowers that fringed its sedgy banks,
His best reward her look of modest thanks!

She was the star on which his gaze was bent,
The pole-star of his hopes. Each lineament
Of that fair face was shadow'd on his heart.
She was, in truth, his better, nobler part —
For they were one: and each in other found
A dearer self. As twines the ivy round
The sturdy oak, so round his soul she threw
Her gentleness, and thus in love they lived and grew.

And years rolled by, and that fair being stood
Bright in the charms of opening womanhood;
So fair withal, so modest none was seen
To match sweet ELLEN on the village green;
Nor in the revel, nor the village dance,
A brighter form, or fairer countenance!

Thus years roll'd by till war's fierce tumult came,
And filled our valley with its ruthless flame.
The drum, the fife, the banners bright and gay,
Led many a youth to join the dread array.
Lured by the pomp, young DESMOND left his home
In search of fame through other lands to roam:
Through other lands, where distant, distant far,
Fierce burn'd the torch of desolating war.

O, what a parting then was theirs! What grief!
An age of sorrow in those moments brief

Their young hearts tasted. Vain it were to paint
 Young ELLEN's anguish. Language could but faint
 Picture her tearless grief — no complaint
 Did her lips breathe. Buoy'd by bright hopes *he* went,
 But *she* ! — For her thenceforth was no content.
 And months waned slowly by.

It was a night

Full of delicious softness. Clear and bright
 In the blue vault above the young moon shone,
 And earth was cinctured with a starry zone.
 The flowers, sweet smiles of earth, beneath her light,
 Sparkling with Nature's tear-drops glistened bright,
 And ever as the night-breeze sighed around,
 Scattered their sweets upon the perfumed ground.

O, 'twas a night might tempt one forth to rove,
 And hold communion with an absent love —
 A night for tender thinking. She had been
 Watching the beauties of that moonlight scene,
 Marking the twinklings of each brilliant star,
 And thinking that on other lands afar
 Those bright orbs shone.

She deemed, too, that *his* gaze

Was turned upon them: Thoughts of bygone days
 Came rushing o'er her, days of happiness,
 And then the fond girl knelt to pray and bless ;
 She knelt as was her wont, and kneeling wept,
 Till weary with her aching thoughts she slept.
 Not long she slumber'd. On her half-closed ear
 Broke words of dreadful import, sounds of fear.

Hark ! hark ! on the wings of the night-wafted gale
 Sweeps on, in its death-tones, the BANSHEE's shrill wail !
 Hark ! hark ! to the echoes which sadly prolong
 Those dread notes of sorrow, her gloom-bringing song !
 From the depths of the grave, from the darkness of hell,
 The Phantom comes forth with her death-breathing spell ;
 For the gleam of her dark eye, the hiss of her breath,
 But herald the coming of sorrow and death !

See, see ! as beneath the low casement she lingers,
 How wildly she points with those skeleton fingers !
 How harsh on the ear of the dream-lapp'd young sleeper,
 Grate the heart-chilling tones of the wail of the weeper !
 What anguish of grief, O, what agony burning,
 Breathe forth in that wild tale of sorrow and mourning !
 Hark, hark ! on the night-wind, so mournfully sighing,
 Comes the death-shriek of one in a distant land dying !

THE HANSHEE'S SONG.

" O'er the wild heath I roam,
On the night-wind I come;
And Beauty shall pale
At the voice of my wail !

Hush ! hark to my tidings of gloom and of sorrow !
Go, weep tears of blood, for — *Uch ! d'eag an chorra ! **

" With the stranger the brave
Hath now found him a grave ;
And in beauty and bloom
He hath sunk to the tomb !

O, never for Desmond shall beam forth a morrow ;
For in death cold he lieth — *Uch ! d'eag an chorra !*

" Woe, woe wild and deep !
Wake, fair one, and weep !
Wail, wail, wail, wildly wail
At the voice of my tale !

Go, go ! henceforth life is a burden and sorrow !
For thy heart's pulse is stricken — *Uch ! d'eag an chorra ! "*

Shrieking, the Phantom fled. I came and found
The maiden lying lifeless on the ground.
Long, long she lay insensible. At length
Some feeble symptoms of returning strength
Were manifest, and she could faintly tell
What on that sad and weary night befell.
"Twas vain to reason with her. She would hear
No reason from me. Still the ready tear
Would follow the sad story, and her cheek
Grow pallid at the thought of that unearthly shriek.

A month elaps'd — and then, alas ! we knew
That the dread vision was too sadly true.
She smiled again no more ; but from that hour
Wither'd and droop'd like to a blighted flower.
Hourly she wasted : Yet her cheek grew bright
With a deep crimson circle, and a light
Unearthly sparkled in her beaming eyes.
Fondly I hoped — alas ! I was unwise
To dream the beauty of that crimson blush,
Was aught but what it was, Consumption's hectic flush.

She died — and O, my grief was deep and wild —
I grieved — for dark-hair'd ELLEN was my child !

* Literally — Alas ! the beloved hath died !

In yon lone glen they buried her, and there
 Oft do I go alone to breathe a prayer
 For her departed spirit. It may be
 She hears and blesses me. 'Twere agony
 To think it otherwise. When the moon's light,
 Her lowly grave doth rest upon, and bright

Its rays gleam over it, then doth it seem
 As if her spirit hovered in that beam,
 And smiled in peace upon me. Deem ye not
 My words unhallow'd. 'Tis a blessed thought
 Which fondly I have cherish'd. I have clung
 To this bright hope since first my heart was wrung
 Under my sad bereavement. Soon, O ! soon,
 (And I would crave it as a blessed boon !)
 My bones shall rest with hers, my spirit soar
 To meet my dark-hair'd child upon a happier shore !

THE FAIRY BOY.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A MOTHER came, when stars were paling,
 Wailing round a lonely spring ;
 Thus she cried while tears were falling,
 Calling on the Fairy King :

“ Why with spells my child caressing,
 Courting him with fairy joy ;
 Why destroy a mother's blessing,
 Wherefore steal my baby boy ?

“ O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
 Where his childhood loved to play ;
 Where the flowers are freshly springing,
 There I wander, day by day.

“ There I wander, growing fonder
 Of the child that made my joy ;
 On the echoes wildly calling,
 To restore my fairy boy.

“ But in vain my plaintive calling,
 Tears are falling all in vain ;

* * When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly elf left in its place.

He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!

"Fare thee well, my child, for ever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy!"

CORMAC AND MARY.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

"SHE is not dead — she has no grave —
She lives beneath Lough Corrib's water; •
And in the murmur of each wave
Methinks I catch the songs I taught her."
Thus many an evening on the shore
Sat Cormac raving wild and lowly;
Still idly muttering o'er and o'er,
"She lives, detained by spells unholy.

"Death claims her not, too fair for earth,
Her spirit lives — alien of beaven;
Nor will it know a second birth
When sinful mortals are forgiven!
Cold is this rock — the wind comes chill,
And mists the gloomy waters cover;
But O! her soul is colder still —
To lose her God — to leave her lover!"

The lake was in profound repose,
Yet one white wave came gently curling,
And as it reach'd the shore, arose
Dim figures — banners gay unfurling.
Onward they move, an airy crowd:
Through each thin form a moonlight ray shone •
While spear and helm, in pageant proud,
Appear in liquid undulation.

Bright barbed steeds curvetting tread
Their trackless way with antic capers;
And curtain clouds hang overhead,
Festoon'd by rainbow-color'd vapors.
And when a breath of air would stir
That drapery of Heaven's own wreathing,
Light wings of prismatic gossamer •
Just moved and sparkled to the breathing.

• In the county of Galway.

Nor wanting was the choral song,
 Swelling in silvery chimes of sweetness ;
 To sound of which this subtle throng
 Advanced in playful grace and fleetness.
 With music's strain, all came and went
 Upon poor Cormac's doubting vision ;
 Now rising in wild merriment,
 Now softly fading in derision.

"Christ, save her soul," he boldly cried ;
 And when that blessed name was spoken,
 Fierce yells and fiendish shrieks replied,
 And vanished all, — the spell was broken.
 And now on Corrib's lonely shore,
 Freed by his word from power of fairy,
 To life, to love, restored once more,
 Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary.

THE VOYAGE OF EMAN OGE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[The legend of Hy-Brasil is one of the best known of our national traditions. It is an island which used once every seventh year to emerge from the depths of the ocean, far to the west of Arran; and like a very Eden in its beauty; and, like Eden, too, shut against the race of man. Many voyages were undertaken by the adventurous and the visionary, in search of this fable-land, with what success is related in O'Flaherty's West Connaught, and other old books, English as well as Irish.]

IN the Western Ocean's waters, where the sinking sun is lost,
 Rises many a holy *cloiteach* high o'er many an island coast,
 Bearing bells rung by the tempest when the spray to heaven is toss'd :

Bearing bells and holy crosses, that to Arran men afar
 Twinkle through the dawn and twilight, like th' mist-environ'd star
 Hung in heaven for their guidance, as, in sooth, such symbols are.

'Tis a Rosary of Islands in the Ocean's hollow palm —
 Sites of faith unchanged by storms, all unchanging in the calm,
 There the world-betrayed may hide them, and the weary heart find
 balm.

Wayward as a hill-stream chafing in a sad fir-forest glen,
 Lived the silent student Eman, among Arran's holy men,
 Sighing still for far Hy-Brasil — sight of fear to human ken.

Born a chieftain, and predestined by his sponsors for a sage,
 Eman Oge * had tracked the sages over many an ancient page,
 Drained their old scholastic vials, nor did these his thirst assuage.

* Eman Oge means young Edward.

Thinking thenceforth, and deploring, sat he nightly on the strand,
 Ever watching, ever sighing, for the fabled fairy land;
 For this earth, he held it hateful, and its sons a soulless band.

'Twas midsummer midnight, silence on the isles and ocean lay,
 Fleets of sea-birds rode at anchor, on the waveless moonbright bay,
 To the moon, across the waters, stretched a shining silver way.

When — O, *Christa*! — in the offing like a ship upon the sight,
 Loomed a land of dazzling verdure, crossed with streams that flashed
 like light,

Under emerald groves whose lustre glorified the solemn night.

As the hunter dashes onward when the missing prey he spies,
 As to a gracious mistress the forgiven lover flies,
 So across the sleeping ocean Eman in his currach hies.

Nay, he never noted any of the Holy Island's signs,
 Saint Mac Duach's tall Cathedral, or Saint Breccan's ivied shrines,
 Or the old Cyclopean dwellings — for a rarer scene he pines.

Now he nears it — now he touches the gold-glittering precious sand —
 Lir of Ocean * is no miser when such treasures slip his hand —
 But whence come these antique galleys crowding the deserted
 strand?

Tyrian galleys with white benches, sails of purple, prows of gold,
 Tiremes such as carried Cæsar to the British coast of old —
 Serpents that had borne Vikings southward on adventures bold.

Gondolas with glorious jewels sparkling on their necks of pride —
 Bucentaurs that brought the Doges to their Adriatic bride —
 Frisian Hulk and Spanish Pinnace lay reposing side by side.

Carracks, currachs, all the vessels that the ocean yet had borne,
 By no envious foemen captured, by no tempests toss'd or torn,
 Lay upon that stormless sea-beach all untarnish'd and unworn.

But within them, or beside them, crew or captain, saw he none:
 "Have mankind for ever languish'd for the land I now have won?"
 So said Eman, as he landed, by his Angel tempted on.

Where it led him — what befell him — what he suffer'd — who shall
 say?

One long year was pass'd and over — a midsummer's night and day;
 Morning found him pallid, pulseless, stretch'd upon the island bay.

* Lir is the Neptune of the Celts, and father of several sea-spirits of inferior order.

Dead he lay — his brow was calcined like a green leaf scorch'd in
 June,
 Hollow was his cheek, and haggard, gone his beaming smile and
 bloom —
 Dead he lay, as if his spirit had already faced its doom.

Who shall wake him? Who shall care him? Wayward Eman,
 stark and still,
 Who will nerve anew his footsteps to ascend life's craggy hill?
 Who will ease his anguish'd bosom? Who restore him Thought
 and Will?

Hark! how softly tolls the matin from the top of yonder tower,
 How it moves the stark man! Lo you! hath a sound such magic
 power?
 Lo you! lo you! up he rises, waked and saved! ah, blessed hour!

Now he feels his brow — now gazes on that shore, and sky, and sea
 Now upon himself, and, lo you, now he bends to earth his knee;
 God and angels hear him praying on the sea-shore fervently.

THE PRAYER OF EMAN OGE.

God of this Irish Isle,
 Blessed and old,
 Wrapt in the morning's smile
 In the sea's fold —
 Here, where thy saints have trod,
 Here where they prayed,
 Hear me, O, saving God,
 May I be saved!

God of the circling sea
 Far-rolling and deep,
 Its caves are unshut to thee —
 Its bounds thou dost keep —
 Here, from this strand
 Whence Saints have gone forth,
 Father! I own thy hand
 Humbled to earth.

God of this blessed light
 Over me shining,
 On the wide way of right
 I go, unrepining.
 No more despising
 My lot or my race,
 But toiling, uprising,
 To Thee thro' Thy grace.

THE FAIRY CHILD.*

BY DR. ANSTER,

TRANSLATOR OF "FAUST," ETC.

THE summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow ;
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender ;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying ;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed —
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted !

O ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow.
My little boy is gone — is gone,
And his mother soon will follow !

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

* The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child stolen by a fairy. I need not mention how prevalent the superstition was among the peasantry, which attributed instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.

THE OLDEN TIME.

My blessing rest upon thee, thou merry olden time,
 When the fairies were in fashion, and the world was in its prime;
 Every ruin had its goblin, every green rath had its fay,
 Till the light of Science chased them from their ancient haunts
 away.

How rich wert thou in legends, of magic lamps and ring —
 Of genii, whom a single word to mortal aid would bring;
 Of caves of gold and diamonds, where foot had never been,
 Till by the favored one their depths were all unveiled and seen.

Thou wert the time for monarchs — then kings were kings indeed,
 With potent fairy sponsors to summon at their need;
 Whose wands could change their enemies to marble at their will:
 Ah, many a king would need to have those wands of power still!

O cruel race of stepmothers! where have you vanished now?
 Where are the henpecked husbands who before you used to bow,
 And yield their lovely daughters to glut your jealous ire,
 Forgetful, 'mid your blandishments, of ev'n the name of sire?

Sweet beauteous persecuted tribe, princesses young and fair,
 With faces like a poet's dreams, and veils of flowing hair,
 Beloved by vile enchanters, who turned to stone and wood,
 The princes who to rescue you dared steel, and fire, and flood.

Fierce cannibalish giants, who dwelt in forests wild,
 And worn and weary wayfarers to darksome dens beguiled;
 Brave knights with charmed weapons, who laid the monsters low,
 And opening wide the dungeon doors, bid cease the captive's woe.

Where are you all departed? — where lie your treasures hid?
 Where are the pearls and emeralds that came when they were bid?
 Where are the mines of gold and gems, that but to think of now,
 Dazzles our mental eyes with light — Old World, where art thou?

We want those endless riches, we want the magic spells,
 That brought the fairies to your aid, from woods, and hills, and
 wells;

We've no enchanters now-a-day, no cabalistic flames —
 The world has lost them all, and keeps but their time-honored
 names.

O, could I find a magic wand, I'd bring those days again —
 I'd call the treasures from the caves of earth and throbbing main;
 The land should be a glorious land, as 'twas in ancient time,
 When the fairies were in fashion, and the world was in its prime.
 TINY.

Legendary Ballads.

FIONN.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

LIGHTLY through the forest glancing, like an arrow sharp and fleet,
Flies a doe of milk-white beauty, with black eyes and twinkling feet.
O'er the glades that laugh in sunshine, through the dells that sleep
in shade,
Darts the doe of milk-white beauty, like a little trembling maid.

Quickly rose the mighty Fionn, and he called his faithful hounds,
Bran and Sgöelan, and they hurried when they heard the well-
known sounds.

Through the forest — through the forest, in pursuit the monarch hies,
While the milk-white doe of beauty still before him ever flies.

The morning sun shone sweetly when the wondrous chase began.
The evening sun descended, yet still followed dogs and man,
Through the many woodland windings, o'er the forest's grassy floor,
While the milk-white doe of beauty was before them evermore.

Till they came to old Slieve-Guillin the white doe before them flew;
When they came to old Slieve-Guillin then she vanished from their
view;

East and west looked mighty Fionn, north and south the monarch
gazed,

Sweet and broken was the baying by his sad hounds wildly raised.

From the deep heart of a valley, by a silver-bosomed lake,
Strains of plaintive sorrow wander, and the forest echoes wake;
Wild and mournful was the music as it struck the monarch's ears,
And the voice to which he listen'd, seem'd a voice of sobs and tears.

By the still and gentle waters where the weeping willows twined,
He beheld a beauteous ladye on the lonely bank reclined;
Her wild blue eyes were swollen with the big tears of despair,
And adown her neck of lilies hung her long dishevell'd hair.

Like the queenly cygnet sailing o'er the water's crystal breast,
 Like the rosy light of evening when the sun is in the west,
 Like a freezing star of brightness when the heavens are fair to see,
 Was the sad and beauteous ladye as she sang beneath the tree.

"O say, thou beauteous ladye," thus outspake the noble chief,
 "Whence comes thy great affliction? whence proceeds thy song of
 grief?"

Hast thou wandered in this wild wood — hast thou wandered from
 thy way?

Or can knightly succor aid thee, O enchanting ladye, say?"

Then outspake the lovely ladye smiling through her tears of woe,
 "Gentle chieftain, noble chieftain, since my sorrows thou would'st
 know,

In the well of yonder lake there lies a jewel rich and rare,
 A ring of gold with diamonds set, which once my finger ware.

"A ring of gold more dearly loved than I do love mine eyes,
 A ring which more than aught on earth my foolish wishes prize —
 Since rose the morning sunlight, I have wept the lake beside,
 Gazing like a maid distracted on its waters deep and wide.

"Gentle chieftain, valiant chieftain, wilt thou find my ring for me?
 Wilt thou dive beneath the crystal waves and search them
 curiously?" —

Scarcely spake the beauteous ladye, when the brave and noble king
 Plunged beneath the shining waters of the lake to find the ring.

On the sands that beamed like crystal lay the jewel glittering bright,
 And it shone as shines a golden star, or gleams the moon at night;
 Gladly seized the gem the monarch; and he clutched it in his hand,
 Aloft above the sparkling wave, and swam towards the land.

Alas! alas! what languor seizes on the monarch's limbs,
 His brawny shoulders shrivel in the moment that he swims,
 He crawls into the valley green with footsteps faint and slow,
 His eyes are dim and glassy, and his hairs as white as snow.

Far away that lovely ladye hath departed, — far away,
 And beside the magic waters sits the monarch old and gray,*

* Miluachra and Aine, the two fair daughters of Guillin Cualgne, of the magic race of the Danaans, once saw and fell in love with Finn, the beauteous son of Comhall. Miluachra was jealous of her sister's charms, and hearing her one day take an oath that she would never marry any man whose hair was gray, she determined, if possible, to make this rash vow a bar to her union with Finn. She assembled her friends of the Tuatha-de-Danaans, and by the power of their enchantments they called forth a magic lake at the side of Slieve Guillin, which had the property of rendering any person gray-headed who should enter its waters. This

THE PILGRIM HARPER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

THE night was cold and dreary ! — no star was in the sky,
 When, travel-tired and weary, the harper raised his cry ;
 He raised his cry without the gate, his night's repose to win,
 And plaintive was the voice that cried, " Ah, won't you let me in ? "

The portal soon was opened, for in the land of song,
 The minstrel at the outer gate yet never linger'd long ;
 And inner doors were seldom closed 'gainst wand'ers such as he,
 For locks or hearts to open soon, sweet music is the key.

But if gates are oped by melody, so grief can close them fast,
 And sorrow o'er that once bright hall its silent spell had cast ;
 All undisturb'd, the spider there his web might safely spin,
 For many a day no festive lay — no harper was let in.

But when this harper entered, and said he came from far,
 And bore with him from Palestine the tidings of the war,
 And he could tell of all who fell, or glory there did win,
 The warder knew his noble dame would let *that* harper in.

They led him to the bower, the lady knelt in prayer ;
 The harper raised a well-known lay upon the turret stair ;
 The door was oped with hasty hand, true love its meed did win,
 For the lady saw her own true knight, when that harper was let in !

THE GOBBAN SAER.

BY T. D. M'GEE, .

[In Petrie's "Round Towers," there is a short account of "the Gobban Saer" — their builder. He is there supposed to have lived in the first Christian age of Ireland — the 6th century, but his birth, life, and death, are involved in great obscurity and many legends. He is, perhaps, after Finn and St. Patrick, the most popular personage in the ancient period of Irish history.]

He stept a man out on the ways of men,
 And no one knew his sept, or rank, or name —
 Like a strong stream far issuing from a glen,
 From some source unexplor'd, the Master came ;
 Gossips there were, who, wondrous keen of ken,
 Surmis'd that he should be a child of shame !
 Others declared him of the Druids — then,
 Through Patrick's labors fallen from power and fame.

He lived apart wrapt up in many plans —
 He woo'd not women, tasted not of wine —
 He shunn'd the sports and councils of the clans —
 Nor ever knelt at a frequented shrine.
 His orisons were old poetic ranns,
 Which the new Ollaves deem'd an evil sign ;
 To most he seem'd one of those Pagan Khans,
 Whose mystic vigor knows no cold decline.

He was the builder of the wondrous towers,
 Which tall, and straight, and exquisitely round,
 Rise monumental round the isle once ours ;
 Index-like, marking spots of holy ground —
 In gloaming glens, in leafy lowland bowers —
 On rivers' banks, these *Cloiteachs* old abound :
 Where Art, enraptured, meditates long hours,
 And Science flutters like a bird spell-bound !

Lo ! wheresoe'er these pillar-towers aspire,
 Heroes and holy men repose below —
 The bones of some glean'd from the Pagan pyre,
 Others in armor lie, as for a foe :
 It was the mighty Master's life-desire,
 To chronicle his great ancestors, so ;
 What holier duty, what achievement higher
 Remains to us, than this he thus doth show ?

Yet he, the builder, died an unknown death :
 His labor done, no man beheld him more —
 'Twas thought his body faded like a breath —
 Or like a sea-mist, floated off Life's shore.
 Doubt overhangs his fate, and faith, and birth,
 His works alone attest his life, and lore —
 They are the only witnesses he hath —
 All else Egyptian darkness covers o'er.

Men call'd him Gobban Saer, and many a tale
 Yet lingers in the by-ways of the land,
 Of how he cleft the rock, and down the vale
 Led the bright river, child-like, in his hand :
 Of how on giant ships he spread great sail,
 And many marvels else by him first plann'd —
 But though these legends fade — in Innisfail
 His name and Towers for centuries shall stand.

THE DEATH OF LEURY.

A LEGEND OF TYRONE.

[Within the precincts of the episcopal demesne of Clogher stands an earthen mound, called Mullagh-rath, bearing considerable resemblance to those of Tara and Emania. Local tradition points to it as once the residence of an Irish monarch, who, as history records, swayed the sceptre of Ireland when St. Patrick began his mission, (see Moore's Ireland, vol. i.,) and whose fate is recorded in the following legend, the memory of which is imperishably preserved in the names of some of the neighboring town-lands. The harbor of Dunleary (Dun-Laoghaire — Anglicé, the fortress of Leary) near Dublin is said to have had its name from that monarch. Clogher (Cloch-oir) — Anglicé, the Golden Stone — took its appellation from a stone covered with plates of gold, from which an idol of the Pagan Irish, called Kerman or Hermand, Kelstack, delivered oracular responses to his worshippers in the days of heathenism, (O'Flaherty's Ogygia, vol. ii.) — The Closach is the ancient name of the district in the centre of which stands the city of Clogher. Tuluafail signifies "the ground of the torn flesh." — The grave of King Loaghaire is still shown in the ancient burying-ground in the town-land of Killuaheery, which derives its name from it. Its site, however, is now scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding fields.]

IN Clogher once King Leury raigned,
 Cruelle hee was and sterne;
 From Mullah-rath oft went hee forth
 To spoyle, to slay, to burne.

And noughte hys spyrritte fierce could tame
 Save ye mystique voyce alone
 From Kerman Kelstack's bloudie shryne,
 Where stooode ye Golden Stone.

One morne hee hadde assembled alle
 Hys galloglasses trewe,
 To hold a greate and merrie huntynge
 Ye wooddes of ye closach throughe.

They alle hadde gathered in ye bayne
 To wage ye sylvanne warre,
 When, lo! a hoarie aged manne
 Stooode ther their sporte to marre.

In sackclothe coarse hee was attyred,
 Erin's greate Sayncte was hee,
 And from hys gyrdle ther honge doune
 Both crosse and rosarie.

Thenne up hee spake to that haughtie kynge,
 "Repente for ye sinnes thou'st done;
 Worshippe ye trewe Almightie Godde,
 And Chryste ye virginne's sonne."

A wrathfulle manne was ye kynge that daie
Whenne hee herde what ye olde manne sayd
Hys eyes they flashed like ye levin-fyre,
Hys hand on hys swerde hee layde.

"But no," hee cryed, "'twere shame that I
Should shedde ye caytiffe's bloud ;"
And hee laughed, and sayde, "We'll have a chase,"
And thryce hee whystled loude.

Thenne round hym thronged hys fierce wolf-dogges,
Bran, Luath, Buscar, Ban ;
And louder hee laughed, and cheered them on
That hoarie reverend manne.

But soone ye kynge hys aspect chaunged
Whenne ye Saynete sayed scornfullie,
"That deth thou hast for mee prepared
Thou surelie now shalt die."

Thenne, wondrous, at ye Saynete's commande
Ye dogges forgette their lorde,
And baye at hym that nurtured them
And fedde them at hys boarde.

And fiercelie now they rushe on hym,
And grapple at hys throate —
Tho' never hee hadde in battell quayled,
With feare hys herte is smote.

And onward paste ye gazing thronge
Hee frantickie did flie,
And pale and ghasstlie was hys cheeke
And frenzied was hys eye.

On, on hee dashed, o'er hille and dale,
Ye baying dogges before ;
And now Knockmanys height is passed,
And now he gaines Cormore.

But still ye sleuth-hounds on hys tracke
Come howling keene behinde,
And still whenne he slacked hys frantique speede,
Their crye rose on ye winde.

On, on hee stretched — hys lyppes were parched,
And hee breathed heavilie,
And on hys haggard foreheade stood
Bigge droppes of agonie.

Stooping, hys deer-hyde brouges he loosed,
 As hee strayned agaynste ye hille,
 Esker-na-brouge they call ye place,
 In memorie of it stille.

Now, Leury, now thy strength exerte,
 And everie muscle plye,
 O couldst thou reach thy huntynge-lodge
 Of distant Donogh-an-Igh !

Alas, thou ne'ere shalt reache thy halle, —
 In vain ye feaste is spredde,
 To-night ye Seanachie shall mourne
 Hys chiefe and master dead.

Ye openynge packe gain grounde apace,
 And now, o'erspent with toyle,
 Ye illstarred kyng they overtake
 In bloude-stained Tul-na-foil.

But who shall telle hys frantique mien
 And crie of agonie,
 When Luath foremoste gripped hys throate
 And broughte hym to hys knee?

Deepe in hys quiv'ryng flankes they fixe ;
 Hys lyfe-bloude now flows faste ;
 Ye fearfulle chase at length is o'er, —
 Hee shrieking breathes hys laste.

In Kill-na-heery now he sleeps —
 Hys is a lowlie grave —
 May Heaven in mercie from such ende
 Eche erryng synner save !

KING CORMAC'S CROWN.

PRINCE CORMAC sheathed his sharpest sword
 In the breast of his brother's son ;
 And his nobles hailed him as Riagh and Lord,
 When the treacherous deed was done ;
 And they bore him in triumph to his palace, near
 Where Bann's deep waters wind —
 O, Ulster ! didst thou see and hear,
 Or wert thou deaf and blind ?

And Cormac sate at the feast that night,
 In Antrim's royal hall,
 With his vassal Tiernachs and men of might,
 And iron chieftains all;
 "And where is the Kingly diadem," he cried,
 "Ye have destined for this head?"
 When the oaken door swung suddenly wide
 And lo! a sight of dread!

A bier with coffin and sable pall,
 And bearers in mournful attire,
 Moved slowly up the spacious hall—
 While hushed was laugh and lyre!
 And the Murderer shook in his royal chair,
 While he tried to grasp his spear;
 But the curse of crime had stricken him there,
 And he look'd a statue of fear!

And the bearers lifted the coffin lid,
 And a corpse, with a gory wound
 In its naked breast, stood up amid
 The death-pale revellers 'round;
 And a crown of blood-cemented clay
 In its hands it seem'd to bear,
 And it spake—"O, King, enjoy thy sway!
This Diadem shalt thou wear!"

A silence deeper than the grave's
 Now thrills the throng with dread;
 And the broken murmurs of Banna's waves
 Seem voices of the dead!
 It was far in the wane of the emerald Spring,
 And a bright May morning pour'd
 Its rays thro' the hall, but the Irish King
 Sate dead at his banquet board!

CATHAL THE HUNTER.

A LEGEND OF LOUGH SWILLY.

THE hoarse Autumn wind down the valley went sweeping,
 The leaves of the forest hung high on its wing;
 The torrents, surcharged, from the mountains came leaping,
 To join the fierce raid of the dark Storm-King:
 The thunder-clouds burst o'er the breast of Lough Swilly,
 The lightning shafts shivered the oaks on its shore;

And the echoes awakened a fitful reveillé,
And died far away in the hills of Rosscore.

Young Eily sat lone in her ivy-crowned bower,
For Cathal, the chief, of the dark flowing hair;
But the pulse of her heart had out-counted the hour
That told of their meeting; no Hunter was there:
The big pearly tears on her dark eyelids glisten,
The throb of her bosom rose loud o'er her breath,
As she bends by the fast-fading embers to listen,
When the tramp of the charger is heard on the heath.

She flies through the night. It roars hoarser and higher,
She hears the deep bay of his dog o'er its swell;
When riderless, foaming, his dark steed sweeps by her —
The chief that bestrode him lies stretched in the dell!
His last gush of life tinged the foam of the fountain,
A spear-shaft still drank at the source of its tide;
And his own, that oft pierced the red deer of the mountain,
Lay shivered, and told that not tamely he died.

A hunter of Eirè, was Cathal O'Connor:
The lord of the valley sought Eily O'More;
He sought her in *guile*, but ere stoop to dishonor,
She wandered a huntress on mountain and shore.
And Cathal, *thus doomed*, was the friend of her childhood;
And the wand, as the sceptre, had passed from his race:
No castle was his, but a cot by the wild wood,
A wolf-dog, a steed, and a spear for the chase.

The stormwraith, still, through the valley went sighing,
The wolf-dog lay crouched on the rocks at his head,
When the dawning disclosed where the Hunter was lying,
And the bride of his bosom, young Eily was dead!
The death-wail was chanted, the mourners arrayed them,
And laid them to rest in a cloister so gray;
But the walls of that shrine and the yew-trees that shade them,
Like the race of the island, bow down to decay.

The footsteps of Time, down that valley went stealing;
The stag gambolled freely, and drank of its rills;
No music arose from that wood-bosomed sheeling;
No voice of the hunter was heard on the hills;
But often, when midnight in dark spells abounded,
The rock where they weltered, re-echoed their moans,
And the peasants' rough hands raised the Cairn around it,*
But their vows of red vengeance outnumbered the stones.

* The manner of raising the cairn, on the site of a murder, is this. Each passer by throws a stone, perhaps more than one, on the fatal spot, and offers up

The third year had toll'd in that valley of mourning,
 Its lord was away at his monarch's behest,
 And the bride of his bosom awaits *his* returning,
 Till patience holds war with the fears of her breast :
 The deer in the old forest coverts were belling,
 And the wraith as *before* was abroad on the blast ;
 And the deep midnight bells of the convent were knelling
 For souls then departing, and souls that had passed.

Anon, the gray mountains seemed parted asunder ;
 The owl flapped his wings in the storm fiend's face,
 And the lightning-flash leaped from the low-riven thunder,
 And convent and castle were rock'd to their base.
 All night through the castle, a deathbell kept ringing,
 On its turret the raven foreboded of fate ;
 And a lull in the tempest the dark omen bringing —
 Two riderless chargers lay gored at the gate.

The torches were lit. On the round haunted Cairn
 The lord lay extended — his spirit had flown ;
 And *his spear* that lay fixed, the *same night of the year*, in
 The heart of the Hunter drank deep at his own.
 Beside him, in death, lay the page of his training ;
 Above him a wolf-dog yet dripping with gore,
 That glared on the corse with a wild vengeful meaning,
 Yelled down through the night, and was heard of no more.

* * * * *

And yet in that vale, when the fagot is sparkling,
 The tale of the Hunter is told by its light ;
 And the peasant, abroad, when the shadows are darkling,
 Hears strains of wild song, in that valley, at night.
 And when the full moon of the Autumn breaks o'er him,
 A horseman is seen on the hills of Rosscore ; *
 A lady beside, and a wolf-dog before him :
 'Tis Cathal the Hunter, and Eily O'More.

MYLO.

prayers for the repose of the murdered, and the revealment of the murderer. The prayers are offered, or not, according to the character of the deceased ; but to pass without depositing the stone is held an offence against this time-honored custom. How this habit arose, or at what time, is not known. Perhaps it is the offspring of a very natural cause — a desire to hide the traces of human crime, &c. Yet it is one of the agents — and certainly a very good one — in preserving the traditions of a primitive people. The belief that such places are haunted, is but a feature of the time in which it originated.

* It was a popular superstition that the old feudal chiefs, who, while living, were passionately fond of the chase, hunt through their old demesnes after death. That this superstition was also believed in England, appears from Ainsworth's tale of "Windsor Forest."

A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

SEVEN weary years in bondage the young Saint Patrick pass'd,
Till the sudden hope came to him to break his bonds at last ;
On the Antrim hills reposing with the North star overhead,
As the gray dawn was disclosing " I trust in God," he said —
" My sheep will find a shepherd and my Master find a slave,
But my mother has no other hope but me this side the grave."

Then girding close his mantle, and grasping fast his wand,
He sought the open Ocean through the by-ways of the land.
The berries from the hedges on his solitary way,
And the crosses from the waters were his only food by day.
The cold stone was his pillow, and the hard heath was his bed,
Till looking from Benbulbin, he saw the sea outspread.

He saw that ancient Ocean, unfathomed and unbound,
That breaks on Erin's beaches with so sorrowful a sound.
There lay a ship at Sligo bound up the Median sea,
" God save you, master mariner, will you give berth to me?
I have no gold to pay thee, but Christ will pay thee yet ;"
Loud laughed that foolish mariner, " Nay, nay, *he* might forget !"

" Forget ! O, not a favor done to the humblest one,
Of all his human kindred, can 'scape th' Eternal Son !"
In vain the Christian pleaded, the willing sail was spread,
His voice no more was heeded than the seabirds overhead —
And as the vision faded, of that ship against the sky,
On the briny rocks the Captive prayed to God to let him die.

But God, whose ear is open to catch the sparrow's fall,
At the sobbing of his servant frowned along the waters all —
The billows rose in wonder and smote the churlish crew,
And around the ship the thunder like battle-arrows flew ;
The screaming sea-fowl's clangor, in Kish-corran's inner caves,
Was hushed before the anger of the tempest-trodden waves.

Like an eagle-hunted gannet, the ship drove back amain,
To where the Christian captive sat in solitude and pain —
" Come in," they cried, " O Christian ! we need your company,
For it was sure your angry God that met us out at sea."
Then smiled the gentle heavens, and doffed their sable veil,
Then sunk to rest the breakers and died away the gale.

So sitting by the Pilot the happy captive kept
On his rosary a reck'ning, while the seamen sung or slept.

Before the winds propitious past Achill, south by Ara,
 The good ship gliding left behind Hiar-Connaught like an arrow —
 From the southern bow of Erin they shoot the shore of Gaul,
 And in holy Tours, Saint Patrick findeth freedom, friends, and all

In holy Tours he findeth home and Altars, friends and all;
 There matins hail the morning, sweet bells to vespers call;
 There's no lord to make him tremble, no Magician to endure,
 Nor need he to dissemble in the pious streets of Tours;
 But ever, as he rises with the morning's early light,
 And still erewhile he sleepeth, when the North star shines at night;
 When he sees the angry Ocean by the tyrant Tempest trod,
 He murmurs in devotion — "Fear nothing! Trust to God!"

THE DREAM OF EITHNE.

A TRADITION OF BATH-CROGHAN.

THE day is waning eve-ward. Starr'd with gold and costly stone,
 Young Eithné, peerless partner of King Niall's heart and throne,
 In her gorgeous bridal chamber sitteth musingly alone.

From the banquet-hall where revel his chief nobles, comes the
 king; —

Much he marvels at the silence of his bride on entering;
 Then he smiles the while he gazes, for he deems her slumbering.

But that long and painful shudder; that horror-gaze intent;
 Why these changes all unwonted in each pale-hued lineament?
 Why the fixed eyes, outstaring with intensest wonderment?

"Best beloved! Eithné! Eithné! What betokens this strange
 mood?"

Cries the monarch, with distraction in his tone and attitude.
 She looks not — she replies not — but the shudder is renewed!

"My Eithné!" — and he clasps her in a passionate embrace,
 Dashing back the unbound tresses that fell clustering round her face —
 Well its aspect might affright him, for of Life it wore no trace!

Long and wistful thereon gazed he, with anguish-starting eye;
 As the Dead are kissed, he kissed her, in a burst of agony.
 Hush! the bloodless lips are parted; — is not that a smothered sigh?

Sudden Life hath lit the features; they are manifestly stirred;
 Like the echo of an echo — rather felt to be, than heard —
 Was the almost soundless sweetness of the single issuing word.

It had often thrilled him, thundered on the well-won battle field ;
It had thrilled him, though a whisper, when her Love was first re-
vealed ;
But all tame was such emotion to the rapture this doth yield !

“ Niall ! ” — How it circled like a cordial through each vein !
How he bounded as health's crimson on her cheeks appeared again,
Like the flush that heralds sunrise, lighting hill, and sea, and plain !

Softer, purer, lovelier, than the lustrous isles of blue
Which the tempest-clouds, dispersing, give in glimpses to the view,
When her eyelids woke to vision, was the color that beamed through.

“ Thanks to thee, O, blessed Briga ! Son of Lir ! prudent art thou,
For the guarding of this Dear One from the doom I dreaded
now ! ” —

Thus exclaims he, in a transport, bending reverently low.

When, all suddenly up-springing, round his neck her arms she flings ;
Muttering sounds that were not language, there she frantically clings,
Speaks *this* Love's too blest emotion, neglecting other things.

“ My soul's idol, my own Niall ! be not angry now with me,
Nor chide, albeit thou deemest what I shall recount to thee
As the wanderings of a dreamer — as the spirit's phantasy.

“ I have had a waking vision, most unlike a thing of thought,
In the day-hours so presented, and the more with warning fraught,
That its palpable creations from the fancy borrowed nought.

“ I beheld proud hosts collecting — winged *curraghs* on the brine,
From whose prow and tall masts floating, blazoned banners, Dun-
like, shine ;
In the headmost ship their Chief stood — never face was liker thine !

“ On a Southern shore disembarked they — laid it waste with fire and
sword ;
Vain was rampart, vain resistance, where the armed torrent poured.
In their Leader I could err not — thou it was, my Love, my Lord !

“ Onward swept they, flushed with conquest — but the record why
prolong ? —
Spoils in richness passing fancy, and in number power of tongue,
As the guerdon of their labors, to the conquerors belong.

“ War-fed, sated, gorged with plunder, now for home the clansmen
yearn,
As the goal of the incursion ; on the eve of their return,
Camped beside a rolling river the glad thousands I discern.

"At a distance, pacing slowly, thou thyself dost too appear
 Unguarded, unattended ; while, unseen, is lurking near
 One whom, couldst thou dread aught mortal, it were well to shun
 and fear.

"Dark-browed Eochy, Prince of Leinster — as I live, his was the
 scowl,
 The sullen, sombrous visage, with assassin-meanings foul,
 Beholding which, forebodings shot like snake-stings thro' my soul.

"Yet my mental scope was dimm'd not — the more keen grew every
 sense ; —
 Arrow fits he to the bow-string — gives it wing — O ! the suspense
 And the horror of that instant are but mocked by utterance !

"Well the deadly shaft was levelled — quivering in thy heart it
 stood !
 I perceived thee reeling — fallen — weltering in thy heart's red
 flood !
 'Twas too much for human suff'rance — feeling fled the while I
 viewed.

"Why awoke I from that torpor ? Then but once thy griefs were
 drained —
 Thou wert spared Hope's dread revulsion : nor was I, alas !
 constrained
 Thus to tell *thee* — listen, Niall ! — that my life draws near an end.

"From the fount-springs of existence flow its currents slower ;
 Mine eyes are shadow-shrouded ; feel — my pulse forgets to stir ;
 Ah ! too well I read the symptoms — *seldom do the dying err !*"

That night in Croghan's chambers things not earthly-shaped are
 seen !
 Dissolution's solemn warner, sad upswells the Banshee's keen !
 Morning consummates the omens ; dead is Eiré's youthful Queen !

On her breast, when bared for burial, lo ! a strangest sign is found
 Deeply marked, — the gory semblance of an arrow-given wound,
 With the figures she had dreamed of wreathed curiously around !

Truly read her glance the future. As she said, so was the end ;
 Niall led his warlike legions over many a sea and land,
 On the Loire's banks to perish by the traitor Eochy's hand.

MAC-DUACH.

A LEGEND OF ANTRIM.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

(SHOWING HOW RANDALL M'DONALD OF LORN, WON THE LANDS OF ANTRIM
AND THEIR LADY.)

THE Lady of Antrim rose with the morn,
And donned her grandest gear;
And her heart beat fast, when a sounding horn
Announced a suitor near;
Hers was a heart so full of pride,
That love had little room,
Good faith, I would not wish me such bride,
For all her beautiful bloom.

One suitor there came from the Scottish shore,
Long, and lithe, and grim;
And a younger one from Dunluce hoar,
And the lady inclined to him.
"But harken ye, nobles both," she said,
As soon as they did dine —
"The hand must prove its chieftainry
That putteth a ring on mine.

"But not in the lists with armed hands,
Must this devoir be done,
Yet he who wins my broad, broad lands
Their lady may count as won.
Ye both were born upon the shore, —
Were bred upon the sea,
Now let me see you ply the oar,
For the land you love — and me!

"The chief that first can reach the strand,
May mount at morn and ride,
And his long day's ride shall bound his land,
And I will be his bride!"
M'Quillan felt hope in every vein,
As the bold, bright lady spoke —
And M'Donald glanced over his rival again,
And bowed with a bargeman's stroke.

"Tis Summer upon the Antrim shore —
The shore of shores it is —
Where the white old rocks deep caves arch o'er,
Unfathomed by man I wis —

Where the basalt breast of our Isle flings back
 The Scandinavian surge,
 To howl through its native Scaggerack,
 Chanting the Viking's dirge.

'Tis Summer — the long white lines of foam
 Roll lazily to the beach,
 And man and maid from every home
 Their eyes o'er the waters stretch.
 On Glenarm's lofty battlements
 Sitteth the Lady fair,
 And the warm west wind blows softly
 Through the links of her golden hair.

The boats in the distant offing,
 Are marshalled prow to prow ;
 The boatmen cease their scoffing,
 And bend to the rowlocks now ;
 Like glory-guided steeds they start —
 Away o'er the waves they bound ;
 Each rower can hear the beating heart
 Of his brother boatman sound.

Nearer ! nearer ! on they come —
 Row, M'Donald, row !
 For Antrim's princely castle home,
 Its lands, and its Lady, row !
 The chief that first can grasp the strand
 May mount at morn and ride,
 And his long day's ride shall bound his land,
 And she shall be his bride !

He saw his rival gain apace,
 He felt the spray in his wake —
 He thought of her who watched the race
 Most dear for her dowry sake !
 Then he drew his skein from out its sheath,
 And lopt off his left hand,
 And pale and fierce, as a chief in death,
 He hurled it to the strand !

“ The chief that first can grasp the strand,
 May mount at morn and ride ; ”
 O, fleet is the steed which the bloody hand
 Through Antrim's glens doth guide !
 And legends tell that the proud ladye
 Would fain have been unbanned,
 For the chieftain who proved his chieftainry
 Lorded both wife and land.

AILEEN THE HUNTRESS.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

[The incident related in the following ballad happened about the year 1731. Aileen, or Ellen, was daughter of M'Cartie of Clidane, an estate originally bestowed upon this respectable branch of the family of M'Cartie More, by James, the seventh Earl of Desmond, and which, passing safe through the confiscations of Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William, remained in their possession until the beginning of the present century. Aileen, who is celebrated in the traditions of the people for her love of hunting, was the wife of James O'Connor, of Cluain-Tairbh, grandson of David, the founder of the *Síolt Da*, a well-known sept at this day in Kerry. This David was grandson to Thomas MacTeige O'Connor, of Ahalahauna, head of the second house of O'Connor Kerry, who, forfeiting in 1666, escaped destruction by taking shelter among his relations, the Nagles of Monanimy.]

FAIR Aileen M'Cartie, O'Connor's young bride,
Forsakes her chaste pillow with matronly pride,
And calls forth her maidens (their number was nine)
To the bawn of her mansion, a-milking the kine.
They came at her bidding, in kirtle and gown,
And braided hair, jetty, and golden, and brown,
And form like the palm-tree, and step like the fawn,
And bloom like the wild rose that circled the bawn.

As the Guebre's round tower o'er the fane of Ardfert —
As the white hind of Brandon by young roes begirt —
As the moon in her glory 'mid bright stars outhung —
Stood Aileen M'Cartie her maidens among.
Beneath the rich kerchief, which matrons may wear,
Strayed ringleted tresses of beautiful hair;
They wav'd on her fair neck, as darkly as though
'Twere the raven's wing shining o'er Mangerton's snow!

A circlet of pearls o'er her white bosom lay,
Erst worn by thy proud Queen, O'Connor the gay,*
And now to the beautiful Aileen come down,
The rarest that ever shed light in the Laune.†
The many-fringed *falluinn* ‡ that floated behind,
Gave its hues to the sun-light, its folds to the wind —
The brooch that refrain'd it, some forefather bold
Had torn from a sea-king in battle-field old!

Around her went bounding two wolf-dogs of speed,
So tall in their stature, so pure in their breed;

* O'Connor, surnamed "*Sugach*," or the Gay, was a celebrated chief of this race, who flourished in the fifteenth century.

† The river Laune flows from the Lakes of Killarney, and the celebrated Kerry Pearls are found in its waters.

‡ *Falluinn*, — the Irish mantle.

While the maidens awake to the new-milk's soft fall,
 A song of O'Connor in Carraig's proud hall.
 As the milk came outpouring, and the song came outsung,
 O'er the wall 'mid the maidens a red-deer outsprung —
 Then cheer'd the fair lady — then rush'd the mad hound —
 And away with the wild stag in air-lifted bound !

The gem-fastened *falluinn* is dash'd on the bawn —
 One spring o'er the tall fence — and Aileen is gone !
 But morning's rous'd echoes to the deep dells proclaim
 The course of that wild stag, the dogs, and the dame !
 By Cluain Tairbh's green border, o'er moorland and height,
 The red-deer shapes downward the rush of his flight —
 In sun-light his antlers all-gloriously flash,
 And onward the wolf-dogs and fair huntress dash !

By Sliabh-Mis now winding, (rare hunting I ween !)
 He gains the dark valley of Scota the queen *
 Who found in its bosom a cairn-lifted grave,
 When Sliabh-Mis first flow'd with the blood of the brave !
 By Coill-Cuaigh's † green shelter, the hollow rocks ring —
 Coill-Cuaigh, of the cuckoo's first song in the spring,
 Coill-Cuaigh of the tall oak and gale-scenting spray —
 God's curse on the tyrants that wrought thy decay !

Now Maing's lovely border is gloriously won,
 Now the towers of the island ‡ gleam bright in the sun,
 And now Ceall-an Amanach's § portals are pass'd,
 Where headless the Desmond found refuge at last !
 By Ard-na greach || mountain, and Avonmore's head,
 To the Earl's proud pavilion the panting deer fled —
 Where Desmond's tall clansmen spread banners of pride,
 And rush'd to the battle, and gloriously died !

* The first battle fought between the Milesians and the Tuatha de Danans for the empire of Ireland was at Sliabh-Mis, in Kerry, in which Scota, an Egyptian princess, and the relict of Milesius, was slain. A valley on the north side of Sliabh-Mis, called Glean Scoithin, or the vale of Scota, is said to be the place of her interment. The ancient chronicles assert that this battle was fought 1300 years before the Christian era.

† *Coill-Cuaigh*, — the Wood of the Cuckoo, so called from being the favorite haunt of the bird of summer, is now a bleak desolate moor. The axe of the stranger laid its honors low.

‡ "Castle Island" or the "island of Kerry," — the stronghold of the Fitzgeralds.

§ It was in this churchyard that the headless remains of the unfortunate Gerald, the 16th Earl of Desmond, were privately interred. The head was carefully pickled, and sent over to the English queen, who had it fixed on London-bridge. This mighty chieftain possessed more than 570,000 acres of land, and had a train of 500 gentlemen of his own name and race. At the source of the Blackwater, where he sought refuge from his inexorable foes, is a mountain called "Reidhlan-Tigh-an-Earla," or "The Plain of the Earl's House." He was slain near Castle Island on 11th November, 1583.

|| *Ard-na greach*, — the height of the spoils or armies.

The huntress is coming, slow, breathless, and pale,
 Her raven locks streaming all wild in the gale;
 She stops — and the breezes bring balm to her brow —
 But wolf-dog and wild deer, O! where are they now?
 On Réidhlán-Tigh-an-Eárla, by Avonmore's well,
 His bounding heart broken, the hunted deer fell,
 And o'er him the brave hounds all gallantly died,
 In death still victorious — their fangs in his side.

'Tis evening — the breezes beat cold on her breast,
 And Aileen must seek her far home in the west;
 Yet weeping, she lingers where the mist-wreaths are chill,
 O'er the red-deer and tall dogs that lie on the hill!
 Whose harp at the banquet told distant and wide,
 This feat of fair Aileen, O'Connor's young bride?
 O'Daly's — whose guerdon tradition hath told,
 Was a purple-crown'd wine-cup of beautiful gold!

SHANE DYMAS' DAUGHTER.

It was the eve of holy St. Bride,
 The Abbey bells were ringing,
 And the meek-eyed nuns at eventide
 The vesper hymns were singing.
 Alone, by the well of good St. Bride,
 A novice fair was kneeling;
 And there seem'd not o'er her soul to glide
 One shade of earthly feeling.

For ne'er did that clear and sainted well
 Reflect from its crystal water
 A form more fair than the shadow that fell
 From O'Niall's lovely daughter.
 Her eye was bright as the blue concave,
 And beaming with devotion;
 Her bosom fair as the foam on the wave
 Of Erin's rolling ocean.

Yet O! forgive her that starting tear:
 From home and kindred riven,
 Fair Kathleen, many a long, long year,
 Must be the Bride of Heaven.
 Her beads were told, and the moonlight shone
 Sweetly on Callan Water,
 When her path was cross'd by a holy nun; —
 "Benedicite, fair daughter!"

Fair Kathleen started — well did she know —
 O what will not love discover !
 Her country's scourge, and her father's foe, —
 'Twas the voice of her Saxon lover.
 " Raymond ! " — " O hush, my Kathleen dear,
 My path's beset with danger ;
 But cast not, love, those looks of fear
 Upon thy dark-hair'd stranger.

" My red roan steed's in yon Culdee grove,
 My bark is out at sea, love !
 My boat is moored in the ocean cove ;
 Then haste away with me, love !
 My father has sworn my hand shall be
 To Sydney's daughter given ;
 And thine, to-morrow, will offer thee
 A sacrifice to heaven.

" But away, my love, away with me !
 The breeze to the west is blowing ;
 And thither, across the dark-blue sea,
 Are England's bravest going.*
 To a land where the breeze from the orange bowers
 Comes over the exile's sorrow,
 Like the light-wing'd dreams of his early hours
 Or his hope of a happier morrow.

" And there, in some valley's loneliness,
 By wood and mountain shaded,
 We'll live in the light of wedded bliss,
 Till the lamp of life be faded.
 Then thither with me, my Kathleen, fly !
 The storms of life we'll weather,
 Till in bliss beneath the western sky,
 We live, love, die together ! " —

" Die, Saxon, now ! " — At that fiend-like yell
 An hundred swords are gleaming :
 Down the bubbling stream, from the tainted well,
 His heart's best blood is streaming.
 In vain does he doff the hood so white,
 And vain his falchion flashing ;
 Five murderous brands through his corselet bright
 Within his heart are clashing !

His last groan echoing through the grove,
 His life blood on the water,

* Alluding to the settlement of Virginia, by Sir Walter Raleigh.

He dies, — thy first and thy only love,
 O'Niall's hapless daughter !
 Vain, vain, was the shield of that breast of snow !
 In vain that eye beseech'd them ;
 Through his Kathleen's heart, the murderous blow,
 Too deadly aimed, has reach'd him.

The spirit fled with the red, red blood
 Fast gushing from her bosom ;
 The blast of death has blighted the bud
 Of Erin's loveliest blossom !
 'Tis morn ; — in the deepest doubt and dread
 The gloomy hours are rolling ;
 No sound save the requiem for the dead,
 Or knell of the death-bell tolling.

'Tis dead of night — not a sound is heard,
 Save from the night-wind sighing ;
 Or the mournful moan of the midnight bird,
 To yon pale planet crying.
 Who names the name of his murder'd child ?
 What spears to the moon are glancing ?
 'Tis the vengeful cry of Shane Dymas wild,*
 His bonnacht-men advancing.

Saw ye that cloud o'er the moonlight cast,
 Fire from its blackness breaking ?
 Heard ye that cry on the midnight blast,
 The voice of terror shrieking ?
 'Tis the fire from Ardsailach's † willow'd height,
 Tower and temple falling ;
 'Tis the groan of death, and the cry of fright,
 From monks for mercy calling ! .

AILEEN O'MOORE.

BY J. FRAZER.

OUR weapons were broken, and silent our lyres —
 O'Moore was a serf on the land of his sires !
 Yet over his heart, the vain hope to recover
 His right, held a sway — like the spell on a lover —
 (And could he but cope with the conqueror still,
 O ! curse on the slave who could censure the will !)

* For an account of this fierce but high-souled chieftain, see Stuart's *Historical Memoirs of the city of Armagh*.

† "The Height of Willows," the ancient name of Armagh.

But in the bright omens of triumph he drew,
 From banding around him the faithful — the few —
 Deep certainty merely of merciless slaughter
 Was read by his Aileen — his *only* — his daughter !

But if it was strange that he feared not the danger,
 For Aileen's proud spirit to shun it, was stranger !
She haughtily swept by the Sassenach maiden,
 Whose brow was with jewels the brightest laden !
 She startled our tyrants, while stalking along
 Our down-trodden necks, with the bursts of bold song !
 She kept the faint spirit of freedom in life !
 Yet vowed to *betray*, should *we* hazard the strife !
 God bless us ! we deemed that the fairies had caught her,
 And left the O'Moore an old crone for his daughter.

And often, when only the crickets were keeping
 Their watch by the "rakings," * low whispers came creeping
 Around her green casement ; and, fitfully starting,
 O'Moore could distinguish the fairies departing !
 Her brow lost its bloom, and her step lost its lightness —
 She shrunk to her bower, from the sun in its brightness !
 But when the last glories of evening were sinking —
 When the stars to each other deep silence were winking —
 The maid was away to dim lane or gray water !
 He quailed — the O'Moore — for the faith of his daughter.

Else easy it were, on our courage relying,
 To rive every chain — our old tyrant lay dying !
 And Gerald, the heir, seemed contriving by stealth
 To catch from the breezes the blessing of health,
 So idly he roamed ! — yet a manlier form
 Ne'er made of young mortal a match for the storm !
 Each sunrise he came to the fountain, but quaffed
 Not a drop, till fair Aileen had lifted the draught ;
 And quaintly would tell the O'Moore — in the water
 Was rose-seed, that fell from the cheek of his daughter.

At last he had laid his dark sire in the tomb,
 And his cheek from poor Aileen's had caught all the bloom ;
 His arms, and his gates were expectingly wide —
 She must mix with the maidens to welcome his bride !
 And something unearthly of spirit and grace
 Blazed out from her heart, o'er her form and her face !
 " Now — now, while our tyrants are cooped in the hall,
 We may banquet our gaunt, haggard skeins upon all ;

* The remains of the turf-fire, covered up with the ashes to keep it in till morning.

O! would I could spare the good Gerald from slaughter!"
The O'Moore had forgotten the vow of his daughter.

Far out on the night-air the torches were blazing,
The gentles were dancing — the vassals were gazing —
The mirth and the music — the loving and laughing —
The wine and the welcome — the coaxing and quaffing
Were treading on midnight; when, sweeping and crushing,
A band of rough serfs on the revel came rushing!
Why halts the O'Moore? Comes enchantment to sever,
And dash from his grasp the vain weapon for ever?
Thanks — thanks to the maid, and the fairies that taught her —
O'Moore's in his hall, and the bride is his daughter!

FINEEN DHUV.

SEE you those crumbling castle walls on Innis Sherkin's Isle?
A chieftain once held princely state within that ruined pile,
And there was heard the bard's wild harp thrill through the lofty
hall —

There armor gleamed in the torches' light, as it hung upon the
wall;

And quickly flowed upon the board the mantling blood-red wines
In silver cups and chalices, the spoil of plundered shrines.
Yet in that pirate's fortress was one who might have been
Of many a prouder castle the meet and stately queen.
Though gentle in her bearing, yet of all the rude crew there
Not one would dare uncourteously to treat that lady fair.

She was the gloomy chieftain's bride. From Italy's fair land —
From father, mother, kindred, snatched by his adventurous hand.
She could not love her captor: his bearing stern and rude
Was suited ill to win upon one of such gentle mood.
And many a day she sorrow'd for her own romantic home,
With the tamarisk branches weeping o'er the Arno's leaping foam,
And her orange trees, all golden with their heavy glowing fruit,
And the wild acanthus twining round the pine tree's mossy root,
And the sweet south wind that stealeth with perfume-laden sighs,
O'er the brilliant flowers whose chalices outshine the rainbow's dyes.

There is hurrying in the castle walls, for the pirate chief to-night
Sails with his gallant ship to sweep the sea so calm and bright;
His vassals all are polishing the cuirass and the shield,
And some are trying whether the breastplate's links would yield.
And the castle hall is thickly strewn with heaps of armor round,
And the old walls loudly echo with the sword-blade's clashing
sound.

The good ship now is ready — the chieftain steps on board,
And seems of all the boundless wave the master and the lord;
And as the vessel joyously the blue waves boundeth o'er,
Proud thoughts inspire the bosom of the Chief of Baltimore.

That night from out the pirate's ship the flames rose fierce and
high,

And tinged with reddening blushes the cold gray evening sky;
And all her fair proportions, that her chief had scanned with pride,
Now lay a burning, sinking wreck upon the sleeping tide.
And the warders of the castle saw the redness in the sky,
And they gazed upon their chieftain's fate with dim and tearful
eye;

For though his words were stern, yet his old time-honored name
Was loved by them from mem'ries of his father's ancient fame.
Not one of them but wept to see the blue waves closing o'er
That last of those stern sea-kings — the lords of Baltimore.

Three years have passed; the summer's sun is smiling in the bay;
And the castle walls with banners bright are gleaming in the day.
Light boats with minstrels singing sweet are floating o'er the wave;
The chapel bells are ringing peals such as they never gave.
The vassals crowd the castle-yard, and glad shouts rend the skies;
The blue rock-pigeon from his cave in frighten'd circles flies;
And sprightly village maidens, with wreaths of flowers, are seen
To strew the bridal chamber of their young and lovely Queen,
And hollow peals of cannon come booming o'er the tide,
For a youthful minstrel weds to-day the pirate chieftain's bride.

But there gazes One upon that scene with passion at his heart —
One who from the gladsome crowd holds sullenly apart;
With fever'd eye he gazes on that well-remembered scene,
Whose aspect filled his visions when distant he had been.
In a foreign dungeon he had spent three years of weary days,
A dungeon where he never saw the bright sun's blessed rays.
Was it for this, as his vessel sank, the day he left his home —
Was it for *this* his life was snatched from greedy ocean's foam,
To see his bride another's? and shall he only weep?
No! his must be the vengeance that shall never die nor sleep.

Unrecognized, and sternly, he hath crossed the lofty hall,
And sadly breaks upon his ear the sound of festival.
Sternly, in his dark resolve, he treads the castle stair —
His eye-balls fiercely glowing, like a lion in his lair —
While memories crowd about his heart, of times that once had
been;

But still with hasty step he gains the castle's magazine,
And with determined hand he opes the heavy iron door,
And with his pistol fires the casks that lie about the floor.

A crashing sound, a lightning glare, was for a moment given,
 And the mighty walls, with a roar of rage, leaped upwards to the
 heaven;
 And the frighten'd sea from its shores sprang back as it heard the
 stunning sound;
 And the caves and cliffs of the rugged coast trembled for leagues
 around;
 And the sea-birds on their summits fell unconscious on the shore —
 So perished the bold Fineen Dhuv, the Chief of Baltimore.
 One fragment there yet remains of that castle, once so proud;
 And the ivy twines around it, like a dead man's burial shroud;
 And people say, that ev'ry night, there wanders by the tide
 The dim and wailing spirits of the Minstrel and his Bride.
 ST. SENANUS.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

[From the foot of Inchidony Island, an elevated tract of sand runs out into the sea, and terminates in a high green bank, which forms a pleasing contrast with the little desert behind it, and the black solitary rock immediately under. Tradition tells that the Virgin came one night to this hillock to pray, and was discovered kneeling there by the crew of a vessel that was coming to anchor near the place. They laughed at her piety, and made some merry and unbecoming remarks on her beauty, upon which a storm arose and destroyed the ship and her crew. Since that time no vessel has been known to anchor near the spot.]

THE evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
 As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,
 And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow fall;
 But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark appeared,
 And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land she near'd;
 To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a swan,
 And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty
 shone.

The master saw our Lady as he stood upon the prow;
 And marked the whiteness of her robe — the radiance of her brow;
 Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
 And her eyes look'd up among the stars to Him her soul lov'd best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hail'd her with a cheer,
 And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and jeer;
 And madly swore, a form so fair, they never saw before;
 And they curs'd the faint and lagging breeze that kept them from
 the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
 And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen ;
 And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the land,
 And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leap'd about ;
 And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a shout ;
 And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with thund'ring
 shock ;
 And her timbers flew like scatter'd spray on Inchidony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and high ;
 But the angry surge swept over them, and hush'd their gurgling
 cry ;
 And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest pass'd away,
 And down, still chafing from their strife, th' indignant waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high Dunmore,
 Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's shore ;
 And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank ;
 And still he calls that hillock green, " the Virgin Mary's bank."

SIR DOMNALL.

AFAR in the vales of green Houra my heart lingers all the day long,
 'Mid the dance of the light-footed maidens, with the music of Ounanar's song,
 Where the steep hills uprise all empurpled with the bloom of the
 bright heather bells,
 Looking down on their murmuring daughters the blue streams of
 Houra's wild dells !
 In the hush of a calm Summer sunset, where sing these sweet streams
 as they flow,
 As I sat with the bright-eyed young maidens, they made me their
 bard long ago ;
 Then I told of each valley some story, some tales of each blue
 mountain crest,
 But they loved, of all wild tales I sang them, the lay of Sir Domnall the best ;
 So I'll sing once again of his deeds in my boyhood's rude measures
 and rhymes—
 Then, gentles, all list to the story, this lay of old chivalric times !

Nigh the shores of the loud-sounding Bregoge, high towering o'er
 valley and wold,
 Walled in by the rough steepes of Houra, there standeth a gray feudal hold ;

It is worn by the hard hail of battle, decay is a work on its hill,
Yet it stands like a sorrow-struck Titan, high, lone, and unconquer-
ble still !

The green ivy clingeth around it, the blast is at play in its halls,
The weasel peeps forth from its crannies, the black raven croaks on
its walls ;

The peasants who pass in the even will hurry their steps from its
height,

For they tell fearful things of its chambers, and call it the Tower of
the Sprite !

But though lone be its halls, they rang merry with wassail and Min-
strel's wild lay,

When it sheltered the youthful Sir Domnall, its lord in the good
olden day !

O ! he was a brave forest knight ! As each morning upsprang from
the sea

He was out by the fay-haunted streams with his falcons in woody
Fear Muighe ; *

Or away, far away, 'mid the mountains with stag-hound and bugle
and steed,

O'er-matching the gray wolf in boldness, outstripping the red deer
in speed !

And his heart and his strong hand were bravest ; when high rose the
trumpet's wild strain,

When the war-fires blazed red on the hill-tops, and the horsemen
rode hard on the plain,

He was dight in his harness, and spurring to the Desmond's bright
banner away,

His mountaineers dashing behind him with sabres athirst for the
fray !

In bower and in hall he was welcomed, and the dames of the crag
castles brave

Were proud when he smiled on their daughters at eve by the Avon-
more's wave !

'Tis noon on the broad plain of Limerick and down by the calm
Lubach's tide, †

The sunbeams smite hot on the meadows and burn by the green for-
est side,

* Fear Muighe Feine — the present barony of Fermoy — means the "plain of the Fenian men." Along its northern confines runs the Houra mountains, in the midst of which the Ounanar river rises, and flowing through a magnificent glen — Glean-an-awr, or the "Valley of Slaughter" — falls into the Oubeg or Mulrow, below Doneraile. The Bregoge, another tributary of the Oubeg, has its source also in these mountains; and near its banks, a few miles north-east of Doneraile, stands the ancient Castle Phooka — the "Tower of the Sprite."

† Lubach, the Kilmallock river.

And brightly they glint from a helmet, and broadly they gleam
 from a shield,
 Where a Knight rideth up by the river, in brave shining panoply
 steeled.
 Kerne crouch on his path in the greenwood with pikes ready raised
 for a foe,
 But they know the high mien of Sir Domnall, and stay for some
 Saxon the blow;
 And the Gallowglass scowls from his ambush, but he too remembers
 that plume,
 And wishing good luck to its owner, strides back to his lair in the
 gloom!
 But why rides Sir Domnall so lonely, and why is his gladness all
 fled?
 On a field by Lough-Gur's lonely water the friend of his bosom lies
 dead!

Away then, away toward the mountains he giveth his war-horse the
 rein,
 While he longs for the clangor of battle to drown his dejections
 again;
 The blest Hill of Patrick * slopes green with its tall Guebre tower
 on his way,
 But the good monk who waits in the Abbey in vain looketh out for
 his stay;
 And anon the Black Rock of the Eagle frowns down on his path
 by Easmore,
 Till he crosseth the bright Oun-na-geerah and windeth away by its
 shore.
 Beside him Suidhe Feine riseth proudly, o'er wild Glenisheen's an-
 cient wood,
 And yawns like a gate in the mountains, Red Shard's Gap of con-
 flict and blood;
 As he turns by the crags of Sleib Fadha, and on by a flat moorland
 side,
 Till he lights nigh a clear fairy fountain at length by the Ounanar's
 tide.

It is on a small shrubby islet with huge forest cliffs all around,
 Saye where the bright streams from the blue hills, outleap with a
 lone, lulling sound,

* Ard Patrick, the height of St. Patrick, is a beautiful green hill at the Limerick side of the Houras. On its summit is an ancient church, the time of whose foundation is unknown. Near the church are the remains of a round tower which fell nearly half a century ago. Barna Dearg—the "Bloody Gap"—now called the Gap of Red Shard, was the most important pass leading from Limerick into the county Cork.

And it seems as if step of nought human did e'er on its low strand
 alight,
 Yet a lady peers out from the thicket beyond the good steed of the
 Knight !
 She is old, yet there's fire in her dark eye, but sorrow is stamped on
 her mien,
 And she knows the tall crest of Sir Domnall and comes to his side
 from the screen ;
 She waveth her hand to him sadly, he follows her steps by the flood
 Till they enter a hut of thick brambles concealed in the dark
 spreading wood ;
 And there, on a couch of green fern, an old dying chieftain is laid,
 And o'er him in wild, bitter weeping, there bendeth a golden-haired
 maid !

He turns to the knight as he enters, and thus in meek accents of
 woe : —
 " Thy sire was my friend, good Sir Domnall, in the days of our
 youth long ago —
 The Saxon hath slaughtered my people, alas for that gloom-darkened
 hour,
 When he forced me to fly deeply wounded thus far from Du Aragil's
 tower ! *
 A friend, ah ! a friend false and hollow hath tracked me to Ouna-
 nar's grove,
 And he swears on his sword to betray me, or have this young maid
 for his love —
 Black Murrough, stern lord of Rathgogan ! soon, soon from thy
 wiles I am free,
 But, alas for the wife of my bosom, — alas, my fair daughter for thee ! "
 He died on that eve, and was borne away to the age-honored spires
 Of gray Kilnamulloch next noontide, and laid down to rest with
 his sires.

There was feasting that night in Kilcolman, and all in their bright
 martial gear,
 Black Murrough and fearless Sir Domnall, and many stout champions
 are there ;
 And there speaks Sir Domnall, uprising, and bends on Black Mur-
 rogh his gaze —
 " Ho ! freres of the feast and the battle, a tale of the wild forest
 maze !

* Du Aragil, an ancient castle in the parish of Dromagh, near Kanturk, was one
 of the principal seats of the O'Keefes. Kilnamulloch — the " Church of the Curse "
 — is the ancient name of Buttevant. Kilcolman, near Doneraile, was a castle
 belonging to the Earls of Desmond, and for some time the residence of Spenser.
 Rathgogan, — " Charleville."

As I rode by the Ounanar's water, Du Aragil's chieftain I found,
He was driven from his home by the Saxon, and said ere he died of
his wound —

'A friend, ah ! a friend false and hollow, has tracked me to Ounanar's
side,

A friend who has sworn to betray me, or have my young daughter
his bride.'

By my faith, but the traitor was knightly, to woo her with ardor so
brave ;

Now, there lies my gauntlet before him, thus proof of his passion I
crave ! "

Then up starts the lord of Rathgogan, and fierce is the flash of his
eye,

As he glares on the dark brows around him with bearing defiant
and high —

"False Knight of a falsèr young maiden, thy gauntlet I take from
the board,

And soon on thy crest in the combat, I prove my good name with
my sword ;

For I see but one path to my glory, a path o'er that false heart of
thine,

And fired by the love of young damsels, but steeled by the red gush-
ing wine —

And close be the palisade round us, and short be the distance
between,

Where a liar's black life-blood shall poison the bloom of the bright
Summer green ! "

"And fair shine the sun," quoth Sir Domnall, "the clear sunny
sheen on my blade,

When I close with the lord of Rathgogan, avenging Du Aragil's
maid ! "

Calm eve on the fair hills of Houra and down by the Mulla's green
marge,

The red beams are burning in glory from hauberk and sabre and targe,
And the warriors are circling around it, that smooth listed green by
the wave,

When the two mailèd champions are standing with keen axe and
target and glaive !

Flash lances around them in brightness, gleam banners along by the
shore,

Fierce Condon's from Araglin's water, De Rupe's from the towers of
Glenore ;

And the Barry's wild pennon is waving, and the flags of the chief-
tains whose towers

Defy from their crag-seats the foeman, by Avonmore's gorges and
bowers ;

Yet still the two champions stand moveless, all silent and darkly the
while,
Like the panoplied statues that frown round the walls of some old
abbey aisle !

But hark ! how the wild martial trumpets outroll the fierce signal
for strife !

And see how these motionless statues outstart from their postures to
life !

The mailed heels go round on the green sward, the mailed hands ply
weapons amain,

Till the targes are battered and cloven, and the axes are shivered in
twain !

Wide and deep are the wounds of Sir Domnall, but wider the gash
of his foe,

As their sabres cross gleaming and clashing — two flames in the red
sunny glow —

One thrust through the blood-spattered hauberk, one stroke by the
crest waving o'er,

And the lord of Rathgogan has fallen to rise to the combat no more ;
And there for a space swaying, reeling, and faint from his wounds'
gushing tide,

Sir Domnall looks down on the vanquished, then sinketh to earth by
his side !

They bear one away to his tower, and they bear one away stark and
cold ;

One ne'er may awake, and one waketh, a bright blessed scene to
behold,

For the maid of Du Aragil bendeth above the dim couch where he
lies,

With love as her spirit immortal, and joy like the morn in her eyes !
O ! sweet are the dreams of his slumbers, o'erflowing with fairy de-
light,

But sweeter the dreams of his waking each day in the Tower of the
Sprite ;

And now 'tis the fulness of Summer — a fair breezy morning in
June —

And the streams of green Houra are leaping along with a sweet
gushing tune,

And thy bells, Kilnamullach, are ringing — no knells of the bloom-
footed hours —

But the sweet bridal chimes of Sir Domnall and the maid of Du
Aragil's towers !

FEARDANA.

THE WELSHMEN OF TIRAWLEY.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. B. L. A.

[At one time when the Barretts had supremacy over Tirawley, they sent their steward, who was called *Sgornach bhuid bhearrtha*, to exact rents from the Lynotts. The Lynotts killed this steward, and cast his body into a well called *Tobar na Sgornaighe*, near Garranard, to the west of the castle of Carns, in Tirawley. When the Barretts had received intelligence of this, they assembled their armed forces and attacked the Lynotts, and subdued them. And the Barretts gave the Lynotts their choice of *two modes of punishment*, namely, to have their men either blinded or emasculated; and the Lynotts, by advice of some of the elders among them, took the choice of being blinded, because blind men could propagate their species, whereas emasculated men could not. The Barretts then thrust needles into the eyes of the Lynotts, and accordingly as each man of them was blinded, they compelled him to cross, over the stepping stones of *Clochán na n-dall*, near Carns, to see if more or less of sight remained with them, and if any of them crossed the *Clochán* without stumbling he was taken back and rebuffed! Some time after this the Lynotts meditated how they could revenge their animosities on the Barretts, and the contrivance which occurred to their minds, — one derived from their ancestors, — was to procure a *Dalta*, [i. e. an adopted son], from some powerful man of the Clann William Burke, who, previously to this period, had inhabited the south of the mountain [Nephrin]; and to this end Lynott fed a spirited horse which the Lynotts took with them to receive the adopted son, in order that the Burke who should break that steed might be their adopted son. And thus they obtained Teaboid Maol Burke as an adopted son, who was afterwards killed by the Barretts. So that it was in eric for him that the Barretts gave up to the Burkes eighteen quarters of land; and the share which Lynott, the adopted father of Teaboid, asked of this eric was the distribution of the mulet, and the distribution he made of it was, that it should be divided throughout all Tirawley, in order that the Burkes might be stationed in every part of it as plagues to the Barretts, and to draw the country from them. And thus the Burkes came over the Barretts in Tirawley, and took nearly the whole of their lands from them; but at length the Saxon heretics of Oliver Cromwell took it from them all, in the year of our Lord 1652; so that now there is neither Barrett nor Burke, not to mention the Clan Fiachrach, in possession of any lands there. — *Tribes and Customs of Hy Fiachrach. Irish Archaeological Society's Publications*, p. 337.]

SCORNEY BWEE, the Barretts' bailiff, lewd and lame,
 To lift the Lynott's taxes when he came,
 Rudely drew a young maid to him;
 Then the Lynotts rose and slew him,
 And in Tubber-na-Scorney threw him —
 Small your blame,
 Sons of Lynott!
 Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then the Barretts to the Lynotts gave a choice,
 Saying, "Hear, ye murderous brood, men and boys,
 Choose ye now, without delay,
 Will ye lose your eyesight, say,
 Or your manhoods, here to-day?"
 Sad your choice,
 Sons of Lynott!
 Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley

Then the little boys of the Lynotts, weeping, said,
 "Only leave us our eyesight in our head."

But the bearded Lynotts then

Quickly answered back again,

"Take our eyes, but leave us men,

Alive or dead,

Sons of Wattin !"

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

So the Barretts, with sewing-needles sharp and smooth,

Let the light out of the eyes of every youth,

And of every bearded man

Of the broken Lynott clan ;

Then their darkened faces wan

Turning south

To the river —

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

O'er the slippery stepping-stones of Clochan-a-n'dall .

They drove them, laughing loud at every fall,

As their wandering footsteps dark

Failed to reach the slippery mark,

And the swift stream swallowed stark,

One and all,

As they stumbled —

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Out of all the blinded Lynotts, one alone

Walked erect from stepping-stone to stone ;

So back again they brought you,

And a second time they wrought you

With their needles ; but never got you

Once to groan,

Emon Lynott,

For the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

But with prompt-projected footsteps sure as ever,

Emon Lynott again crossed the river,

Though Duvowen was risen fast,

And the shaking stones o'er cast

By cold floods boiling past ;

Yet you never,

Emon Lynott,

Faltered once before your foemen of Tirawley !

But, turning on Ballintubber bank, you stood,

And the Barretts thus bespoke o'er the flood —

"O, ye foolish sons of Wattin,

Small amends are these you've gotten,

For, while Scorney Bwee lies rotten,
 I am good
 For vengeance !”
 Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

“ For 'tis neither in eye nor eyesight that a man
 Bears the fortunes of himself or of his clan ;
 But in the manly mind
 And in loins with vengeance lined,
 That your needles could never find,
 Though they ran
 Through my heartstrings !”
 Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

“ But, little your women's needles do I reckon ;
 For the night from heaven never fell so black,
 But Tirawley, and abroad
 From the Moy to Cuan-an-fod,
 I could walk it every sod,
 Path and track,
 Ford and togher,
 Seeking vengeance on you, Barretts of Tirawley !

“ The night when Dathy O'Dowda broke your camp,
 What Barrett among you was it held the lamp —
 Showed the way to those two feet,
 When through wintry wind and sleet,
 I guided your blind retreat
 In the swamp
 Of Beal-an-asa ?
 O ye vengeance-destined ingrates of Tirawley !”

So leaving loud-shriek-echoing Garranard,
 The Lynott like a red-dog hunted hard,
 With his wife and children seven,
 'Mong the beasts and fowls of heaven
 In the hollows of Glen Nephin,
 Light-debarred,
 Made his dwelling,
 Planning vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And ere the bright-orb'd year its course had run,
 On his brown round-knotted knee he nursed a son,
 A child of light, with eyes
 As clear as are the skies
 In summer, when sunrise
 Has begun ;
 So the Lynott
 Nursed his vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And, as ever the bright boy grew in strength and size,
 Made him perfect in each manly exercise,
 The salmon in the flood,
 The dun-deer in the wood,
 The eagle in the cloud

To surprise,
 On Ben Nephin,
 Far above the foggy fields of Tirawley.

With the yellow-knotted spear-shaft, with the bow,
 With the steel, prompt to deal shot and blow,
 He taught him from year to year
 And trained him, without a peer,
 For a perfect cavalier,

Hoping so —
 Far his forethought —
 For vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And, when mounted on his proud-bounding steed,
 Eman Oge sat a cavalier indeed ;
 Like the ear upon the wheat
 When winds in autumn beat
 On the bending stems, his seat ;
 And the speed
 Of his courser

Was the wind from Barna-na-gee o'er Tirawley !

Now when fifteen sunny summers thus were spent,
 (He perfected in all accomplishment,) —
 The Lynott said, " My child,
 We are over long exiled
 From mankind in this wild —
 — Time we went
 O'er the mountain
 To the countries lying over-against Tirawley."

So out over mountain-moors and mosses brown,
 And green stream-gathering vales, they journeyed down ;
 Till, shining like a star,
 Through the dusky gleams afar,
 The bailey of Castlebar,
 And the town
 Of Mac William

Rose bright before the wanderers of Tirawley.

" Look southward, my boy, and tell me as we go,
 What seest thou by the loch-head below."

" O, a stone-house strong and great,
 And a horse-host at the gate,

And their captain in armor of plate —
 Grand the show !
 Great the glancing !
 High the heroes of this land below Tirawley !

“ And a beautiful Bantierna * by his side,
 Yellow gold on all her gown-sleeves wide ;
 And in her hand a pearl
 Of a young, little, fair-haired girl ” ——
 Said the Lynott, “ It is the Earl !
 Let us ride
 To his presence.”
 And before him came the exiles of Tirawley.

“ God save thee, Mac William,” the Lynott thus began ;
 “ God save all here besides of this clan ;
 For gossips dear to me
 Are all in company —
 For in these four bones ye see
 A kindly man
 Of the Britons —
 Emon Lynott of Garranard of Tirawley.

“ And hither as kindly gossip-law allows,
 I come to claim a scion of thy house
 To foster ; for thy race,
 Since William Conquer’s † days,
 Have ever been wont to place,
 With some spouse
 Of a Briton, /
 A Mac William Oge, to foster in Tirawley.

“ And to show thee in what sort our youth are taught,
 I have hither to thy home of valor brought
 This one son of my age,
 For a sample and a pledge
 For the equal tutelage,
 In right thought,
 Word, and action,
 Of whatever son ye give into Tirawley.”

When Mac William beheld the brave boy ride and run,
 Saw the spear-shaft from his white shoulder spun —
 With a sigh and with a smile,
 He said, — “ I would give the spoil
 Of a county, that Tibbot Moyle,

* Bantierna, — the good house-wife.

† William Fitz Adelín de Burgho, the conqueror of Connaught.

My own son,
Were accomplished
Like this branch of the kindly Britons of Tirawley."

When the Lady Mac William she heard him speak,
And saw the ruddy roses on his cheek,
She said, — "I would give a purse
Of red gold to the nurse
That would rear my Tibbot no worse ;
But I seek
Hitherto vainly —
Heaven grant that I now have found her in Tirawley !"

So they said to the Lynott, — "Here, take our bird !
And as pledge for the keeping of thy word,
Let this scion here remain
Till thou comest back again :
Meanwhile the fitting train
Of a lord
Shall attend thee
With the lordly heir of Connaught into Tirawley."

So back to strong-throng-gathering Garranard,
Like a lord of the country with his guard,
Came the Lynott, before them all.
Once again over Clochan-an'-dall,
Steady-striding, erect and tall,
And his ward
On his shoulders ;
To the wonder of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then a diligent foster-father you would deem
The Lynott, teaching Tibbot, by mead and stream,
To cast the spear, to ride,
To stem the rushing tide,
With what feats of body beside,
Might beseem
A Mac William,
Fostered free among the Welshmen of Tirawley.

But the lesson of hell he taught him in heart and mind ;
For to what desire soever he inclined,
Of anger, lust, or pride,
He had it gratified,
Till he ranged the circle wide
Of a blind
Self-indulgence,
Ere he came to youthful manhood in Tirawley.

Then, even as when a hunter slips a hound,
 Lynott loosed him — God's leashes all unbound ;
 In the pride of power and station,
 And the strength of youthful passion,
 On the daughters of thy nation,

All around,

Wattin Barrett !

O ! the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley !

Bitter grief and burning anger, rage and shame,
 Filled the houses of the Barretts, where'er he came ;
 Till the young men of the Bac,
 Drew by night upon his track,
 And slew him at Cornassack —

Small your blame,

Sons of Wattin !

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Said the Lynott, — “ The day of my vengeance is drawing
 near,

The day for which, through many a long dark year,
 I have toiled through grief and sin —

Call ye now the Brehons in,

And let the plea begin

Over the bier

Of Mac William,

For an eric * upon the Barretts of Tirawley.”

Then the Brehons to Mac William Burk decreed

An eric upon Clan Barrett for the deed ;

And the Lynott's share of the fine,

As foster-father, was nine

Ploughlands and nine-score kine ;

But no need

Had the Lynott,

Neither care, for land or cattle in Tirawley.

But rising, while all sat silent on the spot,

He said, — “ The law says — doth it not ? —

If the foster-sire elect

His portion to reject,

He may then the right exact

To applot

The short eric.”

“ 'Tis the law,” replied the Brehons of Tirawley.

Said the Lynott, — “ I once before had a choice

Proposed me, wherein law had little voice ;

* Eric, — a mulct, fine, or reparation.

But now I choose, and say,
 As lawfully I may,
 I applot the mullet to-day ;
 So rejoice
 In your ploughlands
 And your cattle which I renounce throughout Tirawley.

“And thus I applot the mullet : I divide
 The land throughout Clan Barrett on every side
 Equally, that no place
 May be without the face
 Of a foe of Wattin’s race —
 That the pride
 Of the Barretts
 May be humbled hence for ever throughout Tirawley.

“I adjudge a seat in every Barrett’s hall
 To Mac William : in every stable I give a stall
 To Mac William ; and, beside,
 Whenever a Burk shall ride
 Through Tirawley, I provide
 At his call
 Needful grooming,
 Without charge from any Brughaidh of Tirawley.

“Thus lawfully I avenge me for the throes
 Ye lawlessly caused me and caused those
 Unhappy shamefaced ones,
 Who, their mothers expected once,
 Would have been the sires of sons —
 O’er whose woes
 Often weeping,
 I have groaned in my exile from Tirawley.

“I demand not of you your manhoods ; but I take —
 For the Burks will take it — your Freedom ! for the sake
 Of which all manhood’s given
 And all good under heaven,
 And, without which, better even
 Ye should make
 Yourselves barren,
 Than see your children slaves throughout Tirawley !

“Neither take I your eyesight from you ; as you took
 Mine and ours : I would have you daily look
 On one another’s eyes,
 When the strangers tyrannize
 By your hearths, and blushes arise,

That ye brook
Without vengeance
The insults of troops of Tibbots throughout Tirawley !

"The vengeance I designed, now is done,
And the days of me and mine nearly run —
For, for this, I have broken faith,
Teaching him who lies beneath
This pall, to merit death ;
 And my son
 To his father
Stands pledged for other teaching in Tirawley."

Said Mac William — " Father and son, hang them high !"
And the Lynott they hanged speedily ;
But across the salt-sea water,
To Scotland with the daughter
Of Mac William — well you got her ! —
 Did you fly,
 Edmund Lindsay,
The gentlest of all the Welshmen of Tirawley !

'Tis thus the ancient Ollaves of Erin tell
How, through lewdness and revenge it befell
That the sons of William Conquer
Came over the sons of Wattin,
Throughout all the bounds and borders
Of the land of Auley Mac Fiachra ;
Till the Saxon Oliver Cromwell
And his valiant, Bible-guided,
Free heretics of Clan London
Coming in, in their succession,
Rooted out both Burk and Barrett,
And in their empty places
New stems of freedom planted,
With many a goodly sapling
Of manliness and virtue ;
Which while their children cherish,
Kindly Irish of the Irish,
Neither Saxons nor Italians,
May the mighty God of Freedom
 Speed them well :
 Never taking
Further vengeance on his people of Tirawley.

Several Welsh families, associates in the invasion of Strongbow, settled in the west of Ireland. Of these, the principal whose names have been preserved by the Irish antiquarians were the Walshes, Joyces, Heils (*a quibus* MacHale), Lawlesses, Tolmyns, Lynotts, and Barretts, which last draw their pedigree from Walynus, son of Guyndally, the *Arđ Maor*, or High Steward of the Lordship of Camelot,

and had their chief seats in the territory of the two Bacs, in the barony of Tirawley, and county of Mayo. *Cloghan-an-n'dall*, or "the Blind Men's Stepping-stones," are still pointed out on the Duvowen river, about four miles north of Crossmolina, in the townland of Garranard; and *Tubber-na-Scorney*, or "Scrag's Well," in the opposite townland of Carns, in the same barony. For a curious *terrier* or applotment of the Mac William's revenue, as acquired under the circumstances stated in the legend preserved by Mac Firis, see Mr. O'Donovan's highly-learned and interesting "Genealogies, &c. of Hy Fiachrach," in the publications of the *Irish Archaeological Society*—a great monument of antiquarian and topographical erudition.

THE "DARK GIRL" BY THE "HOLY WELL."

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

[I think it was in the midsummer of 1832 that I joined a party of the peasantry of my native village, who were *en route* to a "pilgrimage" at St. John's Well, near the town of Kilkenny. The journey (about 25 Irish miles) was commenced early in the afternoon, and it was considerably after sunset when we reached our destination. My companions immediately set about the fulfilment of their vows, whilst I, who was but a mere boy, sat down on the green grass, tired and in ill humor, after my long and painful tramp over a hundred stony hills, and a thousand rugged fields, under the burning sun of a midsummer afternoon. I was utterly unable to perform any act of devotion, nor, I must confess, was I very much disposed to do so, even were I able; so I seated myself quietly amid the groups of beggars, cripples, "dark people," and the other various classes of pilgrims who thronged around the sacred fountain. Amongst the crowd I had marked two pilgrims, who, from the moment I saw them, arrested my particular attention. One of these was an aged female, decently clad—the other was a very fine young girl, dressed in a gown, shawl and bonnet of faded black satin. This girl was of a tall and noble figure—strikingly beautiful, but *stone blind*. I learned that they were natives of the county of Wexford; that the girl had lost her sight in brain fever, in her childhood; that all human means had been tried for her cure, but in vain; and that now, as a last resource, they had travelled all the way to pray at the shrine of St. John, and bathe her sightless orbs in the healing waters of his well. It is believed that when Heaven wills the performance of cures, the sky opens above the well, at the hour of midnight, and Christ, the Virgin Mother, and St. John, appear in the form of three snow-whites, and descend with the rapidity of lightning into the depths of the fountain. No person but those destined to be cured can see this miraculous phenomenon, but every body can hear the musical sound of their wings as they rush into the well and agitate the waters! I cannot describe how sad I felt myself, too, at the poor girl's anguish, for I had almost arrived at the hope that, though another "miracle" was never wrought at St. John's well, Heaven would relent on this occasion, and restore that sweet Wexford girl to her long-lost sight. She returned, however, as she came—a "Dark Girl"—and I heard afterwards that she took ill and died before she reached home.]

"MOTHER! is that the passing bell?

Or, yet, the midnight chime?

Or, rush of Angel's golden wings?

Or is it near the Time—

The time when God, *they say*, comes down

This weary world upon,

With Holy Mary at His right,

And, at His left, St. John!

"I'm dumb ! my heart forgets to throb ;
My blood forgets to run ;
But vain my sighs — in vain I sob —
God's will must still be done.
I hear but tone of warning bell,
For holy priest or nun ;
On *Earth*, God's face I'll never see !
Nor Mary ! nor St. John !

"Mother ! my hopes are gone again ;
My heart is black as ever ; —
Mother ! I say, look forth *once more*,
And see can you discover
God's glory in the crimson clouds —
See does He ride upon
That perfumed breeze — or do you see,
The Virgin, or St. John !

"Ah, no ! ah, no ! Well, God of Peace,
Grant me thy blessing still ;
O, make me patient with my doom,
And happy at Thy will ;
And guide my footsteps so on earth,
That, when I'm dead and gone,
My eyes may catch Thy shining light,
With Mary ! and St. John !

"Yet, mother, could I see *thy* smile,
Before we part, below —
Or watch the silver moon and stars
Where Slaney's ripples flow ;
O ! could I see the sweet sun shine
My native hills upon,
I'd never love my God the less,
Nor Mary, nor St. John !

"But no, ah no ! it cannot be ;
Yet, mother ! do not mourn —
Come, kneel again, and pray to God,
In peace, let us return ;
The Dark Girl's doom must aye be *mine* —
But Heaven will light me on,
Until I find my way to God,
And Mary, and St. John ! "

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[Donegal Castle, the chief seat of the princely family of the O'Donnells, stands now in ruins, in the centre of the village of the same name, at the head of Donegal Bay. It was built in the 15th century, and shows, even in its decay, royal proportions. The present owner, Lord Arran, to his credit be it told, has it well walled and cared for. The remains of the Abbey where the Four Masters compiled their Annals, are within sight of the Castle.]

"How beautiful! — how beautiful!" — cried out the children all,
As the golden harvest evening's moon beamed down on Donegal;
And its yellow light that danced along the Esker to the Bay —
There tinged the roofless Abbey's walls, here gilt the Castle gray.
"How beautiful! — how beautiful! — let us go hide and seek" —
Some run along the river's edge, some crouch beside the creek;
While two, more dauntless than the rest, climb o'er the Castle's wall,
And without note on horn, or trump, parade the princely hall.

Brave little boys, as bright as stars, beneath the porch they pass'd,
And paused just where along the hall, the keep its shadow cast;
And, Heaven protect us! there they saw a fire burning away,
And, sitting in the ingle-nook, an ancient man and gray:
He sat upon his stony seat like to another stone,
And ever from his breast there brake a melancholy moan;
But the little boys they feared him not, for they were two to one,
And the man was stooped and aged, and sad to look upon.

And he who was the eldest — his mother called him Hugh —
Said, "Why for, sir, do you make moan, and wherefore do you rue?
Are you one of the old-timed kings lang syne exiled to Spain,
Like a linnet to its last year's nest, that here returns again?"
And the shape stood up and smiled, as the tiny voice he heard,
And the tear that hung upon his cheek fell to his snowy beard —
"My boys," he said, "come sit ye here beside me, until I
Tell you why I haunt this hearth, and what so makes me sigh.

"I am the Father of their Race — the Cinnel-Connell's sire —
And therefore thus I watch their home, and kindle still their fire;
For the mystic heat would perish amid a land of slaves
If it were not tended nightly by the spirits from their graves;
And here I still must keep my stand until the living are
Deemed meet to track the men of might along the fields of war;
And, ah! my little men," he said, "my watch is very long —
Unpromised of an early end — uncheered by friend or song.

"And the present is embittered by the memories of old —
The Bards and their delights, and the tales the Gossips told;

I remember me the ringing laughs and minstrelsie divine,
 That echoed here for Nial Garv and Thorlogh of the Wine;
 I remember how brave Manus — an early grave he met —
 Traced the story here of Columb-cille, a tale surviving yet;
 And, O! I weep like Jacob, when of Joseph's death he heard,
 When I think upon you, young Hugh Roe, Tirconnell's staff and
 sword.

"My boys, he was not thirty years of age, although his name
 Was spread all over Ireland upon the wings of fame;
 Entrapped — imprisoned — frozen on Wicklow's wintry hills —
 He rose, he fought, he died afar, crowning our country's ills.
 Alas! I cannot help but cry — and you, what, crying, too?
 Indeed, it might melt iron hearts to think upon my Hugh.
 My boys, go home, remember him, and hasten to be men,
 That you may act, on Irish soil, his gallant part again."

"How beautiful! how beautiful!" cried out the children all,
 As the two boys clambered over the ancient Castle wall;
 "Run here — run there — take care — take care;" but silently and
 slow

To their humble homes, the little friends, hand in hand, they go;
 And from that night they daily read, in all the quiet nooks,
 About their homes, old Irish songs, and new-made Irish books —
 And many a walk, and many a talk, they had down by the Bay
 Of the Spirit of the Castle Hall, and the words they heard him say.

A LEGEND OF LOUGH ERNE.

WHILE gazing on that placid wave,
 Why should the maiden's cheek be pale,
 And childhood's merry look grow grave,
 And age suspend the half-told tale?
 Alas! those peaceful waters flow
 O'er many a young and buoyant breast —
 O'er manhood in its pride laid low,
 And love untimely hush'd to rest!

Where ripples now that silver lake,
 A busy hamlet once was seen;
 Near yonder wild and tangled brake,
 The village spire adorn'd the green.
 Around yon thorn the infant band
 Have danc'd away the evening hours,
 Or playful snatch'd with eager hand,
 Its berry red, or snowy flowers.

While seated nigh, the hoary sage,
 Indulgent watch'd their childish glee ;
 And who could tell that hawthorn's age ?
 A fairy charm preserved the tree !
 Beneath its bending branches lay,
 Deep, clear, and still, a crystal well,
 Where monks would oft their Aves say,
 And pilgrims would their Rosaries tell.

A lightsome flag the waters hid ;
 And all who came the spring to taste,
 With reverence raised the stony lid
 To guard the liquid treasure placed.
 For when that well St. Columb bless'd,
 And bade its healing streams impart
 Health to the frame by pain oppress'd,
 And comfort to the mourning heart —

“Protect my well from vulgar sight,”
 The holy man prophetic said,
 “For one short hour exposed to light,
 Its waters shall destruction spread.”
 When midnight's silence reigned around,
 And all was darksome, lone, and drear,
 A hasty footstep press'd the ground,
 And to the holy well drew near —

A fair, a young, and widow'd wife,
 The parent of a drooping boy,
 One draught she sought to save his life ;
 She raised the stone with trembling joy :
 When lo ! an infant's feeble cries
 The night wind wafted to her ear ;
 “O, holy saint, my Gilbert dies !”
 She shriek'd in agonizing fear.

But soon within her fond embrace,
 The babe forgot his pain the while,
 And smiled upon his mother's face,
 With infancy's own artless smile.
 When — shrieks of horror rent the air,
 Upon her anguish'd ear they fell,
 And springing forth in wild despair,
 She faintly scream'd — “The well ! The well !”

Ah, fatal haste, remembrance late !
 Beneath, around, the waters gush'd ;
 Vainly she strove to fly from fate,
 Destruction yawn'd where'er she rushed.

And whilst in hopeless woe she wept,
While yet the unconscious infant smiled,
A ruthless wave, which o'er them swept,
Entomb'd the parent and the child.

No longer now the waters gush'd,
You might have heard the softest breath,
All was around so calm, so hush'd —
Hush'd in the stillness of death.
Where late so active man had been,
Fate had decreed his toil should cease;
O'er hamlet, spire, and village green,
Erne's limpid waters roll'd in peace.

Since then have ages pass'd away,
The story of its grief is old,
But still, in legendary lay,
That hamlet's fearful fate is told;
Still in the wave the hawthorn dips,
Unharm'd by years, unscath'd by storm;
But none will pull its crimson hips —
They're guarded by a spectral form.

And if beside the copsy brake,
Benighted peasant chance to stray,
He glances at the darksome lake,
And, shuddering, turns another way.
For there a shadowy figure stands,
Now gazing round in anguish wild,
Now wringing sore her snowy hands,
And plaintive sighs, "My child, my child!"

The softest gale that murmurs by,
The purest wave that ripples here,
That zephyr wafts the mother's sigh,
That wave contains the parent's tear.
Her mournful vigil must she keep, —
Still at the midnight hour's return,
And still her fatal fondness, weep,
While flow thy crystal waves, Lough Erne!

ST. KEVIN AND KATHLEEN.

BY E. D. WILLIAMS.

[The legend of St. Kevin and Kathleen, as it has been sung by Moore, and more recently by Gerald Griffin, is totally devoid of foundation in fact. Not to speak of the absurdity of our Saint's qualifying for canonization by committing murder, there is no trace of such a tale in any ecclesiastical MS., Latin or Irish, that has survived to our times. This, at least, is the opinion of all from whom I have sought information on the subject, amongst whom not a few were antiquarians and erudite clergymen. In particular, the reverend gentlemen of Glendalough, to whom the legends of the lakes are familiar as their shadows, have assured me that the whole story which tries to prove that "Saints have cruel hearts," is a recent invention and finds no echo by the firesides of the glens. Tradition authorizes, and poesy loves to contemplate the grouping of St. Kevin and Kathleen in the same picture; but beyond their names we have no certain data. I have therefore followed the more natural and simple version — that Kevin and Kathleen were betrothed in early youth. Beyond this I do not travel. Whether Kathleen died young, or retired to the neighboring convent at Luggelaw, where it is easy to suppose Kevin's sister may have been also, we do not know. Great shadows must have fallen before he gained the strength that reared the churches so wonderfully and made him finally a Saint.]

COME, Kathleen, pure and soft as dew,
 The lake is heaving at our feet,
 The stars ascend the eternal blue,
 Primeval granite makes our seat.
 Beneath eternal skies above,
 'Mid everlasting hills around,
 I speak of love — immortal love —
 Such as in Eden first was found.
 Let each look thro' the other's soul,
 Until each thought within that lies,
 Like spar o'er which these clear waves roll,
 Unveil its lustre to our eyes.

I bless thee, Kathleen, o'er and o'er,
 For all the joy thy smiles have brought me,
 And mysteries of loving lore
 Thy very presence oft hath taught me.
 For beauty innocent as thine —
 Such lovely soul in lovely form —
 Still makes diviner aught divine,
 And calms the spirit's wildest storm.
 Whene'er I muse — how oft! — on thee,
 Half seen, each high and holy feeling
 Of love and immortality
 Take shape, like angels round me wheeling.

To thee, I owe the purest flow'rs
 Of song, that o'er my pathway burst,

And holy thought, at midnight hours,
 From thine unconscious beauty nurst.
 There is no stain on flowers like these,
 That from my heart to thine are springing;
 And thoughts of thee are like the breeze,
 When bells for midnight mass are ringing.
 Without thy knowledge, from thee beams
 Some gentle and refining light,
 That fills my heart with childhood's dreams,
 And I grow purer in thy sight.

Thou art no Queen — no hero I —
 But thou'rt the fairest Christian maid
 To whom the worship of a sigh,
 By Christain bard, was ever paid.
 And this I am — Sire — God above,
 Who made my soul of that rich flame,
 All adoration, song, and love,
 That from thine own great Spirit came!
 Than mine no purer, warmer zeal
 For justice, and sublime desire
 Of freedom, truth, and human weal,
 Glows in the seraph ranks of fire.

I've bower'd thee in a lonely shrine —
 My bosom's convent-garden, sweet —
 Where song and pray'r their sighs combine,
 Where love and adoration meet.
 I've rob'd thee like Ban-Tierna olden
 Of Eirè, in a vesture green;
 And clasp'd thee with a girdle golden
 O'er all my dream-world Saint and Queen.
 I've starr'd thy hands with Irish gems,
 And sought to wreathe thy rich brown hair,
 The oakwood's dewy diadems,
 And won the sacred shamrocks there.

O, would that thou couldst read my heart,
 Or that my lips might be unseal'd,
 And by love's lamp, in every part,
 My spirit's inmost crypt reveal'd!
 Within, like maid in minstrel tale,
 One lovely Vision sleeping lies,
 Beside her Hope, with forehead pale,
 And timid Joy with downcast eyes.
 'Tis Love, in long enchantment bound,
 I know not how, in torpor there —
 The spells obey but one sweet sound,
 When Kathleen sings, they melt in air.

See ! over yonder mountains, crack'd
 And sunder'd by Volcanic fire,
 Sings Glendalough's white cataract —
 Fit chord of such a granite lyre.
 And then the cloud-born waterfall
 Summons aloud, from rock and wood,
 The child-like springs, and leads them all,
 With laughter to this gloomy flood.
 And thus thy love my heart shall lave —
 When Sorrow's rocks, faith-cloven, sever,
 Giving a glimpse of God — and save
 Life's current pure and fresh for ever !

A LEGEND OF THE SHANNON.

ON Shannon's fair majestic tide
 The moon with queenly splendor
 Looks down in her meridian pride,
 While vassal stars attend her ;
 Light zephyrs dancing o'er the wave
 Scarce break its peaceful slumbers,
 While Echo from each rock and cave
 Sings forth her magic numbers.

But why doth yon frail shallop bear
 Across the Shannon's water,
 At such an hour, Teresa fair,
 De Burgo's only daughter ?
 Why flies she thus alone and free,
 From home and kindred speeding ?
 Why seeing, sigh, yet sigh to see
 Portumna's tower receding ?

Ah ! sure 'tis love alone could teach
 The maiden thus to wander.
 Yes ! see upon the moonlit beach
 A youth awaits her yonder ;
 With bounding heart and eager glance
 He views Clanricarde's daughter,
 Like some ærial being dance
 Across the rippling water.

The brave O'Carroll, he for years
 Had dared the Saxon power,
 And taught the force of Irish spears
 On battle-field and tower ;

But one sad day saw fall his best
 And bravest kerns around him —
 Insatiate for revenge, the next
 'Mid Burgo's clansmen found him.

'Twas then Teresa's soft blue eye
 First wrought its magic power ;
 Teresa's love now bids them fly
 For aye from yonder tower.
 "Now hie thee, love," O'Carroll cried,
 "By yon fair moon I swear thee,
 Far, far away from Shannon's tide
 This faithful steed shall bear thee.

"For this I braved thy father's wrath,
 He swore my heart should shun thee,
 But I had plighted thee my troth,
 And I had died or won thee.
 Then hie — " but hark ! Teresa, fair,
 What peril now hath found her ?
 O ! see, 'mid shrieks of wild despair,
 The waters close around her !

As to the serpent's witching eye
 The victim bird is borne —
 Quick as from out the warring sky
 The lightning flash is torn,
 So dashed into the dark cold wave
 Teresa's frantic lover ;
 But while with hands outstretched to save,
 The tide rose calm above her !

Though Time has since flown fast away
 The Shannon rolls as ever,
 And oft upon a moonlit bay
 That hems the noble river,
 The midnight wanderer has espied
 A steed, while o'er the water
 The tiny bark is seen to glide
 That wafted Burgo's daughter.

B. C.

Miscellaneous Ballads.

A LAY SERMON.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, M. P.

BROTHER, do you love your brother?
Brother, are you all you seem?
Do you live for more than living?
Has your Life a law, and scheme?
Are you prompt to bear its duties,
As a brave man may beseem?

Brother, shun the mist exhaling
From the fen of pride and doubt,
Neither seek the house of bondage
Walling straitened souls about;
Bats! who, from their narrow spy-hole,
Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow —
Trust the wide and wondrous sea,
Where the tides are fresh for ever,
And the mighty currents free;
There, perchance, O! young Columbus,
Your New World of truth may be.

Favor will not make deserving —
(Can the sunshine brighten clay?)
Slowly must it grow to blossom,
Fed by labor and delay,
And the fairest bud of promise,
Bears the taint of quick decay.

You must strive for better guerdons;
Strive to *be* the thing you'd seem;
Be the thing that God hath made you,
Channel for no borrowed stream;
He hath lent you mind and conscience;
See you travel in their beam!

See you scale life's misty highlands
 By this light of living truth !
 And with bosom braced for labor,
 Breast them in your manly youth ;
 So when age and care have found you,
 Shall your downward path be smooth.

Fear not, on that rugged highway,
 Life may want its lawful zest :
 Sunny glens are in the mountain,
 Where the weary feet may rest,
 Cooled in streams that gush for ever
 From a loving mother's breast.

" Simple heart and simple pleasures,"
 So they write life's golden rule ;
 Honor won by supple baseness,
 State that crowns a cankered fool,
 Gleam as gleam the gold and purple
 On a hot and rancid pool.

Wear no show of wit or science,
 But the gems you've won, and weighed ;
 Thefts, like ivy on a ruin,
 Make the rifts they seem to shade :
 Are you not a thief and beggar
 In the rarest spoils arrayed ?

Shadows deck a sunny landscape,
 Making brighter all the bright :
 So, my brother ! care and danger
 On a loving nature light,
 Bringing all its latent beauties
 Out upon the common sight.

Love the things that God created,
 Make your brother's need your care ;
 Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,
 But where love is, *they* are there ;
 As the moonbeams light the waters,
 Leaving rock and sand-bank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
 Fearing none and loving all ;
 For the true man needs no patron,
 He shall climb and never crawl ;
 Two things fashion their own channel —
 The strong man and the waterfall.

DAY DREAMS.

KING of the sacred midnight skies ! beneath whose footsteps roll
 The solemn starry harmonies that fill the poet's soul,
 Look down, in pity, on thy child by passion's billows toss'd,
 And be thyself the pilot ere the fragile bark be lost.
 O'ermastered by the power I love, song chains me to the car,
 And vainly 'gainst a host of dreams I wage a feeble war.
 For love and glory weave their spells before my dazzled eyes,
 And clog my spirit's wounded wings, that fain would seek the
 skies.

I dream of war in Freedom's cause, I grasp the fancied spear,
 And o'er my country's marshall'd ranks her ancient banner rear ;
 In visionary panoply I smite the foreign foe,
 And spur my barb through broken ranks where battle-torrents flow.
 Again, within the midnight watch, I turn my soul from wars,
 And think of home while gazing on the gentle Queen of stars ;
 Or, while my comrades wearily around in slumber lie,
 I kneel adoring on the sod where I next morn may die ;

For who more oft should think of thee than they whose lot is cast,
 Where death, exulting, rides supreme the fiery battle-blast ?
 Anon soft gales, from balmy isles, that melt like Venus' sighs,
 Flow o'er mine ear, and at my feet love languishingly lies.
 I dream of woman's steadfast faith, unchanged by grief or years,
 Unshrinking, trusting, loving still through bitterness and tears.
 And now upon the armed bark, the fresh'ning breezes blow,
 All sail is set — how proud she is ! with her I pine to go,

Where'er upon the glorious deep her stately step may be,
 Majestic and triumphantly along the subject sea.
 And when Iernè wills it from forth her heaving side,
 To hurl young Freedom's thunderbolts across the affrighted tide ;
 And 'neath a green flag sailing, to roam the ocean free,
 With Irish hearts, in Irish barks, upon the Irish sea.
 And then, at night, in pensive mood, to watch the golden stars,
 Depict upon the slumbering tide the shadow of her spars ;

Or hear upon the darkened deep, the tempest fiend rejoice,
 While billows leap, like startled steeds, in terror at his voice ;
 And mournfully, most mournfully, dread Ocean ! at thy roar,
 As if thy moan could wake the dead, uprise the dreams of yore ;
 For mem'ry then recalls the joys that never more may be,
 And "plaintive sounds of long ago," swell sadly from the sea.
 If it be mine dear Eirè's harp to strike with mailèd hand,
 And wake the martial melodies that fire an arming land,

O ! never shall thy glorious gift perverted be to wrong,
 Nor prostitute to tyranny the loveliness of song.
 Ah, no ! *mo vourneen, grah machree, mo colleen dhas asthore.*•
 For thee alone this harp shall sigh, hope, triumph, or deplore ;
 And though, perhaps, to other climes I wander far away,
 Yet still of home shall fondly breathe the retrospective lay ;
 And, while the sun o'er Italy his evening kiss prolongs,
 The lonely Irish boy shall sing his melancholy songs.

'Tis thine alone to grant me peace, to bid the wave be still,
 And bend unto its destiny my fluctuating will.
 Though many a folly's meteor fire has led me oft astray,
 I still to thee am journeying, but faint upon the way ;
 Send down thy peaceful messenger to calm my troubled breast,
 And grant, within some tranquil vale, my weary spirit rest.
 O, set at length, from earthly charms, my wounded bosom free —
 And, spite of love and glory's spells, attract my soul to Thee ;

For Thine the glory, Thine the love that fadeth not away,
 But brighter grows eternally, with still increasing ray.
 No tears defile thy sanctuary — no chains support thy throne ;
 On boundless Love — for Thou art Love — its pillars rest alone :
 False tyrants there shall crush no more the humble and the just —
 Nor mercy, truth, and liberty, be trampled in the dust.
 My soul is very weary here, so far from Thee to roam —
 O ! take me to Thy mercy soon — Thy bosom is my home !

THE STRANGER.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

COME, list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger,
 Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground ;
 Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger
 Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady ;
 Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand ;
 But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady,
 Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,
 A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears ;
 So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,
 Like music that sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

* The dearest love of my heart you are, — my darling girl.

We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us —
 But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,
 With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
 All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky !

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
 For pale was her cheek with that spirit-like hue,
 Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended
 And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung — O, but once to have seen them —
 Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart ;
 While her looks and her voice made a language between them,
 That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream — no skill could restore her ;
 Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast ;
 She died, with the same spell of mystery o'er her,
 That song of past days on her lip to the last.

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing ;
 Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb ;
 For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,
 The same strain of music is heard through the gloom !

THE FLIGHT TO CYPRUS.

BY B. SIMMONS.

DE VERE has loos'd from Ascalon — Judea's holy gale
 Fresh with the spikenard's evening scent, is rustling in his sail ;
 A victor he to Normandy ploughs homeward through the brine,
 Herald and harp shall laud him long for deeds to Palestine.

How gallantly, as night comes down, upon the Syrian seas,
 The "Bel-Marie" all canvas crowds to catch the springing breeze !
 A prosperous course be hers ! — the spears above her poop that
 gleam
 Have flash'd ere now, like stars I trow, on Siloa's solemn stream.

Precious the freight that proud bark bears — the ransom and the
 spoil
 Reap'd from Mahound's blaspheming crew on many a field of toil ;
 Large lustrous cups — Kathay's bright robes — the diamond's living
 rays —
 Carpets from Tyre, whose costly fire for kings alone should blaze ;

And worth them all, that Fairest One, whose tresses' sunny twine,
Far down unroll'd, outshames the gold of tawny India's mine;
When storm'd the Cross round Gaza's fosse, all bright but faithless,
she

Fled from her Emir-spouse, De Vere's light paramour to be.

And now, when sultry day is done, her languid brow to cool,
Soft couch'd upon the curtain'd deck reclines the Beautiful;
Voluptuous in repose as She who, 'mid the Ægean Isles,
Rose radiant from the frowning deep, she dazzled into smiles.

Fast by that lady's pillow sits the passionate De Vere,
Now dimming with his doting kiss the glory of her hair;
Or watching till their sleepy lids her eyes' blue languish veil —
Or murmuring on her lips of rose fond love's untiring tale.

Yet restless all is her repose, no solace can she find;
The press of canvas overhead hoarse groaning in the wind —
The cordage-strain — the whistling shrouds — De Vere's devoted
words —

All things, or soft or sullen, now disturb her spirit's chords.

"In vain thy love would lull my ear, thou flattering knight, for
whom
I faithless fled my lord and land! — methinks that, through the
gloom,
Some fearsome Genii's mighty wings are shadowing my soul,
Black as the clouds and waters now that round about us roll."

"Ah, cheer thee, sweet — 'tis but the rude and restless billows'
heaving,
That frets thy frame of tenderest mould with weariness and
grieving;
'Twill vanish soon: when mounts the moon at midnight from the
sea,

Sweet Cyprus, with its rosy rocks high shining on our lee,

"Shall see us anchor'd — if the truth our Moorish pilot tell,
Who, since we weigh'd, has steer'd for us so steadily and well.
E'en now I go to track below our bearings by the chart; —
With freight like thee can I be free from wistfulness of heart?"

De Vere is gone. His silent crew, from all the decks above,
Descend, lest even a murmur mar the slumbers of his Love;
Yon aged Moor, who, spectre-like, still at the rudder stands,
Yon stripling, station'd at the prow, are all the watching hands.

Pavilion-screen'd, from her soft couch how oft that lady bright
Raised like an evening star her head, and look'd upon the night,

Praying the tardy moon to rise — and through the shadows dim,
Encountering but that spectral form beside the rudder grim.

The moon at last ! — blood-red and round, she wheeleth up the wave,
Soaring and whitening like a soul ascending from the grave ;
Then riseth too the Beauty-brow'd, and quits with gentlest motion
Her tent's festoons, — two rival Moons at once upon the ocean !

O Queen of Quiet — thou who winn'st our adoration still,
As when a wondering world bow'd down on thine Ephesian hill !
Stainless thyself, impart thy calm and purifying grace,
To her, the stain'd one, watching thee with her resplendent face !

The breeze has dropp'd — the soundless sails are flagging one by
one ;

While in his cabin still De Vere the parchment pores upon ;
Sudden a shriek — a broken groan, his ear have smitten — hark !
That laughing yell ! — sure fiends from hell are hailing to the Bark !

He gains the deck — the spot where last idolatrous he stood,
Is cross'd by some dark horrid thing — a narrow creeping flood ;
Great Heaven forbid ! — but where's the heart from whence it
gush'd ? — for now

The decks contain no form but that stone-stiff beside the prow.

Stone-stiff — half life, half death — it stands with hideous terror
dumb,

And bristling hair, and striving still for words that will not come :
Speak thou — speak thou, who from the prow kept watch along the
water,

And kill thy lord with one dread word of Gaza's glorious daughter !

He told at last, that as he turn'd, what time the breeze had died,
To rouse his mates — far at the stern, the lady he espied,
Sky-musing there : and by the helm, with eyes coal-blazing — **HIM,**
THE EVIL ONE, in semblance of their Moorish pilot grim,

Who stole to her before that boy could cross himself for grace,
His turban doff'd, then touch'd her arm, and stared her in the face —
That furnace-stare ! — her scorch'd head dropp'd — a flash — at
once she fell

Prone at his feet, who instantly sprang with her down to hell !

Where olive-groves their shadows fling from Cyprus' musky shore,
The "Bel-Marie" high stranded lies, to plough the waves no more ;
And day by day, far, far away, in Rouen's aisles I ween,
Down-broken, like that stately bark, a mournful monk is seen.

TIME AND THE VIRGIN.

BY T. J. LYNCH.

"O TIME, be kind and be my guide, now prithee come with me,
To where my love expectant waits beside the moonlit sea."
And Time consents, — and on they move; it was a sight most rare,
To see old Time with scythe and glass trip with this Virgin fair.

Through woods they pass, till near the path a little streamlet roll'd,
Still Time went on: — the maiden paused to deck her locks of
gold.

Her form within the star-bright wave she view'd with fond delight;
She lingered long — and when she rose old Time was out of sight.

With beating heart she eager sought the moonlit beach so fair;
But Time had pass'd; — her love was gone, and all was silence
there.

"Ah, me!" she sighed in accents sweet, "too late I see my crime,
By trifling thus I have lost my love, as well as losing Time."

FEAGH M'HUGH.*

BY T. D. M'GEE.

FEAGH M'HUGH of the mountain —
Feagh M'Hugh of the glen —
Who has not heard of the Glenmalur chief,
And the feats of his hard-riding men?
Came you the sea-side from Carmen —
Crossed you the plains from the west —
No rhymer you met but could tell you,
Of Leinster men, who is the best.

Or seek you the Liffey or Dodder —
Ask in the bawns of the Pale —
Ask them whose cattle they fodder,
Who drinks without fee of their ale.
From Ardamine north to Kilmainham,
He rules, like a king, of few words,
And the Marchmen of seven score castles
Keep watch for the sheen of his swords.

* A celebrated Wicklow Chief of the 16th century.

The vales of Kilmantan * are spacious —
 The hills of Kilmantan are high —
 But the horn of the Chieftain finds echoes,
 From the waterside up to the sky.
 The lakes of Kilmantan are gloomy,
 Yet bright rivers stream from them all —
 So dark is our Chieftain in battle,
 So gay in the camp or the hall.

The plains of Clan Saxon are fertile,
 Their Chiefs and their Tanists are brave,
 But the first step they take o'er the border,
 Just measures the length of a grave;
 Thirty score of them forayed to Arklow,
 Southampton and Essex their van —
 Our Chief crossed their way, and he left of
 Each score of them, living a man.

O, many the tales that they cherish,
 In the glens of Kilmantan to-day,
 And though church, rath, and native speech perish,
 His glory's untouched by decay;
 Feagh M'Hugh of the mountain —
 Feagh M'Hugh of the glen —
 Who has not heard of the Glenmalur Chief,
 And the feats of his hard-riding men?

SIR EUSTACE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

[Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton is the second daughter of Thomas, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley, Sheridan. Whilst very young she married the Honorable George Chapple Norton, brother to the present Lord Grantley. She and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Price Blackwood, were educated by their mother, and to her is due their literary fame. When very young they used to write together, and before either of them reached the age of twelve, they produced two little books of prints and verses which gave evidence of the genius which both of them have since manifested.]

CHILD of the dust! whose number'd hours are stealing fast away,
 Whose sins are unrepented of, go shrive thee quick and pray!
 For the hour will come, or soon or late, when thou must leave this
 scene;
 When all that is to thee shall be, as if't had never been.

Sir Eustace was a goodly youth, as beautiful as brave;
 He sleeps the long, long sleep of death, but rests not in his grave;

* Kilmantan, the Irish name of Wicklow.

For though this blind world called him good, and worshippèd his nod,
He was a most unholy man — he did not know his God !

'Tis true, he murdered not, nor stole ; he gave much alms away,
But he gave not to his God the praise, nor bowed beneath His sway.
He loved his lady better far, than all the heavens contain,
And oft the saintly Edith tried, t'enlighten him in vain.

He only smiled, and laughing said, " I do the best I can ;
Your God is just, my Edith, and will ask no more from man." —
" But 'tis because my God is just, he asks much more from thee ;
O, lean on him, my Eustace, and his love and mercy see."

He would not listen to that voice, though sweet it was, and dear ;
And Edith breath'd a prayer for him, and crush'd a rising tear.
Sir Eustace rode to hunt one day, but came not back at night ;
Fair Edith laid her broid'ry down, and fear'd all was not right.

For he was faithful to his word, and never gave her pain,
And when he said he would return, was sure to come again.
She wandered through her splendid hall, the moon shone bright and
clear,
Its beams fell on the cloister'd wall, which rose in an angle near ;

And from out that cloister'd wall arose, a quiet vesper lay ;
It rose 'mid the stillness soft and clear, then died in peace away.
The lady listen'd, and she felt her spirit sooth'd thereby :
" *Thou wilt protect,*" she said, and gazed upon the tranquil sky.

She turned, and paced again the hall, no sound broke on her ear ;
Why starts she as she gazes on a picture hanging near ?
A moonbeam fell upon the spot, and lighted up that face ;
It was her Eustace as he stood, in the pride of manly grace.

But there was something sad and pale, in that loved face to-night,
Seen by the flitting, flickering beams, of a pensive moon's pale
light,
Which made the Lady Edith start, and gaze with anxious fear ;
" O, Eustace ! if thou shouldst be pale, and ill, and I not near !

" Thou hast no comforter besides ; thou knowest not thy God.
Save him, ye Heavens ! O, spare him still ! and stay thy chastening
rod ! "

A Holy Father stood beside. " Lady," he said, " thy prayer
Has come too late, thy lord is ill, I come thee to prepare —

" Thee to prepare, who in the strength of another's might can
stand,
And drink the cup, however keen, when sent by his high hand."

The lady bowed before the Priest, then raised her gentle brow,
A tear had gathered in her eye, she did not let it flow.

"Father," she said, "I am prepared that high hand to obey,
Unmurm'ringly — resignedly — where is my Eustace, say?"
"Thy Eustace, Lady, has arrived, is now within these walls,
And ev'ry time his speech returns, it is for thee he calls."

"Then let us hasten to him now, nor longer useless stand;
My Father, thou wilt lead the way" — and she took his aged hand.
They reached the room where Eustace lay, the Beautiful! the
Brave!

And on that noble brow there slept the shadows of the Grave.

And Edith knelt beside his couch, and kissed his darkening brow;
The Father stanch'd his bleeding wounds, though vain he knew it
now.

His sense returned, he oped his eyes, and saw his Edith there,
Patient and pale as the humble flower, which scents the mid-
night air.

"Edith, my Edith!" were the words, the first dear words he said;
"Thou wilt not leave me now, I know, I have no other aid.
My hour is come — I feel it is, with thee I may not stay;
O teach me, Edith! even now, teach me the way to pray!

"But vain is my request — vain, vain — nay, shake not that dear
head,

Yon moon shall not have sunk to rest, ere I am with the dead,
And he who spent his summer-time, ungrateful to that Power,
Who made it summer, cannot hope for peace in this dark hour."

"Eustace, you do not know how great, how powerful to save,
Is he who died for us, then rose, victorious o'er the grave.
Have faith, my Eustace, have but faith, and He will give thee
peace,

In heaven thou wilt be purified, where sin and suffering cease."

She stopped, but in her speaking eyes, her serious earnest air,
Sir Eustace fancied that he read the very soul of prayer.
Fondly he gazed upon that face, then sadly turned away,
And faint his dead lips breathed forth, "*It is too late to pray.*"

THE POET AND HIS VERSES.

BY T. IRWIN.

COME to my fireside. Sing to me to-night,
 Poor Verses, echoes of my vanished years;
 Though all unknown to fame and fortune's light,
 My heart still guards you with its smiles and tears.
 Old memories, though in jarring music sung,
 And rough to other ears, still sweet to mine,
 Your voice recalls the days when I was young,
 And morning makes the dulllest things divine.
 Sing, Verses, sing! the night is dark and cold;
 Sing, though your voices gain but little gold.

Rise, Scenes of Banquet, flashing far and wide,
 Your chambers silvered from the fountain's rain!
 Pace proudly forward, Prince and beaming Bride,
 And let the Minstrels sound their richest strain! —
 Alas, that feast so fragrant and so prime,
 With meats and wines was colored hue on hue,
 When one good dinner in the Lenten time
 Made me plethoric for a day or two:
 Sing by my fireside, as in days of old,
 Poor singing Children gain but little gold.

Come, Fairy fancies, breathing of the moon,
 Dance, little Elves, through your enchanted bowers!
 In some dim garret rose the airy tune
 That timed your tiny footsteps o'er the flowers.
 Soar, daring Songs of Liberty and Right,
 Let Tyrants tremble! — but awhile be still,
 For in the landlady's sour face to-night
 The rent seemed scrawled as blank as in her bill —
 Sing by my ear — but be not loud or bold —
 Poor singing Children gain but little gold.

Rise, Strains of Passion, from the twilight land,
 Where Lovers pace along the glimmering stream,
 And whisper low, and press the parting hand,
 And homeward wander in a happy dream.
 Ah, where is she who woke my earliest lay,
 Whose fearless faith was mine, for woe or weal?
 Along the noisy streets but yesterday
 Her carriage splashed me o'er from head to heel:
 Sing, Verses, by my hearth — *that* tale is old,
 Poor singing Children gain but little gold.

Dear lonely offspring of a lonely heart,
 No rich saloon resounds with your acclaim ;
 No eager student wafts you from the mart,
 Or critic stings you with an epigram ;
 Beside me rest concealed from stranger minds,
 Content if some old comrade, loved and known,
 Lists to your lay by evening light and finds
 Within your soul some tremblings of his own.
 Sing, Little Ones, and round me closer fold,
 Such singing Children gain but little gold.

Yes, we have wandered heart by heart, unseen,
 Round foreign shores, and through the ocean's blast,
 Far from the memoried Isle whose fields of green
 Sleep in the spectral stillness of the past :
 Oft, oft, when far away I've looked through tears
 Into the dying light that o'er them shone ;
 Where all I loved amid the happier years,
 Where all save you who sing of them are gone.
 Sing, Memories, sing — the heart that can behold
 Heaven in the sunset little heeds its gold.

THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

In vain all the knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
 Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she ;
 Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sued her,
 But none was thought worthy the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid, so excelling,
 "That knight must the conqu'ror of conquerors be ;
 He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in —
 None else shall be bridegroom of the high-born Ladye."

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her
 On knights and on nobles of highest degree,
 Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
 And sighed at a distance for the high-born Ladye.

At length came a knight from a far land to woo her,
 With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea ;
 His vizor was down — but, with voice that thrill'd through her,
 He whisper'd his greeting to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden, I come with high spousals to grace thee ;
 In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see ;

Enthron'd in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee;
And mine thou'rt forever, thou high-born Ladye!"

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamed she;
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her
In pomp to his home of the high-born Ladye.

"But whither," she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me?
Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;
Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?"
With scorn in her glances, said the high-born Ladye.

"'Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures" —
Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
But she sunk on the ground — 'twas a skeleton's features,
And Death was the bridegroom of the high-born Ladye!

THE VIRGIN MARY'S KNIGHT.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

A BALLAD OF THE CRUSADES.

[In "the Middle Ages," there were Orders of Knights especially devoted to our Blessed Lady, as well as many illustrious individuals of knightly rank and renown. Thus the Order called Servites in France was known as *les esclaves de Marie*, and there was also the Order of "Our Lady of Mercy," for the Redemption of Captives; the Templars, too, before their fall, were devoutly attached to the service of our Blessed Lady.]

BENEATH the stars in Palestine seven knights discoursing stood,
But not of warlike work to come, nor former fields of blood,
Nor of the joy the pilgrims feel prostrated far, who see
The hill where Christ's atoning blood pour'd down the penal tree;
Their theme was old, their theme was new, 'twas sweet and yet
'twas bitter,

Of noble ladies left behind spoke Cavalier and Ritter,
And eyes grew bright, and sighs arose from every iron breast,
For a dear wife, or plighted maid, far in the widowed West.

Toward the knights came Constantine, thrice noble by his birth,
And ten times nobler than his blood, his high out-shining worth,
His step was slow, his lips were moved, though not a word he
spoke,

Till a gallant lord of Lombardy his spell of silence broke.
"What aileth thee, O, Constantine, that solitude you seek?
If counsel or if aid you need, we pray thee do but speak;
Or dost thou mourn, like other freres, thy lady-love afar,
Whose image shineth nightly through yon European star?"

Then answered courteous Constantine — “ Good Sir, in simple truth,

I chose a gracious lady in the hey-day of my youth,
I wear her image on my heart, and when that heart is cold,
The secret may be rifled thence, but never must be told.
For her I love and worship well by light of morn or even,
I ne'er shall see my Mistress dear, until we meet in heaven,
But this believe, brave Cavaliers, there never was but one
Such lady as my Holy Love, beneath the blessed sun.”

He ceased, and passed with solemn step on to an olive grove,
And kneeling there he prayed a prayer to the lady of his love.
And many a Cavalier whose lance had still maintained his own
Beloved to reign without a peer, all earth's unequalled one,
Looked tenderly on Constantine in camp and in the fight ;
With wonder and with generous pride they marked the lightning
light

Of his fearless sword careering through the unbelievers' ranks,
As angry Rhone sweeps off the vines that thicken on his banks.

“ He fears not death come when it will, he longeth for his love,
And fain would find some sudden path to where she dwells above.
How should he fear for dying when his Mistress dear is dead ? ”
Thus often of Sir Constantine his watchful comrades said ;
Until it chanced from Zion wall the fatal arrow flew,
That pierced the outworn armor of his faithful bosom through ;
And never was such mourning made for knight in Palestine
As thy loyal comrades made for thee, beloved Constantine.

Beneath the royal tent the bier was guarded night and day,
Where with a halo round his head the Christian champion lay ;
That talisman upon his breast — what may that marvel be
Which kept his ardent soul through life from every error free ?
Approach ! behold ! nay, worship there the image of his love,
The Heavenly Queen who reigneth all the sacred hosts above,
Nor wonder that around his bier there lingers such a light,
For the spotless one that sleepeth, *was the Blessed Virgin's Knight !*

THE TROUBADOUR'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY T. IRWIN.

EASTWARD, moonlit peaks are glancing
O'er the dusk with silvery eyes ;
Westward, tracks of Summer forest
Deepen down the crimson skies ;

Pilgrims pass the bridge whose crescent
Darkens o'er the gleaming frith,
And the noon heat camps its vapor
O'er the bronzed moorland's width —
Toll, bell of sunset, toll
Over listening land and river ;
Sing, Memory, to my soul,
Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever !

Toward the norland distance yonder
Listening, praying, forth I go ;
Starry stream and solemn mountain
Lure me, shining in their snow ;
There, within a silent valley,
Full of the cold planet's light,
Lies the grave to which my fancy,
Dreaming, wanders through the night —
Toll, bell of sunset, toll
Over silent land and river ;
Sing, Memory, to my soul,
Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever.

Onward, where awhile the Summer
Slumbers round in twilight blooms —
Waters showering from the summits,
Forests full of topaz glooms ;
Moon and sea beneath me rising,
O'er me star and cottage nest —
Sadness in the eastern evening,
Music in the golden west —
Toll, bell of sunset, toll
Down the gorgeous glooming river ;
Sing, Memory, to my soul,
Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever.

Wheresoe'er the world I've wandered —
Realm of life, or place of tombs ;
Through the Mediterranean splendors,
Through the dumb Egyptian glooms ;
Radiant spirits round me hover,
Watch my rest, or with me stray,
While our hearts, in mournful anthems
Mingling, close the lonely day —
Toll, bell of evening, toll
O'er the starry, trembling river ;
Sing, Memory, to my soul,
Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever.

Oft I hear their charmed voices
Lingering round some mountain height ;

Utterance rich as planet music
 Swooning through the magic night.
 Oft great brows of meteor beauty,
 O'er the star-dim seas appear ;
 Oft in moonlit towns a silence
 Falling tells me they are near —
 Toll, bell of darkness, toll,
 Fate-like, down the ghostly river ;
 Sing, Memory, to my soul,
 Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever.

Upward, where the moulder'd castle
 Guards the quick, unquiet fords,
 All its moated depth of waters,
 Glossed with beams, like blades of swords ;
 Now the lowland's dark expansure
 Widens from the mountain crest ;
 And a low star lights the valley,
 Where my pilgrim heart would rest —
 Toll, bell of silence, toll
 Down the silver-rippled river ;
 Sing, Memory, to my soul,
 Of Spirits lost, but loved for ever.

By this well that bubbles sprayless,
 Shall I rest upon my way :
 Earth is broadening in shadow —
 Heaven in brightness, while I pray.
 "Blessed spirits, rise above me,
 When the death-dark round me flows,
 Like a crescent in the sunshine,
 Beaconing where the glory goes."
 Toll, bell of Heaven, toll
 Down the sapphire radiant river.
 God, waft my trembling soul
 Where rest the Spirits loved for ever !

THE POET AND HIS SON.

BY J. FRAZER.

Come forth, my son, into the fields —
 What is there in the crowd
 Of hearts, or scenes, the city yields,
 To make young spirits proud ?

Girt by mankind, we dream a God
May in the skies abide ;
But O ! he must be all a clod,
Who feels not on the fragrant sod,
God walketh by his side !

Could I withdraw thee from the cold,
The mean, the base, the stern,
And selfish craft that young and old
From grasping crowds must learn ;
How gladly to some rural nook
Would I transplant thy mind ;
From nature's brow and Sage's book,
To learn that highest lore — to look
With love upon mankind !

Field, forest, glen, rock, hill, and stream,
Green robe and snowy shroud —
The calm, the storm, the lightning gleam,
The sea, the sky, the cloud, —
Are volumes the Eternal One
Hath sent us from above,
For every heart to study on,
And learn to suffer, seek, or shun,
In charity and love.

The weak may there be taught to cope,
The mighty to beware ;
The Fond to doubt, the slave to hope,
The Tyrant to despair —
Changing and changeless, that which dies,
And that no death can mar,
Silent and sounding, wild and wise,
Before each mood of passion rise
A Beacon, or a Bar.

My son, to these rich volumes oft
From throngs and streets retire ;
So shall thy spirit soar aloft
From low and base desire.
And when thy country, chained or free,
From city and green sod
Arrays the people's majesty,
Thy soul, in truth and wisdom, be
A soul that spoke with God.

THE BRIDAL IN PARADISE.

BY D. P. STARKEY.

It was a night of glorious light, magnificent with stars,
Which flashed along the firmament in their triumphal cars;
The overarching dome of heaven was blazing far and wide,
For Adam, sinless and sublime, that day had wed his bride.

Within a garden the pair slept, enfolded arm in arm,
Their pulses thrilling as they welled from life's young fountains
warm;
Soft went their sighings to and fro, and round each breath there
fluttered
Ten thousand words of love, half-winged, and struggling to be uttered.

And one was powerful in sleep, with brow intently wrought —
A solemn calm, as though a spell had fixed some mighty thought:
His length of limb lay still as stone, for the moon's broad beam to
carve;
Yet not in marble death — but all electric with life's nerve.

For there was strength and sternness in the slumber of that form —
A something fearful and august, like a pause amidst a storm;
Misdoubting spirits hover'd near, nor could their gaze forbear —
They almost felt that they must kneel before God's image there.

The other lay all loveliness, defencelessly reposing
Within the arm that twined her round; and her sweet lips, un-
closing,
Poured murmurs, half in prayer, half dream, yet more of song than
word,
As the breath of innocence swept by, and the fresh-strung feelings
stirred.

Each lustrous eye, in love's eclipse, was shrouded o'er with fringe,
Which lay like shade, and lent her cheek the glow of contrast's
tinge;
And the marble carving of her brow shone white 'twixt tress and
tress,
Like Thought's pure temple, reared amidst a fragrant wilderness.

There, all unconscious, yet intense, glowed human feeling first;
Each heart that beat, each breast that swelled, creation's self had
nursed: —
All, all was new — the pressed herb heaved beneath the breathing pair,
And long sprays reached all trembling down to touch what seemed
so fair: —

Hush, hush, earth, air! — glide softly, streams! — steal gently,
waves, to shore! —

Back, echoes, to your inmost grotts! — repress, O winds, your
roar!

Nature with finger on her lip, looked breathlessly around,
Lest one of all her new-fledged brood should break the trance profound.

The shadows plunged amidst the woods, and down in caverns lay,
Which wild beasts haunt, before a tread was printed in their
clay; —

And orbs unnamed upon the breasts of glancing streams were caught,
Unnamed as they, and rolling down thro' sands of gold unsought.

Thro' many a glade the maiden moon pursued the midnight hours —
In many a lawn the enamoured dew fell back amidst its flowers;
The forests whispered on their hills and the mighty mountains rose
Like silent altars under heaven, in eloquent repose.

And the pebbly brook told o'er and o'er its wanderings from its
source,

And questioned every stone it met of its yet untravelled course;
And as it murmured through the dell, it listened — for it heard
An answer from the rock, how soft! responding word for word.

And palms and cedars rose to heaven, with graceful tendrils hung,
Festooned from lowly plants which grew their loftier lords among;
And the rugged oak allowed the vine to seize it, unreprieved;
And the moss had clasp'd its own gray stone, that nought might be
unloved.

One silvery link of harmony stretched betwixt heaven and earth,
Too ravishing for sense to say from which it had its birth: —
A nightingale's lone note arose — but trembled in the ether,
So slender was the thread that hung silence and song together.

And the lion and the leopard lay beside the kid and lamb,
And the wolf sought not to tear its prey from the fostering of its
dam;

The fawn and the great stag-hound slept, for their fleetness they
had tried,

And, tired with the unbloody chase, now slumbered side by side.

O, wherefore was that trance not death? Why did the morning
break?

Why, why must they who slept in peace, to sin and sorrow wake?
Too long, or far too short that sleep — for on the morrow, Death
Will breathe the lying hope of life, and blast them with his breath!

"Peace, dreamer! — Slumber on, blest pair! ye needs must sin —
and die.

To him that disobeyeth — DEATH is Nature's sole reply.
Ye die — but for your life, behold! a God shall leave the skies,
To murmur o'er earth's sepulchres the magic word — **ARISE!**"

THE SOLDIER BOY.

BY DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

[To the readers of English literature, it is almost unnecessary to do more than mention the name of Dr. Maginn, to make them acquainted with his history and his fame. He was born in Cork in 1794, the son of a schoolmaster; and on his father's death undertook the management of the establishment at the age of twenty. In this position he continued till 1817, when he became a contributor to *Blackwood*, which had been started that year under the editorial management of Professor Wilson. Maginn was a constant contributor till 1828. He wrote without labor and without limit. His thoughts gushed forth in exuberant abundance, clothed in rich and varied phraseology. He was the first Irishman who disclaimed the low, disgusting caricatures which had been written and published in London as the songs of Ireland. He repudiated the paternity of the "Murtagh Delany" and "Larry M'Fig" school of ballads, which were at one time so popular on the English stage, but which are now regarded as Irish songs only by the vulgar and illiterate. Irishmen were then introduced to English society, as the drunken helots and gladiators of old were introduced to disgust and amuse their masters; and much of English dislike and many of its prejudices may be traced to this source. Maginn married in 1823, and then went to London to seek his fortune. His engagements were soon numerous, and the opinion entertained of his abilities may be estimated from the fact that John Murray, the publisher, placed Lord Byron's letters and papers in his hands for a biography of the poet, shortly after his lordship's death. Fortunately for the memory of Byron, this work fell ultimately into the more congenial hands of Moore. In consequence of some disagreement with Blackwood, Maginn established *Frazer's Magazine* in 1830, and became its editor. His writings are scattered over the broad field of English periodical literature for thirty years. Selections from his articles were published previously to his death under the title of "Magazine Miscellanies;" his "Homeric Ballads" have been published since that sad event, which occurred in 1841.]

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done,
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun:

For country's claim, at honor's call,
 For outraged friend, insulted maid,
 At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
 I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
 The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
 Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
 Are gone with all their flame and noise —
 And still the gleaming sword remains ;
 So, when in dust I low am laid,
 Remember by those heart-felt strains,
 I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

THE HEART'S RESTING PLACE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

Twice have I sailed the Atlantic o'er,
 Twice dwelt an exile in the west ;
 Twice did kind nature's skill restore
 The quiet of my troubled breast —
 As moss upon a rifted tree,
 So time its gentle cloaking did,
 But though the wound no eye could see,
 Deep in my heart the barb was hid.

I felt a weight where'er I went —
 I felt a void within my brain ;
 My day hopes and my dreams were blent,
 With sable threads of mental pain ;
 My eye delighted not to look
 On forest old or rapids grand ;
 The stranger's joy I scarce could brook,
 My heart was in my own dear land.

Where'er I turned, some emblem still
 Roused consciousness upon my track ;
 Some hill was like an Irish hill,
 Some wild bird's whistle called me back ;
 A sea-bound ship bore off my peace,
 Between its white, cold wings of woe ;
 O, if I had but wings like these,
 Where my peace went I too would go.

LEONIDAS.

BY REV. GEORGE CROLY.

SHOUT for the mighty men,
 Who died along this shore —
 Who died within this mountain's glen !
 For never nobler chieftain's head
 Was laid on Valor's crimson bed,
 Nor ever prouder gore
 Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
 Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ !

Shout for the mighty men,
 Who on the Persian tents,
 Like lions from their midnight den
 Bounding on the slumbering deer,
 Rush'd — a storm of sword and spear ; —
 Like the roused elements,
 Let loose from an immortal hand,
 To chasten or to crush a land !

But there are none to hear ;
 Greece is a hopeless slave.
 LEONIDAS ! no hand is near
 To lift thy fiery falchion now ;
 No warrior makes the warrior's vow
 Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.
 The voice that should be rais'd by men,
 Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given ! — the surge —
 The tree — the rock — the sand —
 On Freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
 In sounds that speak but to the free,
 The memory of thine and thee !
 The vision of thy band
 Still gleams within the glorious dell,
 Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell !

And is thy grandeur done ?
 Mother of men like these !
 Has not thy outcry gone,
 Where Justice has an ear to hear ? —
 Be holy ! God shall guide thy spear ;
 Till in thy crimson'd seas
 Are plunged the chain and cimeter ;
 GREECE shall be a new-born Star !

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.*

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

SHE once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health ;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold :
Joy revell'd around her — love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride ;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for the suffering race ;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, " I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And pass'd from her home, with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onwards she moved —
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion — to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast —
No more in the ball room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame ;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them ;
That voice that once echo'd the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain ;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet — her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre — one taper that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture — the crucifix nail'd by her bed ;
Her paintings one print of the thorn-crowned head ;
Her cushion — the pavement that wearies her knees ;
Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease ;

* Griffin's sister entered this pious order, which circumstance probably suggested the poem.

The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined.
Like him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary — she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapor of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers — self-seeking men, —
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

THE shades of eve had crossed the glen
That frowns o'er infant Avonmore ;
When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,
We stopped before a cottage door.
" God save all here," my comrade cries,
And rattles on the raised latch-pin ;
" God save you kindly," quick replies
A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter ; from the wheel she starts,
A rosy girl with soft black eyes ;
Her fluttering court'sy takes our hearts,
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,
 For, all the way to Glenmalure,
 Her mother had that morning gone
 And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
 The shame that startled virgins feel,
 Could make the generous girl forget
 Her wonted hospitable zeal.
 She brought us in a beechen bowl,
 Sweet milk, that smacked of mountain thyme,
 Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
 Of butter — it gilds all my rhyme !

And while we ate the grateful food,
 (With weary limbs on bench reclined,)
 Considerate and discreet, she stood
 Apart, and listened to the wind.
 Kind wishes both our souls engaged,
 From breast to breast spontaneous ran
 The mutual thought — we stood and pledged, —
 THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

“The milk we drink is not more pure,
 Sweet Mary — bless those budding charms !
 Than your own generous heart, I’m sure,
 Nor whiter than the breast it warms !”
 She turned and gazed, unused to hear
 Such language in that homely glen ;
 But, Mary, you have nought to fear,
 Though smiled on by two stranger men.

Not for a crown would I alarm
 Your virgin pride by word or sign ;
 Nor need a painful blush disarm
 My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.
 Her simple heart could not but feel
 The words we spoke were free from guile ;
 She stooped, she blushed, she fixed her wheel, —
 ’Tis all in vain — she can’t but smile !

Just like sweet April’s dawn appears
 Her modest face — I see it yet —
 And though I lived a hundred years
 Methinks I never could forget
 The pleasure, that, despite her heart,
 Fills all her downcast eyes with light,
 The lips reluctantly apart,
 The white teeth struggling into sight ;

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek, —
 The rosy cheek that won't be still! —
 O! who could blame what flatterers speak,
 Did smiles like this reward their skill?
 For such another smile, I vow,
 Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
 I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
 And walk to Luggelaw again!

THE BANNER OF THE COVENANTERS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

[At the Marischal College at Aberdeen, among other valuable curiosities, they show one of the banners formerly belonging to the Covenanters; it is of white silk, with the motto, "Spe Expecto," in red letters; and underneath, the English inscription, "For Religion, King, and Kingdoms." The banner is much torn, but otherwise in good preservation.]

HERE, where the rain-drops may not fall, the sunshine doth not play,
 Where the unfelt and distant breeze in whispers dies away;
 Here, where the stranger paces slow along the silent halls,
 Why mutely art thou hanging thus against the massive walls?
 Thou, that hast seen blood shed for thee — that midst the battle-tide
 Hast faintly lit the soldier's eye with triumph ere he died;
 Bright banner, which hath witness'd oft the struggles of the free,
 Emblem of proud and holy hope, is this a place for *thee*?

Wake! wake aloft, thou Banner! let every snowy fold
 Float on our wild, unconquer'd hills, as in the days of old;
 Hang out, and give again to Death a glory and a charm,
 Where Heaven's pure dew may freshen thee, and Heaven's pure sun-
 shine warm.

Wake, wave aloft! I hear the silk low rustling on the breeze,
 Which whistles through the lofty fir, and bends the birchen trees;
 I hear the tread of warriors arm'd to conquer or to die;
 Their bed or bier the heathery hill, their canopy the sky.

What, what is life or death to them? *they* only feel and know
 Freedom is to be struggled for, with an unworthy foe —
 Their homes — their hearths — the all for which their fathers, too,
 have fought,

And liberty to breathe the prayers their cradled lips were taught.
 On, on they rush — like mountain streams resistlessly they sweep —
 On! those who live are heroes now — and martyrs those who sleep!
 While still the snow-white banner waves above the field of strife,
 With a proud triumph, as it were a thing of soul and life.

They stand — they bleed — they fall ! they make one brief and
 breathless pause,
 And gaze with fading eyes upon the standard of their cause ; —
 Again they brave the strife of death, again each weary limb
 Faintly obeys the warrior soul, tho' earth's best hopes grow dim ; —
 The mountain-rills are red with blood, the pure and quiet sky
 Rings with the shouts of those who win, the groans of those who die ;
 Taken — retaken — raised again, but soil'd with clay and gore,
 Heavily, on the wild free breeze, that Banner floats once more.

I hear the wail of women now : the dreadful day is done :
 God's creatures wait to strive and slay until to-morrow's sun :
 I hear the heavy breathing of the weary ones who sleep,
 The death-sob and the dying word, " the voice of them that weep ;"
 The half-choked grief of those who, while they stifle back their
 breath,
 Scarce know if what they watch be hush'd in slumber or in death ;
 While mournfully, as if it knew and felt for their despair,
 The moon-lit Banner flaps and falls upon the midnight air.

Morning ! the glad and glorious light ! the waking of God's earth,
 Which rouses men to stain with gore the soil that gave them birth.
 In the still sunshine sleeps the hill, the stream, the distant town ;
 In the still sunshine — clogg'd and stiff — the battle-flag hangs down.
 Peace is in Heaven, and Heaven's good gifts, but war is amongst
 men —

Red blood is pouring on the hill, wild shouts are in the glen ;
 'Tis past — they sink, they bleed, they fly — that faint, enfeebled
 host,

Right is not might — the Banner-flag, the victory, are lost !

Heaven's dew hath drunk the crimson drops which on the heather
 lay,

The rills that were so red with gore, go sparkling on their way ;
 The limbs that fought, the hearts that swell'd, are crumbled into
 dust,

The souls which strove are gone to meet the spirits of the just ;
 But that frail silken flag, for which, and under which, they fought,
 (And which e'en *now* retains its power upon the soul of thought,)
 Survives — a tatter'd, senseless thing — to meet the curious eye,
 And wake a momentary dream of hopes and days gone by.

A momentary dream ! O ! not for *one* poor transient hour,
 Not for a brief and hurried day that flag exerts its power ;
 Full flashing on our dormant souls the firm conviction comes,
 That what our fathers did for *theirs*, we could for *our* homes.
 We, *too*, could brave the giant arm that seeks to chain each word,
 And rule what form of prayer alone shall by our God be heard :
 We, too, in triumph or defeat, could drain our hearts' best veins,
 While the good old cause of Liberty for Church and State remains !

THE GRAVE OF MAC CAURA.

BY MRS. DOWNING,

AUTHOR OF "SCRAPS FROM THE MOUNTAINS."

[At Callan, a pass on an unfrequented road leading from Glanerought (the vale of the Roughty) to Bantry, the country people point out a flat stone by the pathway, which they name as the burial-place of Daniel Mac Carthy, who fell there in an engagement with the Fitzgeralds in 1261. The stone still preserves the traces of characters which are, however, illegible. From the scanty records of the period, it would appear that this battle was no inconsiderable one. The Geraldines were defeated, and their leader, Thomas Fitzgerald, and his son, eighteen barons, fifteen knights, and many others of his adherents, slain. But the honor and advantage of victory were dearly purchased by the exulting natives, owing to the death of their brave and noble chieftain.]

AND this is thy grave, MacCaura,
 Here by the pathway lone,
 Where the thorn blossoms are bending
 Over thy mouldered stone.
 Alas ! for the sons of glory ;
 O ! thou of the darkened brow,
 And the eagle plume, and the belted clans,
 Is it here thou art sleeping now ?

O ! wild is the spot, MacCaura,
 In which they have laid thee low —
 The field where thy people triumphed
 Over a slaughtered foe ;
 And loud was the banshee's wailing,
 And deep was the clansmen's sorrow,
 When with bloody hands and burning tears
 They buried thee here, MacCaura.

And now thy dwelling is lonely —
 King of the rushing horde ;
 And now thy battles are over —
 Chief of the shining sword.
 And the rolling thunder echoes
 O'er torrent and mountain free,
 But alas ! and alas ! MacCaura,
 It will not awaken thee.

Farewell to thy grave, MacCaura,
 Where the slanting sunbeams shine,
 And the brier and waving fern
 Over thy slumbers twine ;
 Thou whose gathering summons
 Could waken the sleeping glen ;
 MacCaura ! alas for thee and thine,
 'Twill never be heard again.

THE BRIDAL OF THE YEAR.

BY D. P. M'CARTHY.

YES ! the Summer is returning,
 Warmer, brighter beams are burning ;
 Golden mornings, purple evenings,
 Come to glad the world once more.
 Nature from her long sojourning,
 In the Winter-House of Mourning,
 With the light of hope outpeeping,
 From those eyes that late were weeping,
 Cometh dancing o'er the waters
 To our distant shore.
 On the boughs the birds are singing,
 Never idle,
 For the bridal,
 Goes the frolic breeze a-ringing
 All the green bells on the branches,
 Which the soul of man doth hear ;
 Music-shaken,
 It doth waken,
 Half in hope and half in fear,
 And dons its festal garments for the Bridal of the Year !

For the year is sempiternal,
 Never wintry, never vernal,
 Still the same through all the changes
 That our wondering eyes behold.
 Spring is but his time of wooing —
 Summer but the sweet renewing
 Of the vows he utters yearly,
 Ever fondly and sincerely,
 To the young Bride that he weddeth,
 When to heaven departs the old,
 For it is her fate to perish,
 Having brought him,
 In the Autumn,
 Children for his heart to cherish.
 Summer, like a human mother,
 Dies in bringing forth her young ;
 Sorrow blinds him,
 Winter finds him
 Childless, too, their graves among,
 Till May returns once more, and bridal hymns are sung.

 Thrice the great Betrothèd naming,
 Thrice the mystic banns proclaiming,

February, March, and April,
 Spread the tidings far and wide;
 Thrice the questioned each new-comer,
 "Know ye, why the sweet-faced Summer,
 With her rich imperial dower,
 Golden fruit and diamond flower,
 And her pearly rain-drop trinkets,
 Should not be the green Earth's Bride?"
 All things vocal spoke elated
 (Nor the voiceless
 Did rejoice less) —
 "Be the marriage consummated!"
 All the many murmuring voices
 Of the music-breathing Spring,
 Young birds twittering,
 Streamlets glittering,
 Insects on transparent wing —
 All hailed the Summer nuptials of their King!

Now the rosy east gives warning,
 'Tis the wished-for nuptial morning.
 Sweetest truant from Elysium,
 Golden morning of the May!
 All the guests are in their places —
 Lilies with pale, high-bred faces —
 Hawthorns in white wedding favors,
 Scented with celestial savors —
 Daisies, like sweet country maidens,
 Wear white scalloped frills to-day;
 'Neath her hat of straw the Peasant
 Primrose sitteth,
 Nor permitteth
 Any of her kindred present,
 'Specially the milk-sweet cowslip,
 E'er to leave the tranquil shade:
 By the hedges,
 Or the edges
 Of some stream or grassy glade,
 They look upon the scene half wistful, half afraid.

Other guests, too, are invited,
 From the alleys dimly lighted,
 From the pestilential vapors
 Of the overpeopled town —
 From the fever and the panic
 Comes the hard-worked, swarth mechanic —
 Comes his young wife, pallor-stricken
 At the cares that round her thicken —
 Comes the boy whose brow is wrinkled,

Ere his chin is clothed in down —
 And the foolish pleasure-seekers,
 Nightly thinking
 They are drinking
 Life and joy from poisoned beakers,
 Shudder at their midnight madness,
 And the raving revel scorn :
 All are treading
 To the wedding
 In the freshness of the morn,
 And feel, perchance too late, the bliss of being born.

And the Student leaves his poring,
 And his venturous exploring
 In the gold and gem-enfolding
 Waters of the ancient lore —
 Seeking in its buried treasures,
 Means for life's most common pleasures ;
 Neither vicious nor ambitious —
 Simple wants and simple wishes.
 Ah ! he finds the ancient learning
 But the Spartan's iron ore ;
 Without value in an era
 Far more golden
 Than the olden —
 When the beautiful chimera —
 Love — hath almost wholly faded
 Even from the dreams of men.
 From his prison
 Newly risen —
 From his book-enchanted den —
 The stronger magic of the morning drives him forth again.

And the Artist, too — the Gifted —
 He whose soul is Heavenward lifted —
 Till it drinketh inspiration
 At the fountain of the skies ;
 He, within whose fond embraces
 Start to life the marble graces ;
 Or, with God-like power presiding,
 With the potent pencil gilding,
 O'er the void chaotic canvas,
 Bids the fair creations rise !
 And the quickened mass obeying
 Heaves its mountains ;
 From its fountains
 Sends the gentle streams a-straying
 Through the vales like Love's first feelings
 Stealing o'er a maiden's heart ;

The Creator —

Imitator —

From his easel forth doth start,
And from God's glorious Nature learns anew his Art !

But who is this with tresses flowing,
Flashing eyes and forehead glowing,
From whose lips the thunder-music
Pealeth o'er the listening lands ?
'Tis the first and last of preachers —
First and last of priestly teachers ;
First and last of those appointed
In the ranks of the anointed ;
With their songs like swords to sever
Tyranny and Falsehood's bands !
'Tis the Poet — sum and total

Of the others,

With his brothers,

In his rich robes sacerdotal,
Singing from his golden psalter.
Comes he now to wed the twain —

Truth and Beauty —

Rest and Duty —

Hope, and Fear, and Joy, and Pain,
Unite for weal or woe beneath the Poet's chain !

And the shapes that follow after,
Some in tears and some in laughter,
Are they not the fairy phantoms
In his glorious visions seen ?
Nymphs from shady forests wending,
Goddesses from heaven descending ;
Three of Jove's divinest daughters,
Nine from Aganippe's waters ;
And the passion-immolated,

Too fond-hearted Tyrian Queen,
Various shapes of one idea,

Memory-haunting,

Heart-enchanting,

Cythna, Genevieve, and Nea ;

Rosalind and all her sisters,

Born by Avon's sacred stream,

All the blooming

Shapes illuming

"The Eternal Pilgrim's" dream,
Follow the Poet's steps beneath the morning beam.

But the Bride — the Bride is coming !
Birds are singing, bees are humming ;

Silent lakes amid the mountains
 Look but cannot speak their mirth;
 Streams go bounding in their gladness,
 With a Bacchanalian madness;
 Trees bow down their heads in wonder,
 Clouds of purple part asunder,
 As the Maiden of the Morning
 Leads the blushing Bride to Earth!
 Bright as are the planets seven —
 With her glances
 She advances,
 For her azure eyes are Heaven!
 And her robes are sun-beams woven,
 And her beauteous bridesmaids are
 Hopes and Wishes —
 Dreams delicious —
 Joys from some serener star,
 And Heavenly-hued Illusions gleaming from afar!

Now the mystic rite is over —
 Blessings on the loved and lover!
 Strike the tabors, clash the cymbals,
 Let the note of joy resound!
 With the rosy apple blossom,
 Blushing like a maiden's bosom;
 With the cream-white clusters pearly
 Of the pear-tree budding early;
 With all treasures from the meadows
 Strew the consecrated ground;
 Let the guests with vows fraternal
 Pledge each other,
 Sister, brother,
 With the wine of Hope — the vernal
 Vine-juice of Man's better nature —
 Vintage of Man's trustful heart.
 Perseverance
 And Forbearance,
 Love and Labor, Song and Art,
 Be this the cheerful creed wherewith the world may start

But whither have the twain departed?
 The United — the One-hearted —
 Whither from the bridal banquet
 Have the Bride and Bridegroom flown?
 Ah! their steps have led them quickly
 Where the young leaves cluster thickly;
 Blossomed boughs rain fragrance o'er them,
 Greener grows the grass before them,
 As they wander through the island,
 Fond, delighted, and alone!

At their coming streams grow brighter,
 Skies grow clearer,
 Mountains nearer,
 And the blue waves dancing lighter
 From the far-off mighty ocean
 Frolic on the glistening sand,
 Jubilations —
 Gratulations —
 Breathe around, as hand in hand,
 They roam by Sutton's sea-washed shore, or soft Shanganah's strand.

LOVE'S WARNING.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

A FAIR lady once, with her young lover walked,
 Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
 Through a garden, and sweetly they laughed and they talked,
 While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

She gave him a rose — while he sighed for a kiss,
 Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
 Quoth he, as he took it, "I kiss thee in this,"
 While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

She gave him a lily less white than her breast,
 Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
 Quoth he, "'Twill remind me of one I love best;"
 While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

She gave him a two faces under a hood,
 Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
 "How blest you could make me," quoth he, "if you would,"
 While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

She saw a forget-me-not flower in the grass,
 Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
 Ah! why did the lady that little flower pass?
 While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

The young lover saw that she passed it, and sigh'd,
 Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
 They say his heart broke, and he certainly died,
 While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

Now all you fair ladies, take warning by this,
 Gillyflower, gentle rosemary;
 And never refuse your young lovers a kiss,
 While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

WILLY GILLILAND.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
 He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of church and king;
 And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge he hath;
 So he must fly his fathers' land, or he must die the death;
 For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzell,
 And his smoking rooftree testifies they've done their errand well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land;
 Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand;
 His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was on his head,
 A fortune to the man that brings him in, alive or dead!
 And so on moor and mountain, from the Laggan to the Bann,
 From house to house, and hill to hill, he lurked an outlawed man.

At last, when in false company he might no longer bide,
 He stayed his houseless wanderings upon the Collon side,
 There in a cave all under ground he laired his heathy den,
 Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill fox then.
 With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and stream by day,
 At night, betwixt his fleet greyhound and his bonny mare he lay.

It was a summer evening, and, mellowing and still,
 Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill;
 For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,
 But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see,
 From Slemish foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green;
 Save where in many a silver coil the river glanced between.

And on the river's grassy bank, even from the morning gray,
 He at the angler's pleasant sport had spent the summer day:
 Ah! many a time and oft I've spent the summer day from dawn,
 And wondered, when the sunset came, where time and care had
 gone,

Along the reaches curling fresh, the wimpling pools and streams,
 Where he that day his cares forgot in these delightful dreams.

His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested now,
 And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his brow,
 And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the sod,
 He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God;
 And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs dear,
 And against a godless church and king he spoke up loud and clear.

And now, upon his homeward way he crossed the Collon high,
 And over bush and bank and brae he sent abroad his eye,
 But all was darkening peacefully in gray and purple haze,
 The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the braes —
 When suddenly shot up a blaze — from the cave's mouth it came;
 And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing in the same!

He couched among the heather, and he saw them, as he lay,
 With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east away;
 Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer came he,
 For ashes black were crackling where the green whins used to be,
 And stretched among the prickly coomb his heart's blood smoking
 round,
 From slender nose to breast-bone cleft, lay dead his good greyhound!

"They've slain my dog, the Philistines! they've ta'en my bonny
 mare!" —

He plunged into the smoky hole; no bonny beast was there —
 He groped beneath his burning bed, (it burned him to the bone,)
 Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword there was none;
 He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a stone,
 And in the shadows of the night 'twas thus he made his moan —

"I am a houseless outcast; I have neither bed nor board,
 Nor living thing to look upon, nor comfort save the Lord:
 Yet was the good Elijah once in worse extremity;
 Who succored him in his distress, He now will succor me;
 He now will succor me, I know; and, by His holy name,
 I'll make the doers of this deed right dearly rue the same!

"My bonny mare! I've ridden you when Claver'se rode behind,
 And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like the wind;
 And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank, I swear,
 Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair!

Though sword to wield they've left me none — yet Wallace wight,
 I wis,
 Good battle did on Irvine side wi' waur weapon than this." —

His fishing-rod with both his hands he griped it as he spoke,
 And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain he broke;
 The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
 But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike of iron shod,
 He ground the sharp spear to a point; then pulled his bonnet down,
 And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall and Carrick Castle gray,
 And up thine aisle, Saint Nicholas, has ta'en his morning way;
 And to the North-Gate sentinel displayeth far and near
 Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness clear,

Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to view,
Is peering from the ivy green a bonnet of the blue.

The sun shines red on Carrick wall and Carrick Castle old,
And all the western buttresses have changed their gray for gold ;
And from thy shrine, Saint Nicholas ! the pilgrim of the sky
Hath gone in rich farewell, as fits such royal votary ;
But, as his last red glance he takes down past black Slieve-a-true,
He leaveth where he found it first, the bonnet of the blue.

Again he makes the turrets gray stand out before the hill,
Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet still !
And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant show
Prick jeering grooms and burghers blithe, and troopers in a row ;
But one has little care for jest, so hard bestead is he
To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at last is she !

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a groan,
The iron and the hickory are through and through him gone !
He lies a corpse ; and where he sat the outlaw sits again,
And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur and rein ;
Then some with sword and some with gun, they ride and run amain ;
But sword and gun, and whip and spur, that day they plied in vain !

Ah ! little thought Willy Gilliland, when he on Skerry side
Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow after that weary ride,
That where he lay like hunted brute, a caverned outlaw lone,
Broad lands and yeoman tenantry should yet be there his own ;
Yet so it was ; and still from him descendants not a few
Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of Freedom too.
1829.

MOLLY MULDOON.

MOLLY MULDOON was an Irish Girl,

And as fine a one

As you'd look upon

In the cot of a peasant or hall of an earl.

Her teeth were white, though not of pearl, —

And dark was her hair, but it did not curl ;

Yet few who gazed on her teeth and her hair,

But owned that a power o' beauty was there.

Now many a hearty and rattling gorsoon

Whose fancy had charmed his heart into tune,

Would dare to approach fair Molly Muldoon,

But for *that* in her eye

Which made most of them shy

And look quite ashamed, though they couldn't tell why —

Her eyes were large, dark blue, and clear,
 And *heart* and *mind* seemed in them blended.
 If *intellect* sent you one look severe
Love instantly leapt in the next to mend it —
 Hers was the eye to check the rude,
 And hers the eye to stir emotion,
 To keep the sense and soul subdued,
 And calm desire into devotion.

There was Jemmy O'Hare,
 As fine a boy as you'd see in a fair,
 And wherever Molly was he was there.
 His face was round and his build was square,
 And he sported as rare
 And tight a pair
 Of legs, to be sure, as are found any where.
 And Jemmy would wear
 His *carbeen* and hair
 With such a peculiar and rollicking air,
 That I'd venture to swear
 Not a girl in Kildare
 Nor Victoria's self, if she chanced to be there,
 Could resist his wild way — called "Devil may care."
 Not a boy in the parish could match him for fun,
 Nor wrestle, nor leap, nor hurl, nor run
 With Jemmy — No gorsoon could equal him — None.
 At wake or at wedding, at feast or at fight,
 At throwing the sledge with such dext'rous sleight, —
 He was the envy of men, and the women's delight.

Now Molly Muldoon liked Jemmy O'Hare,
 And in troth Jemmy loved in his heart Miss Muldoon.
 I believe in my conscience a purtier pair
 Never danced in a tent at a pattern in June, —
 To a bagpipe or fiddle
 On the rough cabin door
 That is placed in the middle —
 Ye may talk as ye will,
 There's a grace in the limbs of the peasantry there
 With which People of Quality couldn't compare.
 And Molly and Jemmy were counted the two
 That would keep up the longest, and go the best through
 All the jigs and the reels
 That have occupied heels
 Since the days of the Murtaghs and Brian Boru.

It was on a long bright sunny day
 They sat on a green knoll side by side,

But neither just then had much to say ;
 Their hearts were so full that they only tried
 To do any thing foolish just to hide,
 What both of them felt, but what Molly denied.
 They pluck'd the speckled daisies that grew
 Close by their arms, — then tore them too ;
 And the bright little leaves that they broke from the stalk
 They threw at each other for want of talk ;
 While the heart-lit look and the sunny smile,
 Reflected pure souls without art or guile,
 And every time Molly sighed or smiled,
 Jem felt himself grow as soft as a child ;
 And he fancied the sky never looked so bright,
 The grass so green, the daisies so white :
 Every thing looked so gay in his sight
 That gladly he'd linger to watch them till night —
 And Molly herself thought each little bird
 Whose warbling notes her calm soul stirred,
 Sang only his lay but by her to be heard.

An Irish courtship's short and sweet,
 It's sometimes foolish and indiscreet ;
 But who is wise when his young heart's heat
 Whips the pulse to a galloping beat —
 Ties up his judgment neck and feet,
 And makes him the slave of a blind conceit ?
 Sneer not therefore, at the loves of the poor,
 Though their manners be rude their affections are pure ;
 They look not by art, and they love not by rule,
 For their souls are not tempered in fashion's cold school.
 O ! give me the love that endures no control
 But the delicate instinct that springs from the soul,
 As the mountain stream gushes its freshness and force,
 Yet obedient, wherever it flows, to its source.
 Yes, give me the love that but nature has taught,
 By rank unallured and by riches unbought ;
 Whose very simplicity keeps it secure —
 The love that illumines the hearts of the poor.

All blushful was Molly, or shy at least
 As one week before Lent
 Jem procured her consent
 To go the next Sunday and spake to the priest.
 Shrove-Tuesday was named for the wedding to be,
 And it dawned as bright as they'd wish to see.
 And Jemmy was up at the day's first peep,
 For the livelong night no wink could he sleep.
 A bran new coat, with a bright big button
 He took from a chest and carefully put on —

And brogues as well *lampblack* as ever went foot on
 Were greased with the fat of a *quare* sort of mutton!
 Then a tidier *gorsoon* couldn't be seen
 Treading the Emerald Sod so green —
 Light was his step and bright was his eye
 As he walked through the *slobbery* streets of Athy.
 And each girl he passed bid "God bless him" and sighed,
 While she wished in her heart that herself was the bride.

Hush! here's the Priest — let not the least
 Whisper be heard till the father has ceased.
 "Come bridegroom and bride,
 That the knot may be tied
 Which no power upon earth can hereafter divide."
 Up rose the bride and the bridegroom too,
 And a passage was made for them both to walk through;
 And his Rev'ence stood with a sanctified face,
 Which spread its infection around the place.
 The bridesmaid bustled and whispered the bride,
 Who felt so confused that she almost cried,
 But at last bore up and walked forward, where
 The Father was standing with solemn air;
 The bridegroom was following after with pride,
When his piercing eye something awful espied!
 He stopped and sighed,
 Looked round and tried
 To tell what he saw, but his tongue denied:
 With a spring and a roar
 He jumped to the door,
AND THE BRIDE LAID HER EYES ON THE BRIDEGROOM NO MORE!

Some years sped on,
 Yet heard no one,
 Of Jemmy O'Hare, or where he had gone.
 But since the night of that widow'd feast,
 The strength of poor Molly had ever decreas'd;
 Till, at length, from earth's sorrow her soul releas'd,
 Fled up to be ranked with the saints at least.
 And the morning poor Molly to live had ceased,
 Just five years after the widow'd feast,
 An American letter was brought to the priest,
 Telling of Jemmy O'Hare deceas'd!
 Who, ere his death,
 With his latest breath,
 To a spiritual father unburdened his breast,
 And the cause of his sudden departure confest, —
 "O! Father!" says he, "I've not long to live,
 So I'll freely confess, and hope you'll forgive—"

That same Molly Muldoon, sure I loved her indeed;
 Ay, as well as the Creed
 That was never forsaken by one of my breed;
 But I couldn't have married her after I saw" —
 "Saw what!" cried the Father, desirous to hear —
 And the chair that he sat in unconsciously rocking —
 "Not in her 'karàcter,' yer Rev'rince a flaw" —
 The sick man here dropped a significant tear,
 And died as he whispered in the clergyman's ear —
 "But I saw, God forgive her, A HOLE IN HER STOCKING!"

THE MORAL.

Lady readers, love may be
 Fixed in hearts immovably,
 May be strong and may be pure;
 Faith may lean on faith secure,
 Knowing adverse fate's endeavor
 Makes that faith more firm than ever:
 But the purest love and strongest,
 Love that has endured the longest,
 Braving cross, and blight, and trial,
 Fortune's bar, or pride's denial,
 Would — no matter what its trust —
 Be uprooted by DISGUST: —
 Yes, the love that might for years
 Spring in suffering, grow in tears,
 Parents' frigid counsel mocking,
 Might be — where's the use in talking? —
 Upset by a BROKEN STOCKING?

MAY.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

Would that thou couldst last for aye,
 Merry, ever-merry May!
 Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers,
 Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
 Dripping-lock'd, and rosy vested,
 Violet-slipper'd, — rainbow-crested;
 Girdled with the eglantine,
 Festoon'd with the dewy vine:
 Merry, ever-merry May,
 Would that thou couldst last for aye!

Out beneath thy morning sky
 Dian's bow still hangs on high ;
 And in the blue depths afar
 Glimmers here and there a star.
 Diamonds robe the bending grass,
 Glistening, early flowers among —
 Monad's world and fairy's glass, —
 Bathing-fount for wandering sprite —
 By mysterious fingers hung,
 In the lone and quiet night.
 Now the freshening breezes pass —
 Gathering, as they steal along,
 Rich perfume and matin song ;
 And quickly to destruction hurl'd,
 Is fairy's diamond glass, and Monad's dew-drop world.

Lo ! yon cloud, which hung but now
 Black upon the mountain's brow,
 Threatening the green earth with storm ;
 See ! it heaves its giant form,
 And ever changing shape and hue,
 Each time presenting something new,
 Moves slowly up, and spreading rolls away
 Towards the rich purple streaks that usher in the day ;
 Brightening, as it onward goes,
 Until its very centre glows
 With the warm cheering light, the coming sun bestows ;
 As the passing Christian's soul,
 Nearing the celestial goal,
 Brighter and brighter grows, till God illumines the whole.

Out beneath thy evening sky
 Not a breeze that wanders by
 But hath swept the green earth's bosom, —
 Rifling the rich grape-vine blossom,
 Dallying with the simplest flower
 In mossy nook and rosy bower ;
 To the perfumed green-house straying,
 And with rich exotics playing ;
 Then, unsated, sweeping over
 Banks of thyme, and fields of clover !

Out beneath the evening sky,
 Groups of children caper by,
 Crown'd with flowers, and rush along
 With joyous laugh, and shout, and song
 Flashing eye and radiant cheek
 Spirits all unsunn'd bespeak.

They are in life's May-month hours,
And those wild bursts of joy, what are they but life's flowers?

Out beneath the noontide sky,
Earth how beautiful ! how clear
Of clouds or mist the atmosphere !
What a glory greets the eye !
What a calm or quiet stir,
Steals o'er Nature's worshipper —
Silent, yet so eloquent,
That we feel 'tis heaven sent !
Waking thoughts that long have slumber'd,
Passion-dimmi'd and earth-encumber'd —
Bearing sense and soul away,
To revel in the perfect day
Which waits us, where we shall for aye
Discard this darksome dust — this prison-house of clay !

THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

BY SIR A. DE VERE.

[Sir Aubrey De Vere was born in the year 1786, and after a life well spent in the performance of his duty as a good landlord and an active country gentleman, died at his seat, Curragh Chase, county of Limerick, in 1846. He was distinguished for his literary attainments, and for his high poetic genius. He was the author of several dramatic works, in which he depicts the tragic passions with power and truthfulness; his poems and songs are instinct with grace and feeling. Among his works are "Mary Tudor," "The Lamentation of Ireland," &c.. "The Duke of Mercia," "Julian the Apostate," "The Search after Proserpine," and some minor poems.

The Battle of Busaco was fought between the combined British and Portuguese armies and the French, on the 27th September, 1810. The former were commanded by Wellington, Hill, Crawford and Picton, and numbered fifty thousand men; the latter by Massena, Ney (Duke of Elchingen), and Regnier, and were sixty thousand strong. Wellington had been retreating before the superior forces of Massena, who boasted that he would drive the English leopards into the sea. The British General having now obtained the most favorable position of the Sierra, determined to check Massena's further pursuit. Preparations were immediately made, and the forces were disposed in proper order of battle. At day-dawn, and whilst the mist and gray clouds were rolling away, Ney's division advanced straight up the hill against Crawford's, and in spite of all opposition gained the crest of the Ridge, — but were immediately repulsed by a furious and deadly bayonet-charge made by the 88th and 45th regiments. In the struggle both parties mingled together, and fought hand to hand down the mountain-side, amidst the greatest clamor and confusion, — the dead and dying strewing the way to the bottom of the valley. After a short time the French reformed their ranks, and under Loison again ascended with wonderful alacrity, in defiance of musketry and artillery, to the very crest of the hollow, scooped out of the Ridge, in which the British were intrenched; their order was never disturbed nor their speed diminished till their victorious cries were heard within a few yards of the summit. In this emergency Colonel Wallace, who was without orders, turned to his men and addressed to them a few stirring words, — telling them to reserve their fire till they could press upon the enemy to the muzzle. In an instant the wild and terrific shout of

the Connaught Rangers startled the French Column, and two thousand bayonets went bristling over the brow of the hill. In twenty minutes, the murderous conflict was decided, and the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz reeled before the thunder-shout of *Faugh a ballagh!* The ballad describes the French as a "reckless train," and says that they fled unresistingly. Such was not the fact. General Napier, who can extol the gallantry of an enemy, as brave men only can, says of this battle, — that after the most astonishing efforts of valor, the French were repulsed in the manner to be expected from the strength of the ground and the efficiency of the soldiers opposed to them. And that on the British side musketry and artillery were brought into full and deadly activity, whilst the French sought to gain the day by daring resolution, rather than by fire. About 4,000 of the French were slain, and 1,300 British and Portuguese.]

THE shadows lie broad on yon mountainous heath,
And deep sinks the gloom in the valleys beneath;
Black clouds veil the sky, and the night-breeze blows chill
From the wild matted woods round the base of the hill.
But the wind dies away as the morning is near,
And the gathering of foemen sounds sharp on the ear;
For the morrow's first sun must behold their array
As they march to the Battle, and challenge the fray!

The dawn kindles fast; as an inflowing tide
The bright beams dilate o'er a wilderness wide;
Like isles of the air beams each pinnacled height,
With its feet wrapped in clouds, and its head crown'd with light;
While darkness still broods o'er the dingles below,
And Mondego's fierce currents in solitude flow.
There's a tremulous gleam through the vapory air,
Where the tower-crown'd ridge of Busaco stands bare.

And the long level ray of the morning illumines
A bright throng of bayonets, banners, and plumes!
But the silence of nature, the calm of the hour
Is preserved by that resolute host in their power.
How softly the heath-scented gale breathes around!
How sweet grows from distance the waterfall's sound,
As its deep tone unites with the dove's matin song,
And the melody floats on the breezes along!

O! breezes of Heaven, how soon must ye swell
With the thunders of battle, and combatants' yell!
Pure torrents! how soon must ye burst on the plain,
All crimson'd with slaughter — all choked with the slain!
Hark! hark! 'twas the dreadful artillery's roar!
And Mondego, reëchoing, shouts from his shore!
O'er the smoke proudly hover the eagles of France!
Thro' the sulphurous gloom the invaders advance! —

Hark again! 'twas the drum — 'twas the trumpets' fierce clang,
And the madd'ning huzzas of the vanguard that rang.

See, they scale the steep rocks — see, the summit is won,
 And as thousands are crush'd, bolder thousands rush on.
 Vain — vain every toil, for the Britons are there,
 And the Red Cross triumphantly floats on the air;
 And the brave sons of Erin are there in their might,
 While invincible Wellington marshals the fight !

There, foremost he stands, where the thickest balls fly,
 And Victory follows the glance of his eye ! —
 Spur, Elchingen, spur ! — push thy charger ahead
 Though he trample alike both the dying and dead ;
 For thy panic-struck bands fly the bayonets' shock,
 As some wild torrent headlong leaps forth from a rock —
 Spur, Elchingen, spur, o'er the dying and slain,
 And curb the wild rout of yon recreant train.

For all scatter'd like sparks from a down-trodden fire,
 Unresisting they fly, unavailing expire !
 O, vain every effort ! — who dreameth to bind
 The surges of ocean, or limit the wind ?
 Still they fly, but the death-shout resounds in their ear ;
 And the tramp of the foemen grows near and more near ;
 For Britain now bursts on the fugitive throng,
 And sweeps like an avalanche, resistless along !

'Tis sunset — and now, from the bright edge of heaven,
 Yon orb shoots aloft the last glories of even ;
 And the glowing clouds float o'er the bright crimson sky
 Like standards of Vict'ry unfurl'd on high !
 O'er far Caramula the deep blood-red stain,
 As if risen from earth, streams from heaven again ;
 And Estrella seems dyed to her snowiest peak,
 Like the deepening flush of a mild maiden's cheek.

'Tis sunset — the sounds of the fight die away ;
 The conflict expires with the waning of day ;
 The fugitives rush through the dark ilex shade,
 And fling from their grasp the encumbering blade —
 Yet hark ! still arise from the path of the foe
 New records of vengeance — new wailings of woe ;
 The villages blaze, and beneath the red gleam
 Swell the shouts of the spoiler — the victims' wild scream.

The foe, like the drag of a fast ebbing tide,
 Is fiercest at parting, and none may abide !
 The tempest is past — but, what murmurs are these,
 That fitfully pass on the swell of the breeze ? —
 'Twas the last sob of pain — the last struggle of death,
 And the sad stifled moan of the soldier's last breath.

THE WAR NOTE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

GATHER together the nations ! proclaim the war to all :
 Armor and sword are girding in palace, and tower, and hall,
 The Kings of the earth are donning their feudal mail again,
 Gather together the nations ! arouse and arm THE MEN.

Who cometh from the icy north ? 'Tis Russia's mighty Czar ;
 With giant hand he pointeth to a never-setting star.
 The Cossack springs on his charger — the Tartar leaves his den !
 Ho ! herald souls of Europe, arouse and arm THE MEN.

What does the Frank at Rome, with the Russian at the Rhine ?
 And Albion, pallid as her cliffs, shows neither soul nor sign ;
 See how pale Bomba trembles in his foul Sicilian fen.
 Ho ! wardens of the world's strongholds, arouse and arm THE MEN.

The future circlet nearer on its gray portentous wings,
 Pale are the cheeks of Princes, and sore afraid are Kings !
 Once faced by the furious nations, they'll flee in fear, and then,
 By the right divine of the fittest, we shall have the reign of MEN !

O, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

O, THE sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing !
 When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating.
 O, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather —
 For ask yon despot, whether

His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together.
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em —
 Give man but heart and freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis mind alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free for ever.
 O, that sight entrancing,
 When the morning's beam is glancing,
 O'er files array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And in Freedom's cause advancing !

THE HERMIT.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way,
 To where yon taper cheers the vale
 With hospitable ray ;

"For here, forlorn and lost, I tread
 With fainting steps and slow —
 Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
 "To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 For yonder faithless phantom flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here, to the houseless child of want
 My door is open still ;
 And, though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

"Then turn, to-night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows —
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn —
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But, from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring —
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger slowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far, in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly press'd and smil'd ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries —
The cricket chirrup in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies ;

But, nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe —
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied —
 With answering care oppress'd ;
 " And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
 " The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove ?
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay —
 And those who prize the paltry things
 More trifling still than they ;

" And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep —
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep ?

" And love is still an emptier sound —
 The modern fair-one's jest ;
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush —
 And spurn the sex," he said ;
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His lovelorn guest betray'd :

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view —
 Like colors o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms :
 The lovely stranger stands confess'd,
 A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn," she cried —
 " Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 Where heaven and you reside ;

" But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray —
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne —
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

"Each hour, a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd —
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had —
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossoms opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind;

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there, forlorn, despairing, hid —
 I'll lay me down and die ;
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven !" the hermit cried,
 And clasp'd her to his breast :
 The wondering fair-one turned to chide —
 'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn, Angelina ! ever dear —
 My charmer, turn to see
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign ;
 And shall we never, never part,
 My life — my all that's mine !

"No ; never from this hour to part,
 We'll live and love so true :
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE SIEGE OF HENSBURGH.

BY DR. JOHN RYAN.

["When the Emperor Conrad the Third had besieged Guelphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensburgh, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it with as much as each of them could carry. The Emperor, knowing that they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition ; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place, with every one her husband on her back. The Emperor was so much moved at the sight, that he burst into tears, and, after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, he gave the men to their wives, and received the Duke into his favor." — *Spectator*, Vol. vii., No. 499.]

BRAVE news ! brave news ! the Emperor
 Hath girded on his sword,
 And swears by the rood, in angry mood,
 And eke by his knightly word,
 That humbled Hensburgh's towers shall be,
 With all her boasted chivalry.

The brazen clarion's battle note
 Hath sounded through the land ;

And brave squire and knight, in their armor dight,
Ay, many a gallant band,
Have heard the summons far and near,
And come with falchion and with spear.

"Ho ! to the rebel city, ho !
Let vengeance lead the way !"
And anon the sheen of their spears was seen,
As they rushed upon the prey.
Beneath where Hensburgh's turrets frown'd
Great Conrad chose his vantage-ground.

Far stretching o'er the fertile plain
His snow-white tents were spread ;
And the sweet night air, as it linger'd there,
Caught the watchful sentry's tread.
Then o'er the city's battlement
The tell-tale breeze its echo sent.

Day after day the leaguer sat
Before that city's wall,
And yet, day by day, the proud Guelph cried "Nay,"
To the herald's warning call ;
Heedless from morn to eventide,
How many a famish'd mother died !

Weak childhood and the aged man,
Wept — sorely wept for bread ;
And pale Hunger seem'd, as his wild eye gleam'd
On the yet unburied dead,
As if he longed, alas ! to share
The night-dog's cold, unhallow'd fare.

No longer Hensburgh's banner floats ;
Hush'd is her battle-cry,
For a victor waits at her shatter'd gates,
And her sons are doom'd to die.
But Hensburgh's daughters yet shall prove
The saviours of the homes they love !

All glory to the Emperor,
The merciful and brave ;
Sound, clarions, sound, tell the news around,
And ye drooping banners wave !
Hensburgh's fair daughters, ye are free ;
Go forth, with all your "*braverie* !"

"Bid them go forth," the Emperor cried,
"Far from the scene of strife,

Whether matron staid, or the blushing maid,
 Or the daughter, or the wife;
 For ere yon sun hath left the sky,
 Each man within shall surely die.

"Bid them go forth," the Emperor said,
 "We wage not war with *them*;
 Bid them all go free, with their '*braverie*,'
 And each richly valued gem;
 Let each upon her person bear
 That which she deems her *chiefest* care."

The city's gates are open'd wide;
 The leaguer stands amazed;
 'Twas a glorious deed, and shall have its meed,
 And by minstrel shall be praised,
 For each had left her jewell'd tire,
 To bear a husband, or a sire.

With faltering step each laden'd one
 At Conrad's feet appears;
 In amaze he stood, but his thirst for blood
 Was quench'd by his falling tears;
 The victor wept aloud to see
 Devoted woman's constancy.

All glory to the Emperor, —
 All glory and renown!
 He hath sheath'd his sword, and his royal word
 Hath gone forth to save the town;
*For woman's love is mightier far
 Than all the strategies of war.*

ST. KEVIN TO HIS SISTER.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

SWEET sister Eva, my dark soul is weary
 Pursuing phantoms, still in doubt and tears,
 With bitter pain, thro' deserts foul and dreary,
 Entrapp'd in ambush and transfixed with spears.
 Sister, to thee I come in humble sorrow,
 To know the future and deplore the past.
 Gaze thro' my spirit — say, shall mercy's morrow,
 Thro' grief's dark billow, shine on me at last?

The more I strive to virtue's high dominion,
 With faltering footstep but unshaken will,

With sullied robe and sorely wounded pinion,
 I fall down wailing from the sacred hill.
 My soul was once a pictured constellation,
 Dream-peopled ever with seraphic throngs,
 I knew no joy like tears of adoration,
 I loved no music but celestial songs.

My heart is silent and mine eyes grow moister,
 All sweet emotions overflow my soul,
 When thro' the woods that shrine the lonely cloister
 The vesper bells in holy sadness toll.
 Splendor of God! how fair and Christ-like shining,
 The soul arrayed in virtue's beamy robe,
 Such heaven's pure queen, the stars her brows entwining,
 Sun-clad and gliding on the lunar globe.

I see afar the lofty crystal mountain,
 In rainbows veil'd, whence gush the springs of life,
 And thirst to quaff them, but no sacred fountain
 Revives my heart that faints in ceaseless strife.
 O, could I burst the heavy chains that bind me,
 As soars a golden eagle to the sun,
 No cloud should stay, nor brightest lightning blind me,
 Till pois'd 'mid heaven my starry home were won.

But vain, in vain, for ever upward soaring,
 The shining gates a fearful darkness bars,
 Thro' which, with tears, I see the blest adoring,
 Among the splendent temples of the stars,
 By Glendalough, one summer eve I slumbered,
 Night's holy standard o'er the lake unfurl'd,
 And swift as thought, as angel shields unnumber'd,
 Flash'd forth the armies of the starry world ;

And from mine eyes the film of earth was riven,
 On ev'ry globe I saw an em'rald throne.
 And one to each victorious soul was given :
 But ah ! I wept — in vain I sought my own.
 Sweet sister Eva, child of song and vision,
 Harp of the cloister, songstress of the shrine,
 Read thou my dream, thy voice be fate's decision,
 To hear thee humbly, and obey, be mine.

And if thy lips command me forth for ever,
 Beyond the burning portals of the dawn,
 Fear not ; our God shall aid my weak endeavor,
 And fix my will like oaks on Derrybawn,*

* Derrybawn, the hill of white oaks, overhangs Glendalough, and still abounds with the forest-tree, from which it takes its name.

And as with ease creative sculpture fashions
 The soft, yet fire-resisting Broeka stone,*
 My heart, unscath'd by earth's consuming passions,
 Shall melt to grace's plastic hand alone.

THE FORSAKEN GOBLET.

BY B. SIMMONS.

TAKE away that fair goblet — at least for to-night,
 Till my heart is less heavy, my fancy more bright;
 In the land of the Stranger I pine when I see
 That memento of joys that have perish'd to me.

Of the looks I last pledged o'er its luminous brim,
 All are distant, and some of the brightest are dim,
 And this moment the gleams of its silver appear
 Like the flash of the plate on dead Revelry's bier.

And back from the bier, as I sit in the gloom
 In which Spring's sickly twilight envelops the room,
 Stalks that long-buried Bacchant, and circles my board
 With the shadows of all I have loved and deplored.

Again at the banquet we sit, but how mute!
 With the grape in the chalice, the hand on the lute,
 The lips of the lovely apart, — but in vain
 May the thirsting heart pant for their musical rain.

Take away that fair wine-cup! — I've none with me now,
 To laugh back the ruby that reddens its flow —
 It was moulded for Hope's happy meetings with mirth,
 Not for passion's pale hermit alone at his hearth.

KITTY NEIL.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL. D.

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel;
 Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
 Come trip down with me to the sycamore-tree —
 Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.

* From the Broeka mountain is quarried Actinolite, containing garnet and asbestos, to which latter constituent it is indebted for a great power of resisting fire.

The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley,
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing,
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to — go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil —
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipe to his knee,
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground —
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose — feet light as the doe's —
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue
Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so mildly —
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form —
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye as he cries, with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

THE SACK OF MAGDEBURGH.

BY DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

[The sack of this ill-fated city occurred during the Thirty Years' War. The partisans of the Reformation formed a union as early as 1608; and the Catholics in opposition established a league in 1609. Here were the elements of an inevitable contest, and in 1618 the struggle commenced. For 30 years, Europe was the battlefield of religious factions, and Germany was reduced to a wilderness. Fire and sword desolated it from end to end. The only result was the improvement of the art of war, by the genius of Gustavus Adolphus, and the terrible warning it affords to those who stir up the religious animosities of a nation. — The defence of Magdeburgh was confided to Christian William of Brandenburg, and the gallant Colonel Falkenberg, who was sent by Gustavus Adolphus to its support. The investing army of the League was commanded by Tilly, a stern soldier, whose boast was that he never tasted wine, never lost his chastity, nor ever suffered defeat. Gustavus, however, conquered him ultimately; but he had no occasion to

retract his boast, for he fell with his defeat. At the sack of Magdeburgh, Tilly was before the city from March, 1631, and was about to raise the siege, in expectation of Gustavus to its assistance, but he was over-ruled by the fiery Pappenheim, who proposed an immediate attack. Preparations were made forthwith, and the storming commenced. In about six weeks the city fell, notwithstanding the bravery of the garrison, and it is estimated that upwards of 25,000 persons perished.]

WHEN the breach was open laid, bold we mounted to the attack ;
Five times the assault was made, — four times were we beaten
back.

Many a gallant comrade fell, in the desperate melee there ;
Sped their spirits ill or well, — know I not nor do I care.

But the fifth time, up we strode o'er the dying and the dead ;
Hot the western sunbeam glowed, sinking in a blaze of red.
Redder in the gory way, our deep-plashing footsteps sank,
As the cry of "Slay, slay, slay !" echoed fierce from rank to rank.

And we slew, and slew, and slew — slew them with unpitied
sword :

Negligently could we do the commanding of the Lord ?
Fled the coward — fought the brave, — wailed the mother, wept the
child,

But not one escaped the glaive, man who frowned, or babe who
smiled.

There were thrice ten thousand men, when the morning sun arose ;
Lived not thrice three hundred when sunk that sun at evening close.
Then we spread the wasting flame, fanned to fury by the wind ;
Of the city, but the name — nothing more is left behind !

Hall and palace, dome and tower, lowly shed and soaring spire,
Fell in that victorious hour which consigned the town to fire.
All that rose at craftsman's call — to its pristine dust had gone,
For, inside the shattered wall, left we never stone on stone —

For it burnt not till it gave all it had to yield of spoil ;
Should not brave soldadoes have some rewarding for their toil ?
What the villain sons of trade, had amass'd by years of care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid, by one moment won, was there.

Then, within the burning town, 'mid the steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sounds of hostile moan, did we the joyous banquet
spread.

Laughing loud and quaffing long, with our glorious labors o'er ;
To the sky our jocund song, told *the city was no more !*

SUMMER LONGINGS.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May —
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May —
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May —
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May —
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows ;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah ! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings ;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away :
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May !

LAMENT FOR DÆDALUS.

BY JOHN STERLING.

[The subject of this poem was a celebrated sculptor of Greece, who lived, as we are told, three generations before the Trojan war. Mankind is indebted to him, it appears, for the discovery of several of the mechanical powers. Dædalus was the most ingenious artist of his time, having made statues to which he communicated the power of motion, like animated beings. They were of two kinds, one sort having a spring which stopped them when one pleased; while the others, having no such contrivance, went along to the end of their line, and could not be stopped. Plato and Socrates used these different statues in illustration of some of their theories. With regard to *opinion*, they taught that so far as it was human, it was founded only on probabilities; but that when God enlightened men, that which was opinion before, now became science. They compared opinion to those statues which could not be stopped in consequence of its instability and constant change; but when it is restrained and fixed by reasoning drawn from sources which Divine Light discovers to us, then opinion becomes science, like those statues of Dædalus which had the governing spring added to them. — This lament is taken from an unassuming little volume of "Poems," published by our author in 1840, and contains some genuine poetry. Most of the pieces appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the signature of "Archæus."]

WAIL for Dædalus, all that is fairest !
 All that is tuneful in air or wave !
 Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,
 Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave !

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,
 Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,
 That know not a past, nor expect a morrow
 On many a moonlight Grecian wold !

By sculptured cave and darken'd river
 Thee, Dædalus, oft the nymphs recall ;
 The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
 Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
 Of all that crowd on the tear-dimm'd eye,
 Though, Dædalus, thou no more commandest
 New stars to that ever-widening sky.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
 Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;
 By bed and table they lord it o'er us
 With looks of beauty and words of good.

They tell us and show us of man victorious
 O'er all that's aimless, blind, and base ;
 Their presence has made our nature glorious,
 And given our night an illumined face.

Thy toil has won them a godlike quiet;
Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely sphere;
Their eyes to calm rebuke our riot,
And shape us a home of refuge here.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit;
In them their sire his beauty sees:
We too, a younger brood, inherit
The gifts and blessings bestow'd on these.

But, ah! their wise and bounteous seeming
Recalls the more that the sage is gone;
Weeping we wake from deceitful dreaming,
And find our voiceless chamber lone.

Dædalus, thou from the twilight fleest,
Which thou with visions hast made so bright;
And when no more those shapes thou seest,
Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

Ev'n in the noblest of man's creations,
Those fresh worlds round those old of ours,
When the seer is gone, the orphan'd nations
Know but the tombs of perish'd Powers.

Wail for Dædalus, Earth and Ocean!
Stars and Sun, lament for him!
Ages, quake in strange commotion!
All ye realms of life, be dim!

Wail for Dædalus, awful voices,
From earth's deep centre mankind appall;
Seldom ye sound, and then Death rejoices,
For he knows that then the mightiest fall.

COLUMBUS.

BY G. H. SUPPLE.

PALE mariners, mute craftsmen, O! speed your strange task well,
Fit your slender carvels for the shoreless western swell —
Fit your slender carvels to follow yon stately stranger,
To seek new worlds thro' wilderness of waves and trackless danger;
To brave unknown, sea-monsters' wrath and sea-maids' fatal wile,
To seek Cathay, forsooth, and rich Cipango's distant isle.
And who this man, in speech and gesture simple as a child —
But stern betimes as suits sea-roamer, planner of such day-dreams
wild?

The morning is breaking on Palos bay,
On its town, and wharf, and ramparts gray,
On three barks at their moorings that gallantly ride,
With the towers of Castile on their flags of pride;
But where are their crews, our lost kinsmen, who shall
Embark before noon in each doomed caraval?
There's wringing of hands and wailing and woe,
As the gathering crowds to the churches go —

As the seamen enter, and onward press
Where the friars are standing to shrive and confess;
And as they come out, redoubles the rout
Along the streets and shore —
For maidens are there with dishevelled hair
And matrons with sobbing sore;
But for Alonzo Pinzon's hand,
Never that day had they left the land.

But hush! what deep stillness creeps over the crowd —
What stranger is this striding stately and proud?
Erect is his figure — his gray hairs bare,
And his bronzed cheek channelled by thought or care.
They open before him, but as he passes
One yell bursts forth from the spell-bound masses:
One long, long yell of hate and rage,
With curses from manhood, and childhood, and age.

Ha! how they curse him — his bronzed cheek flushes,
And haughtiest scorn to his proud eye rushes —
They curse him, but still that rabble yell
Grew faint on each lip, where his stern glance fell.
One moment only his passion grows,
One moment only his broad brow glows;
One moment only they stand defied
By his heart of flame and lip of pride!

Onward he passed, nor heard nor heeded
The shouts that still each shout succeeded —
Away, away, in thought he flies
To far off regions and tropic skies,
To realms more gorgeous in gems and gold
Than Marco Polo ever told,
To unbroken oceans and virgin isles —
And musing his gray eye lights and smiles.

A thousand trumpets ring within old Barcelona's walls —
A thousand gallant nobles throng in Barcelona's halls,
The old grandees of Arragon, the knights of proud Castile,
Soft Andalusia's beauty, and rough Biscay's manhood leal,

All met to gaze on him who wrought a pathway for mankind,
Thro' seas as broad, to worlds as rich as his triumphant mind;
And king and queen will grace, forsooth, the mariner's array —
The lonely seaman scoffed and scorned in Palos town that day.

He comes, he comes, the gates swing wide, and through the streets
advance

His cavalcade in proud parade, with plume and pennoned lance,
And natives of those new-found worlds and treasures all untold —
And in the midst the Admiral, his charger trapped with gold;
And all are wild with joy, and blithe the gladsome clarion's swell,
And dames and princes press to greet, and loud the myriads yell —
They cheer — that mob — they wildly cheer — Columbus checks his
rein,

And bends him to the beauteous dames and Cavaliers of Spain,
And bends him to the people too, but thoughtful is his smile,
And mid their cheers, as calm his glance, as mid their rage erewhile.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

PALER and thinner the morning moon grew,
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew —
The pole-star had set in a forest of cloud,
And the icicles crackled on spar and on shroud,
When a voice from below we heard feebly cry,
"Let me see — let me see — my own land ere I die."

"Ah, dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?
You are young, my brave boy; thanks, thanks, for your hand,
Help me up, till I get a last glimpse of the land —
Thank God, 'tis the sun that now reddens the sky,
I shall see — I shall see — my own land ere I die.

"Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble and old,
And one half of my heart is already stone cold;
Forty years work a change! when I first crossed this sea
There were few on the deck that could grapple with me.
But my youth and my prime in Ohio went by,
And I'm come back to see the old spot ere I die."

'Twas a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck,
His arm round a kindly young mariner's neck,
His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east,
As a starveling might stare at the noise of a feast —

The morn quickly rose and revealed to his eye
The land he had prayed to behold, and then die!

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done —
High and haughty the capes the white surf dash'd upon —
A gray ruined Convent was down by the strand,
And the sheep fed afar, on the hills of the land!
"God be with you, dear Ireland," he gasped with a sigh,
"I have lived to behold you — I'm ready to die."

He sunk by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to fail,
As we swept by the headland of storied Kinsale —
Off Ardigna bay, it came slower and slower,
And his corpse was clay cold as we sighted Tramore.
At Passage we waked him, and now he doth lie,
In the lap of the land, he beheld but to die.

MAN'S MISSION.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE).

HUMAN lives are silent teaching —
Be they earnest, mild, and true —
Noble deeds are noblest preaching
From the consecrated few.
Poet-Priests their anthems singing,
Hero-swords on corselet ringing,
When Truth's banner is unfurled;
Youthful preachers, genius-gifted,
Pouring forth their souls uplifted,
Till their preaching stirs the world.

Each must work as God has given
Hero hand or poet soul —
Work is duty while we live in
This weird world of sin and dole.
Gentle spirits, lowly kneeling,
Lift their white hands up, appealing
To the throne of Heaven's King —
Stronger natures, culminating,
In great actions incarnating,
What another can but sing.

Pure and meek-eyed as an angel,
We must strive — must agonize;
We must preach the saint's evangel
Ere we claim the saintly prize —

Work for all — for work is holy —
 We fulfil our mission solely
 When, like Heaven's arch above,
 Blend our souls in one emblazon,
 And the social diapason
 Sounds the perfect chord of love.

Life is combat, life is striving,
 Such our destiny below —
 Like a scythéd chariot driving
 Through an onward pressing foe.
 Deepest sorrow, scorn, and trial
 Will but teach us self-denial ;
 Like the Alchemists of old,
 Pass the ore through cleansing fire
 If our spirits would aspire
 To be God's refined gold.

We are struggling in the morning
 With the spirit of the night,
 But we trample on its scorning —
 Lo ! the eastern sky is bright.
 We must watch. The day is breaking ;
 Soon, like Memnon's statue waking
 With the sunrise into sound,
 We shall raise our voice to Heaven,
 Chant a hymn for conquest given,
 Seize the palm, nor heed the wound.

We must bend our thoughts to earnest,
 Would we strike the Idols down ;
 With a purpose of the sternest
 Take the Cross, and wait the Crown.
 Sufferings human life can hallow,
 Sufferings lead to God's Valhalla —
 Meekly bear, but nobly try,
 Like a man with soft tears flowing,
 Like a God with conquest glowing,
 So to love, and work, and die !

SIR BANNERET OF THE TRICOLOR.

BY JOHN CASHEL-HOEY.

WHET my sabre, my cuirass bind,
 Sling my carabine fair behind,
 Loose my bannerol broad and free,
 For I am a knight of high degree —

Of a famous Order, whose lists were old
 When Venice blazoned the Book of Gold ;
 Whose Free Companions had won renown,
 Ere Brutus stabbed the Cæsar down.

A Banneret of the Tricolor !
 Banneret knight of the Tricolor !
 Lady's graces and trophies in store
 To the Banneret of the Tricolor !

Not mine to be dubbed by a royal blade,
 Nor won my spurs in a baron's raid —
 O ! I knelt for the knightly accolade
 At the back of a Paris barricade ;
 I kept the vigils our laws ordain
 While the bombs fell fast round the *Madeleine*,
 And swore my vows at Ventura's knee
 To fight to the death for *Libertie*.

Life and death for the Tricolor !
 Banneret true of the Tricolor !
 Freedom's vassal forevermore
 Is the Banneret of the Tricolor !

In Berlin streets there are broad platoons,
 Down Berlin streets ride the fierce dragoons,
 In Berlin streets there are dripping blades,
 And the cry is, " Up with the barricades ! "
 Who heads the charge through the *Konigstrasse*,
 Who points the grape where the Yagers pass,
 Whose gallop splashes the gutters of gore ?
 'Tis the Banneret of the Tricolor !
 The Eagles under the Tricolor !
 Black and Red on the Tricolor !
 Through showers of bullets and streams of gore,
 Rides the Banneret of the Tricolor !

The day that we charged by Guyon's side !
 After the Ban the Serezans ride,
 And many a league we could track their trail,
 By smoking roof-tree and woman's wail —
 Christ ! how we galloped their lances down,
 And battered their files in Mannswerth town,
 Till the Austrian bugles brayed retreat
 As I clove a Croat from crown to seat.
 Charging for Hungary's Tricolor,
 The ancient Magyar Tricolor,
 'Twill wave from the walls of Pesth once more ;
 God guard Kossuth and the Tricolor !

Dear Di Lana ! a day shall be
 For Freedom's smile over Sicily ;

From Etna's top to Messina's shore
 The tyrant's frown shall be death no more.
 We'll toss old Bomba the crater down ;
 Thy statue 'll stand in Palermo town,
 As when you sprang forth, sword in hand,
 Like Joan of Arc, for native land.
 O Ensign fair of the Tricolor !
 The Lilies yield to the Tricolor !
 We'll trample their bloom on the Golden Shore,
 And spread the glorious Tricolor.

And thou, old natal Isle ! again
 I hear the tramp of thine armed men ;
 And see once more the day shall come
 For the bristling pike and the rolling drum ;
 See through the battle's lurid haze
 The Orange and Green on thy banner blaze,
 And the Blue gleam high over files of steel,
 Where the scarlet squadrons backward reel !
 On with the glorious Tricolor !
 Fight to the grave for the Tricolor !
 Shroud in death and pennon before
 Sir Banneret of the Tricolor !

SHADOWS FROM LIFE.

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE).

VAIN the love that looketh upward ; we may worship, may adore —
 From the heart's o'erflowing chalice all the tide of feeling pour —
 Dash our souls against the barriers that divide us from the shrine —
 Fling the incense — pour libations — ay, of Life's own ruddy wine ;
 But the angel we gaze up to, calm as form of pictured saint,
 From its golden mists of glory bendeth never to our plaint ;
 Heedeth not if crushed the temple where the altar incense burned,
 For the doom runs through the ages : — Love was never yet re-
 turned.

Thus it was he loved a Lady : never priest in Ispahàn
 So adored when mount and ocean morn's flashing radiance span ;
 Never sun-god in its glory, marching stately from the East,
 Crimson-rob'd and cloud-attended, heeded less the praying priest,
 Than the lady that pale lover, while her lonely path she took,
 O'er the spirit's glittering summits, with her proud and queenly
 look ;
 Like the Roman Sibyl bearing in her hands the mystic scroll,
 And her large eyes looking onward where the future ages roll.

So, in lone and lofty beauty, she stood high above the world,
Never heeding, dashing neathward, how Life's stormy billows
curled;

As a pine upon the mountain, warring tempests raging round,
As an island peak of ocean, with the starry midnight crowned.
How could she who trod the pathway of the spirit's dazzling zones,
Stoop to listen, bending earthward, to a lover's murmuring tones? —
While her ear was gathering music from Creation's golden chords,
List the human tears low falling, with the pleading human words?

And could he who tracked the eagle, borne on thro' cloud and light,
With her glorious regnant beauty filling soul and sense and sight,
Stoop to gaze on me, half-blasted by fierce Passion's fiery skies,
Only Love, the love of woman, burning strangely in my eyes?
O! I've watched his glance dilating, as it rested where afar
Rose her lofty brow, as riseth the pale glory of a star;
Heard the world's praise hymning round her, saw his cheek of
flushing pride,
Whilst, writhing in heart-agony, I calmly sat beside.

No rays of genius crowning, such as brows like hers enroll,
No flashing thoughts, like North-lights, rushing up my darkened
soul;

Waking but his earnest feelings with perchance my graver words,
While her spirit, like a tempest, swept the range of Passion's chords.
O, Woman! calmest sufferer! what deep agony oft lies
In thy low, false-hearted laughter, glancing bright through tearless
eyes;

And how little deemed he truly that the calmest eyes he met
Were but Joy's funereal torches, on Life's ruined altar set.

How could I light up his nature, with no glory in my own?
Soul like his, that throbbed and glittered in the radiance of her
throne.

Bitter came the words of plaining: — Why should fate to me deny
All the beauty of the mortal, all the soul to deify?
What had she done then for Heaven, so that Heaven should confer
Every gift to make man prostrate at her feet as worshipper?
Raised her high enough to scorn him — ay, to trample in disdain
On the heart flung down before her — heart that I had died to gain!

Trod his love down calmly, queenly, like a mantle neath her feet,
While with lordly spirit-monarchs she moved proudly to her seat,
Grand as eagle in the zenith, with the noonday radiance crowned —
Lone and icy as an Alp-peak, with the circling glaciers round.
But an echo of all beauty through her fine-toned spirit rang,
As a golden harp reëchoes to each passing music clang,
Till in thrilling, clear vibrations rang her poet-words in air,
Summoning souls to lofty duties, as an *Angelus* to prayer.

O! she flung abroad her fancies free as waves dash off the foam,
 As the palm-tree flings its branches on the blue of Heaven's dome,
 With a genius-shadow darkening in the stillness of her eyes —
 With her rainbow-spirit arching half the circle of the skies;
 Like a dark-browed Miriam chanting songs of triumph on the foe,
 As the rushing waters bore them to the Hades halls below,
 Till up the startled ether, down the far horizon's rim,
 The swords of men clashed music to her lofty prophet-hymn.

But no beauty thrilled my nature, noon or night or sunset skies;
 For the only heaven I gazed on was the heaven of his eyes;
 I'd have bartered freedom, justice, people's rights, or native land,
 All the island homes of ocean, for one pressure of his hand;
 Trembling, weak, a coward spirit, only wishing low to lie,
 As a flower beneath his footstep, breathe my life out, and so die.
 Yet he liked me — ay, he liked me — 'twas the phrase, O saints
 above!

Cold and cruel sounds this *liking* from the lips of one we *love* —

— They said that he was dying; could I longer silence keeping,
 Only pour forth my deep passion in my chamber lonely weeping!
 I reck'd not if 'twere womanly, cold convention little heeding,
 But in mine his hand enfolding, said, with tearful raised eyes
 pleading;

— “She hath left you, left you lonely, sorrow's harvest death may
 reap,

I say not — love me, let me only watch here by you — and weep?”
 Then he said, his pale brow raising, with a faint, unquiet smile,
 And with saddest eyes upgazing upon mine for all the while:

“Sweetest friend, this sorrow-blighted, faded form, and sear'd
 heart,

To death, I fear, are plighted, yet 'twere bitter now to part —
 For the chords of life are shaken by a sympathy so true,
 And they tremble in vibration with a pleasure strange and new;
 Still, no love-dream may be cherished, ah, the time of love is o'er,
 Youthful heart, by passion blighted, can be kindled never more —
 But if sympathy thou darest with a heart so wrecked as mine,
 I will give thee back the rarest kindred souls can intertwine.”

And bending coldly, gently, on my brow he placed his lips,
 I, trembling in the shadow of that faint and brief eclipse,
 Said: — “Tell me, tell me, truly, do you love her then so well?”
 And the hot tears, all unruly, through my twin'd fingers fell —
 And down I sank unheeding so of maidenhood or wrong;
 And told him, weeping, pleading, how I'd loved him, loved him
 long;

Seen my hopes all faded, perished, spread around in pale dismay,
 Wept their pallid corpses over — I alone like Niobe!

Thank God no cruel scorn dimm'd his starry eyes divine,
Softly tender, earnest gazing down the tearful depths of mine —
But with warmest splendors resting on the paleness of his cheek.
As the roseate tinted sunset on a snowy Alpine peak,
He laid his head on my shoulder, murmuring lover-like and low,
While his breathing softly trembled on my pale lips lying so : —
“ Such deep and tender loving hath recall'd me from the grave —
And this heart with soft approving bids you keep the life you gave

“ Woman's soothing grief to lighten hath a mystic healing power,
And their sympathy can brighten man's darkest destined hour.
Let the holy words be spoken that bind soul to soul for life —
Let me place the symbol token on this hand — my wedded wife ! ”
O ! never yet did angel breathe forth such words of bliss,
Never mortal heard evangel of a joy like unto this ;
In my gladness smiling, weeping, knelt I down before him there,
Blessing God with wild words leaping from my full heart's inward
prayer.

And a glory, ruddy, golden, streamed down on me from high —
As with lifted hands enfolden gazed I up into the sky —
Ever brighter, streaming downward, till my pained eyes ached with
light,
And I turned from gazing sunward back to earth's more calm
delight.
But — was it spell, or was it charm ? — when I turned me to the
room —
Fading seem'd the loved one's form, half in light and half in gloom ;
Throbb'd my brain in wild confusion, slowly died his words in air,
All around me seem'd illusion, save that streaming golden glare.

On my fevered eyelids aching, madly press'd my hands I keep —
Then arose, like one awaking from a strange and magic sleep,
Round I gazed in wild amazement, for the glorious light that shone
Was morn streaming through my casement, but it streamed on me
alone !

The last cold words he had written lay there beside my bed,
The last flowers he had given lay beside them, faded, dead ;
Life's lonely desolation was true for aye I deem,
But, joy's blessed revelation, that — that — was but a dream !

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

FAREWELL — farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,)
 No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
 More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

O ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
 How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
 Like the wind of the South * o'er a summer lute blowing,
 And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame !

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
 Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
 With nought but the sea-star † to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning, ‡
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
 At sunset will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
 Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
 Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, belov'd of her Hero ! forget thee —
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
 Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell — be it ours to embellish thy pillow
 With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep ;
 Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ; §

* "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts." — *Stephen's Persia*.

† "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays." — *Mirza Abu Tuleb*.

‡ For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Kempfer Amoenitat. Exot.*

§ Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds. — See *Trevoux, Chambers*.

With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,*
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell — farewell — until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

THE DREAMER ON THE CLIFF.

BY JOHN STERLING.

[John Sterling was second son of Captain Edward Sterling—the “Thunderer” of the *Times*, born in Waterford in 1773, and who died in 1847. The Captain was a pensioner of the English government to the extent of £200 a-year, which he inherited from his father who had been Clerk of the Irish House of Commons. John was born in 1806 and died in 1844. He gave promise of great ability, and would probably have realized it had his life been prolonged. He has been fortunate enough to find two eminent biographers in Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle; the former of whom has also edited his writings.]

ONCE more, thou darkly rolling main,
I bid thy lonely strength adieu;
And sorrowing leave thee once again,
Familiar long, yet ever new!

And while, thou changeless, boundless sea,
I quit thy solitary shore,
I sigh to turn away from thee,
And think I ne'er may greet thee more.

Thy many voices which are one,
The varying garbs that robe thy might,
Thy dazzling hues at set of sun,
Thy deeper loveliness by night.

The shades that flit with every breeze
Along thy hoar and aged brow, —
What has the universe like these?
Or what so strong, so fair as thou?

* “The bay Kieselare, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire.” — *Struy*.

And when yon radiant friend of earth
Has bridged the waters with her rays,
Pure as those beams of heavenly birth,
That round a seraph's footsteps blaze.

While lightest clouds at times o'ercast
The splendor gushing from the spheres,
Like softening thoughts of sorrow past,
That fill the eyes of joy with tears.

The soul, methinks, in hours like these,
Might pant to flee its earthly doom,
And freed from dust to mount the breeze,
An eagle soaring from the tomb.

Or mixed in stainless air to roam
Where'er thy billows know the wind, —
To make all climes my spirit's home,
And leave the woes of all behind.

Or wandering into worlds that beam
Like lamps of hope to human eyes,
Wake 'mid delights we now but dream,
And breathe the rapture of the skies.

But vain the thought ; my feet are bound
To this dim planet, — clay to clay, —
Condemned to tread one thorny round,
And chained with links that ne'er decay.

Yet while thy ceaseless current flows,
Thou mighty main, and shrinks again,
Methinks thy rolling floods disclose,
A refuge safe, at least from men.

Within thy gently heaving breast,
That hides no passions dark and wild,
My weary soul might sink to rest,
As in its mother's arms a child.

Forget the world's eternal jars,
In murmurous caverns cool and dim,
And long, o'ertoiled with angry wars,
Hear but thy billow's distant hymn !

THE FOUR TRAVELLERS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

[Frances Brown was born in Stranorlar, county Donegal, in 1816. She was afflicted with small-pox when about a year and a half old, by which she lost her sight. At the age of seven years she began to educate herself, by asking of all her friends about her the meanings of words and things. From hearing her brothers and sisters repeat their daily tasks in grammar and spelling, she learnt the same lessons, and invariably knew them before the others. Her memory was so retentive, that to induce her friends to read for her the more thoughtful books for which they had no taste, she used to relate stories of her own composition,—or do the household work which was allotted to them. The sight of the visible world having been shut against her, her clear natural intellect devised a mode by which she learned to see into the world of thought. The greater portion of her poems appeared in the "Athenæum,"—from the editor of which she has experienced kindness and encouragement.]

Four travellers sat one winter's night
 At my father's board so free;
 And he asked them why they left their land,
 And why they crossed the sea?

One said for bread, and one for gold,
 And one for a cause of strife;
 And one he came for a lost love's sake,
 To lead a stranger's life.

They dwelt among our hamlets long,
 They learned each mountain way;
 They shared our sports in the woodlands green,
 And by the crags so gay—

And they were brave by flood and fell,
 And they were blithe in hall;
 But he that led the stranger's life,
 Was blithest of them all.

Some said the grief of his youth had passed,
 Some said his love grew cold;
 But nought I know if this were so,
 For the tale was never told.

His mates they found both homes and friends,
 Their heads and hearts to rest;
 We saw their flocks and fields increase,
 But we loved *him* still the best.

Now he that came to seek for bread,
 Is lord of my father's land;

And he that fled so far from strife,
Hath a goodly household band.

And he that sought the gold alone,
Hath wedded my sister fair ;
And the oaks are green and the pastures wide,
By their pleasant homesteads there.

But when they meet by the winter fire,
Or beneath the bright woodbine ;
Their talk is yet of a whelming stream
And a brave life given for mine ;

For a grave by our mountain river side,
Grows green this many a year —
Where the flower of the four sleeps evermore,
And I am a stranger here.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

[This ballad, which is of homely cast, was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown, but its age can be determined, from the language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. That it was formerly very popular in Munster, may be concluded from the fact, that the phrase, — Easy, O, woman of the three cows! has become a saying in that province, on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of a boastful or consequential person.]

O, WOMAN of Three Cows, agragh ! don't let your tongue thus
rattle !

O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen — and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true —
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human
brows ;

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three
Cows !

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Moore's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants !
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows !

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Movrone! * for they were banished, with no hope of their re-
 turning —

Who knows in what abodes of woe those youths were driven to
 house?

Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!

O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing
 daunted —

See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!

He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse —

Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in
 story —

Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory —

Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,

And so, for all your pride, will yours, O, Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,

Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;

Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?

Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three-Cows!

Your neighbor's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,

Because, forsooth, you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she*
 has;

That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,

But if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful
 bearing,

And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,

If I had but four cows myself, even tho' you were my spouse,

I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

O! don't be beguiling my heart with your wilin',

You've tried that same thrick far too often before,

And by this blessed minnit an' day that is in it,

I'll take right good care that you'll try it no more!

* My grief.

You thought that so slyly you walked with O'Reilly,
 By man and by mortal unheard and unseen,
 While your hand he kept squeezin', and *you* looked so pleasin',
 Last Saturday night in your father's *boreen*.

His thricks and his schamin' has set you a dhramin';
That any one blessed with their eyesight may see,
 You're not the same crature you once war by nature,
 And they that are thraitors won't do, faith, for me!
 Tho' it is most distressin' to think that a blessin'
 Was just about fallin' down plump on the scene,
 When a cunning *culloger*, as black as an ogre,
 Upsets all your hopes in a dirty *boreen*.

And 'tis most ungrateful, unkind, and unfaithful,
 When you very well know how I gave the go-by,
 Both to pride and to pleasure, temptation and treasure,
 To dress all my looks by the light of your eye.
 O! 'tis Mary Mullally, that lives in the valley —
 'Tis *she* that would say how ill-used I have been,
 And she's not the deludher to smile and to soother,
 And then walk away to her father's *boreen*.

I send you your garter, for now I'm a martyr,
 And keepsakes and *jims* are the least of my care,
 So when things are exchangin', since you took to rangin'
 I'll trouble you, too, for the lock of my hair.
 I know by its shakin', my heart is a-breakin',
 You'll make me a corpse when I'd make you a queen,
 But as sure as I'm livin', it's you I'll be givin'
A terrible fright, when I haunt the boreen!

THE POET'S PROPHECY.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling,
 That I was to die in the noon of my day;
 Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
 But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away.

That, even in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,
 My lamp should quench suddenly hissing in gloom,
 That even when mine honors were freshest and greenest,
 A blight should rush over and scatter their bloom.

It might be a fancy — it might be the glooming
 Of dark visions taking the semblance of truth,

And it might be the shade of the storm that is coming,
Cast thus in its morn through the sunshine of youth.

But be it a dream or a mystic revealing,
The bodement has haunted me year after year,
And whenever my bosom with rapture was filling,
I paused for the footfall of fate at mine ear.

With this feeling upon me all feverish and glowing,
I rushed up the rugged way panting to Fame,
I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,
And won for my guerdon the half of a name.

My triumphs I viewed from the least to the brightest,
As gay flowers pluck'd from the fingers of Death,
And whenever Joy's garments flowed richest and lightest,
I looked for the skeleton lurking beneath.

O, friend of my heart ! if that doom should fall on me,
And thou shouldst live on to remember my love —
Come oft to the tomb when the turf lies upon me,
And list to the even wind mourning above.

Lie down by that bank where the river is creeping
All fearfully under the still autumn tree,
When each leaf in the sunset is silently weeping,
And sigh for departed days — thinking of me.

But when, o'er the minstrel, thou'rt loneliness sighing,
Forgive, if his failings should flash on thy brain,
Remember the heart that beneath thee is lying
Can never awake to offend thee again.

Remember how freely that heart that to others,
Was dark as the tempest-dawn frowning above,
Burst open to thine with the zeal of a brother's,
And showed all its hues in the light of thy love.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

BY REV. DR. PATRICK MURRAY.

We live in our lonely cells,
We live in our cloisters gray,
And the warning chime of the convent bells
Tolls our silent life away.

The loud world's busy hum
 Murmuring evermore,
 Breaks on our dim old walls,
 As waves break on the shore.
 Like the voices we used to hear
 Long ago in childhood's prime,
 Are the ties of a long dead world,
 The thoughts of a long past time.

They tell of life's sparkling sea,
 Of its dancing billows where
 The voyager's laugh rings merrily,
 From a heart as light as air.
 But they tell not of the storms
 That swell its angry waves,
 The sunken rocks, the hideous forms
 That lie in the ocean caves ;
 The wrecks that toss in the gale,
 The lost that are buried beneath,
 The struggle, the gasp, the drowning wail,
 That follow so oft the sunbright sail,
 O'er the pitiless realms of death.

They number us with the dead,
 With our hearts so cold and dry ;
 For us the sky is a roof of lead,
 And earth is like the sky.
 But the sinless soul hath wings to soar
 Above these prison bars
 To a glorious home of its own,
 Beyond the golden stars.
 The light of this seeming, dying life,
 Faded out from the eye of clay,
 Glows in the franchised spirit,
 Never to feel or fear decay.

They speak of a mother's delight,
 They tell of wedded bliss,
 They paint a world so warm and bright,
 And say that world is this.
 But the true world we sometimes see,
 Life in its house of withering bones,
 Life on its couch of agony,
 As it heaves and weeps and groans ;
 The father's broken heart,
 The mother's about to break,
 The crushing blow, the stinging smart,
 O wedded love, we've seen what thou art,
 And not what dreamers make !

We live in our lonely cells,
 We live in our cloisters gray,
 And sweet as the chime of the convent bells,
 Glides our life with God away.
 In the roar of a maddened world,
 In battling passions' thrill,
 Martha's work and Mary's part
 Our endless portion still.
 Could you but a moment share
 The bliss, like that above,
 Of a life of silent prayer,
 A life of working love ;

The glory of earth would seem
 Black as the trodden leaf,
 False as the dream of a dream,
 As the flash of the lightning brief.
 All must pass away,
 And wither and die and rot ;
 But the love of God abides and burns
 In the heart that deserts him not.
 Then leave us here to pray,
 Then leave us here to love,
 Our prayer will be that you may rise
 With us to God above !

THE RETURNING JANIZARY.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

THERE came a youth at dawn of day
 From the Golden Gate of the proud Serai : —
 He came with no gifts of warrior pride
 But the gleam of the good sword by his side,
 And an arm that well could wield ;
 But he came with a form of matchless mould —
 Like that by the Delphian shrine of old —
 And an eye in whose depth of brightness shone
 The light by the Grecian sunset thrown
 On the dying Spartan's shield ; —
 For the days of his boyhood's bonds were o'er,
 And he stood as a free-born Greek once more !

They brought him robes of the richest dyes,
 And a shield like the moon in autumn skies,
 A steed that grew by the Prophet's tomb,
 And a helmet crown'd with a heron's plume,

And the world's strong tempter, Gold ;
 And they said — " Since thou turnest from the towers
 Of honor's path and pleasure's bowers,
 Go forth in the Spahi's conquering march —
 And gold and glory requite thy search,
 Till a warrior's death unfold
 For thee the gates of Paradise,
 And thy welcome beam'd by the Houris' eyes." —

" And where will the yearning memories sleep,
 That have fill'd mine exiled years
 With a voice of winds in the forest free,
 With the sound of the old Ægean sea,
 Through echoing grove and green defile,
 On the shores of that unforgotten Isle
 Which still the light of my mother's smile
 To her wanderer's memory wears —
 And the voices ever sounding back
 From my country's old triumphal track ?
 The faith that clings with a deathless hold
 To the freedom and the fame of old,
 Will they rest in a stranger's banner-shade,
 Though a conquering flag it be ?
 Will they joy with its myriad hosts to tread
 On a land that once was free ?
 Take back your gifts," the wanderer said —
 " And leave at last to me
 That far land's love — for ye cannot part
 His country from the Exile's heart ! "

They said — " Thine Isle is a land of slaves ;
 It gives no galley to the waves —
 No cry with the battle's onset blent —
 No banner broad on its breezes sent —
 No name to the lists of fame ;
 Thy home still stands by its winding shore,
 But thy place by the hearth is known no more ;
 The evening fire on that hearth shines on,
 But the light of thy mother's smile is gone —
 For a stranger bears her name —
 And, bright though her smile and glance may be,
 They're not like those that grew dim for thee." —

" I know that my country's fame hath found
 No rest by her storied streams —
 For cold is the chain for ages borne,
 And deep is the track its weight hath worn !
 The serf hath stood, in his fetters bound,

On hills that were Freedom's battle-ground;
 And my name is a long-forgotten sound
 In the home of my thousand dreams; —
 For change hath passed o'er each household face,
 And my mother's heart hath a resting place
 Where the years of her weary watch are past
 For the step that so vainly comes at last.
 But far there shines through the shadowy green
 Of the laurels bending there,
 One beckoning light — 'tis the glancing sheen
 Of a Grecian maiden's hair;
 Alas, for the clouds that rose between
 My gaze and one so fair!
 Alas! for many a morning ray
 That passed from life's misty hills away!"

So spake the Greek, but the tempter said —
 "Why seek'st thou the flowers of summer fled? —
 The years that have made thy kindred strange
 Have they not breathed with the breath of change
 On thine early chosen too?
 They have bound the wealth of that flowing hair —
 They have crossed the brow with a shade of care;
 For thy young and thy glad of heart hath grown
 A matron, saddened in glance and tone —
 From whose undreaming view
 Life's early lights have fallen — and thou
 Art a long forgotten vision now."

There rose a cloud in his clear dark eye,
 Like the mist of coming tears —
 Yet it passed in silence, and there came
 No after-voice from that perished dream:
 But he said — "Is it so, my land! Thou hast
 No gift for thy wanderer but the past,
 And a dream of a gathering trumpet's blast,
 And a charge of Grecian spears!
 That bright dream's promise ne'er may be —
 But the earth hath banners broad and free;
 There are gallant barks on the western wave —
 And fields where a Greek may find a grave:
 With a fearless arm, with a stainless brand,
 With a young brow I depart
 To seek the hosts of some Christian land —
 But I go with an Exile's heart. —
 Yet, oft when the stranger's fight is done,
 And their shouts arise for the battle won,
 This heart will dream what its joy might be
 Were it won but for Greece and Liberty!"

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

BY J. S. KNOWLES.

SHE listens — "'Tis the wind !" she cries :
The moon, that rose so full and bright,
Is now o'ercast ; she looks — she sighs ;
She fears 'twill be a stormy night.

Not long was Anna wed ; her mate,
A fisherman, was out at sea ;
The night is dark, the hour is late,
The wind is high, and where is he ?

" O, who would love, O, who would wed
A wandering fisherman, to be
A wretched lonely wife, and dread
Each breath that blows when he's at sea ! "

Not long was Anna wed ; one pledge
Of tender love her bosom bore : —
The storm comes down, the billows rage ;
His father is not yet on shore.

" O, who would think her portion blest,
A wandering seaman's wife to be,
To hug the infant to her breast,
Whose father's on a stormy sea ! "

The thunder bursts ; the lightning falls ;
The casement rattles with the rain ;
And as the gusty tempest bawls,
The little cottage quakes again.

She does not speak, she does not sigh,
She gazes on her infant dear ;
A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
And dims the mother's with a tear.

" O, who would be a seaman's wife ?
O, who would bear a seaman's child !
To tremble for her husband's life ;
To weep because her infant smiled ! "

Ne'er hadst thou borne a seaman's boy,
Ne'er had thy husband left the shore,
Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy
To see thy Robin at the door ;

To press his weather-beaten cheek,
 To kiss it dry and warm again —
 To weep the joy thou couldst not speak;
 A pleasure's in the depth of pain!

Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast,
 Thy little couch of love, I ween,
 Were ten times sweeter than the last —
 And not a cloud that night was seen.

O happy pair! the pains you know,
 Still hand in hand with pleasure come;
 For often does the tempest blow,
 And Robin still is safe at home.

THE SUIT OF THE MINSTREL.

BY B. SIMMONS.

WHAT a dream of delight! while young Victor was wooing
 Proud Constance, sole heiress of Bernard of Bonn —
 In that tenderest of times, when the vintage is viewing
 Its deep shadow's glow, where the Rhine rushes on.

Superb as a cloud in the sunset, that maiden
 With her eyes of broad blackness and luminous cheek —
 Heard the tale, low and sweet, like a breeze odor-laden,
 That fever'd the frail lip of Victor to speak.

Fond haunter of moon-brightened hills! — the sweet merit
 Of his country's wild Magi — the minstrels of old —
 Had filled with an early enchantment his spirit,
 Till it mastered the Art they melodiously told.

Long unheard in his heart lay the gift unawaking,
 Till Constance rose suddenly bright on his way;
 Then the songs of his soul sounded out, like the shaking
 Of those chords that salute, in the Desert, the day.

And the lone poet's praise, to that lady so peerless,
 Grew essential, as dew to the lily's hot life —
 And she won him to mix with the festive and fearless
 In the joust or the revel's magnificent strife.

The enthusiast yielded, and far from the mountains
 Whose blue shadows' softness grew up in his soul,
 He came — 'mid the crowd thronging luxury's fountains,
 The wealth of his wasted existence to roll.

Of the gallants her steps' fairy music attending,
 Was Victor for ever in fervency first ;
 With his harp's inspiration immortally blending
 The visions his daring idolatry nurst.

And her triumph to Constance fresh glory was bringing,
 From her eyes more victoriously darted the day,
 As Time, through her life's cloudless atmosphere winging,
 At her feet saw that youth, with his lyre and his lay.

She would linger — would listen — her full heart's expressions
 To that slave in one glance's dark volley convey'd ;
 And she loved him to sing of the lofty concessions
 That high-born maidens to minstrels have made.

Yet, guarded in guile, from her lips ruby-burning,
 The *one* word so watch'd for by love never fell :
 Poor Minstrel, no passion thy passion returning,
 Shall ever the clouds closing o'er thee dispel !

(O ! as bud in the blight be the lip of the woman,
 Who, to wing the dull moments in indolence past,
 Can foster with flattery cold and inhuman
 Some heart's noble hopes but to break it at last !)

'Twas when Victor was loudest, by lance and lute vaunting
 His mistress unmatch'd from the Rhine to the Rhone —
 While his lode-star of life was her aspect enchanting —
 That she wedded her kinsman, Count Hugh of Cologne.

Fly now to the haunts of thy boyhood — thou dreamer !
 This truth like the hunter's keen shaft in thy brain —
 That trampled and mock'd by one idolized schemer,
 Thou, at least, hast no fierier hell-cup to drain !

His darkness came down with no softening gradation,
 On the noon of his life it was instantly night —
 'Twas the thunderbolt killing with swift desolation,
 In its greenness and glory, the pine of the height.

Yet think not that Constance triumphantly wended
 In bliss as in beauty her heartless career —
 The voice of that wrong'd uncomplaining ONE, blended
 With the breeze, was at midnight a curse to her ear.

When proudly before her the banquet was blazing,
 And nobles pledged high to her beauty — her eyes
 Ever saw, as through clouds, by a lonely hearth gazing,
 A pale wither'd man, like a spectre, to rise.

In Cologne's banner'd aisles, Countess Constance is sleeping,
And leagues far away by a blue river's side,
Over Victor's green turf silent Evening is weeping —
May their souls, at the Judgment, not sever as wide!

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY REV. C. WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on —
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard by the distant and random gun —
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory!

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M. R. I. A.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged — 'tis at a white heat now :
 The bellows ceased, the flames decreased — tho' on the forge's brow
 The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
 And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
 All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare —
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.
 The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves
 below,
 And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe :
 It rises, roars, rends all outright — O, Vulcan, what a glow !
 'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright — the high sun shines
 not so !

The high sun sees not on the earth, such fiery fearful show ;
 The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
 Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe.
 As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow
 Sinks on the anvil — all about the faces fiery grow.
 "Hurrah !" they shout, "leap out — leap out ;" bang, bang the
 sledges go :

Hurrah ! the jettied lightnings are hissing high and low —
 A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,
 The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow
 The ground around : at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
 And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho !"

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and lay on load !
 Let's forge a goodly anchor — a bower thick and broad ;
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road —
 The low reef roaring on her lee — the roll of ocean pour'd,
 From stem to stern, sea after sea ; the mainmast by the board ;
 The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains !
 But courage still, brave mariners — the bower yet remains,
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high ;
 Then moves his head, as tho' he said, "Fear nothing — here am I !"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time ;
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
 But while you sling your sledges, sing — and let the burden be,
 The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we !
 Strike in, strike in — the sparks begin to dull their rustling red ;
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, on an oozy couch of clay;
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
 For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the singing seaman's
 cheer;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go — far, far from love and home;
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam,
 In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
 A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
 O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
 O deep Sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
 The hoary-monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
 To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
 And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging
 tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,
 And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn!
 To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
 And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn;
 To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
 He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;
 Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
 Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
 Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply, in a cove,
 Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undinè's love;

To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
 To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.
 O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
 The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
 And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play —
 But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave —
 A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office is to save.
 O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
 Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
 With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend.

O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round
 thee,
 Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the
 sea!
 Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of Father-land —

Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave;
 O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
 Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MEEHAN.

AH! why should I recall them — the gay, the joyous years,
 Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by tears?
 Or why should mem'ry love to trace youth's glad and sunlit way,
 When those who made its charms so sweet are gather'd to decay?
 The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and bower —
 The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy shower —
 But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears —
 They're gone away and can't return — the friends of boyhood's
 years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er
 The vanished friends so dearly prized — the days to come no more —
 The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
 Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each moment flew?
 'Tis all in vain to weep for them — the past a dream appears;
 And where are they — the lov'd, the young, the friends of boyhood's
 years?

Go seek them in the cold churchyard — they long have stol'n to rest;
 But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er op-
 press'd;

Life's sun for them in splendor set — no cloud came o'er the ray
 That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.
 No tears about their graves be shed — but sweetest flowers be flung,
 The fittest off'ring thou canst make to hearts that perish young —
 To hearts this world has never torn with racking hopes and fears;
 For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years!

THE LABORER.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

[This writer has been for many years engaged in literary pursuits in America, having edited in succession several Journals and Periodicals in that country. He now resides in Cincinnati, where he conducts a daily paper. It is gratifying to know that the Irish people who have chosen America as their home should have such lessons of manhood and self-denial taught them by one of their own countrymen, and in such direct and vigorous language.]

STAND up — erect ! Thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy God ! — who more ?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life — a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then ? Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among ;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy ? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief ?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye ?
Nay ! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee ?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No : — uncurb'd passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect, —
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus check'd, —

These are thine enemies — thy worst ;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot ;
Thy labor and thy life accurs'd.
O, stand erect, and from them burst,
And longer suffer not !

Thou art thyself thine enemy !
The great ! — what better they than thou ?

As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True; wealth thou hast not — 'tis but dust!
Nor place, — uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both, — a noble mind!

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then; that thy little span
Of life may well be trod!

THE LIFE OF THE SEA.

BY B. SIMMONS.

[“A very intelligent young lady, born and bred in the Orkney islands, who lately came to spend a season in this neighborhood, told me nothing in the mainland scenery had so much disappointed her as woods and trees. She found them so dead and lifeless, that she never could help pining after the eternal motion and variety of the ocean. And so back she has gone; and I believe nothing will ever tempt her from the wind-swept Orcaades again.” — SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Lockhart's Life*, Vol. ii. — Although it is of a female this striking anecdote is related, it has been thought more suitable to give the amplified expression of the sentiment in the stanzas a masculine application.]

THESE grassy vales are warm and deep,
Where apple-orchards wave and glow;
Upon soft uplands whitening sheep
Drift in long wreaths. — Below,
Sun-fronting beds of garden-thyme, alive
With the small humming merchants of the hive,
And cottage homes in every shady nook
Where willows dip and kiss the dimples of the brook.

But all too close against my face
My thick breath feels these crowding trees,
They crush me in their green embrace —
I miss the Life of Seas;
The wild free life that round the flinty shores
Of my bleak isles expanded Ocean pours —
So free, so far, that, in the lull of even,
Nought but the rising moon stands on your path to heaven.

I miss the madd'ning Life of Seas,
 When the red, angry sunset dies,
 And to the storm-lash'd Orcades
 Resound the seaman's cries :
 'Mid thick'ning night and fresh'ning gale, upon
 The stretch'd ear bursts Despair's appealing gun,
 O'er the low Reef that on the lee-beam raves
 With its down-crashing hills of wild, devouring waves.

These inland love-bowers sweetly bloom,
 White with the hawthorn's summer snows ;
 Along soft turf a purple gloom
 The elm at sunset throws :
 There the fond lover, listening for the sweet
 Half soundless coming of his Maiden's feet,
 Thrills if the linnet's rustling pinions pass,
 Or some light leaf is blown rippling along the grass.

But Love his pain as sweetly tells
 Beneath some cavern beetling hoar,
 Where silver sands and rosy shells
 Pave the smooth glistening shore —
 When all the winds are low, and to thy tender
 Accents, the wavelets, stealing in, make slender
 And tinkling cadence, wafting, every one,
 A golden smile to thee from the fast-sinking sun.

Calm through the heavenly sea on high
 Comes out each white and quiet star —
 So calm up ocean's floating sky
 Come, one by one, afar,
 White quiet sails from the grim icy coasts
 That hear the battles of the Whaling hosts,
 Whose homeward crews with feet and flutes in tune,
 And spirits roughly blithe, make music to the moon.

Or if (like some) thou'st loved in vain,
 Or madly wooed the already Won,
 — Go when the Passion and the Pain
 Their havoc have begun,
 And dare the Thunder rolling up behind
 The Deep, to match that hurricane of mind :
 Or to the sea-winds, raging on thy pale
 Grief-wasted cheek, pour forth as bitter-keen a tale.

For in that sleepless, tumbling tide —
 When most thy fever'd spirits reel,
 Sick with desires unsatisfied,
 — Dwell life and balm to heal.

Raise thy free sail, and seek o'er ocean's breast
 — It boots not what — those rose-clouds in the West,
 And deem that thus thy spirit freed shall be,
 Ploughing the stars through seas of blue Eternity.

This mainland life I could not live,
 Nor die beneath a rookery's leaves, —
 But I my parting breath would give
 Where chainless Ocean heaves;
 In some gray turret, where my fading sight
 Could see the Lighthouse flame into the night,
 Emblem of guidance and of hope, to save;
 Type of the Rescuer bright who walked the howling wave.

Nor, dead, amid the charnel's breath
 Shall rise the tomb with lies befool'd,
 But, like the Greek who faced in death
 The sea in life he ruled,
 High on some peak, wave-girded, will I sleep,
 My dirge sung ever by the choral deep;
 There, sullen mourner! oft at midnight lone
 Shall my familiar friend, the Thunder, come to groan.

Soft Vales and sunny Hills, farewell!
 Long shall the friendship of your bowers
 Be sweet to me as is the smell
 Of their strange lovely flowers;
 And each kind face, like every pleasant star
 Be bright to me though ever bright afar:
 True as the sea-bird's wing, I seek my home
 And its glad Life, once more, by boundless Ocean's foam!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

SISTER of Charity, gentle and dutiful,
 Loving as seraphim, tender, and mild,
 In humbleness strong and in purity beautiful,
 In spirit heroic, in manners a child,
 Ever thy love like an angel reposes,
 With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here,
 Till the arrows of death are half-hidden in roses,
 And hope-speaking prophecy smiles on the bier.

When life, like a vapor, is slowly retiring,
 As clouds in the dawning to heav'n uprolled,
 Thy prayer, like a herald, precedes him expiring,
 And the cross on thy bosom his last looks behold;

And O ! as the Spouse to thy words of love listens,
 What hundredfold blessings descend on thee then —
 Thus the flower-absorbed dew in the bright iris glistens,
 And returns to the lilies more richly again.

Sister of Charity, child of the holiest,
 O, for thy living soul, ardent as pure —
 Mother of orphans and friend of the lowliest —
 Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor ;
 The embrace of the Godhead so plainly enfolds thee,
 Sanctity's halo so shrines thee around,
 Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,
 Nor droops in thy presence abashed to the ground.

Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes,
 Burning the breast of the maidenly rose
 To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty flushes,
 When the incense ascends and the sanctuary glows ;
 And the music, that seems heaven's language, is pealing —
 Adoration has bowed him in silence and sighs,
 And man, intermingled with angels, is feeling
 The passionless rapture that comes from the skies.

O, that this heart, whose unspeakable treasure
 Of love hath been wasted so vainly on clay,
 Like thine, unallured by the phantom of pleasure,
 Could rend every earthly affection away.
 And yet, in thy presence, the billows subsiding
 Obey the strong effort of reason and will,
 And my soul, in her pristine tranquillity gliding,
 Is calm as when God bade the ocean be still.

Thy soothing, how gentle ! thy pity, how tender !
 Choir-music thy voice is — thy step angel grace,
 And thy union with deity shrines in a splendor
 Subdued, but unearthly, thy spiritual face.
 When the frail chains are broken, a captive that bound thee
 Afar from thy home is the prison of clay,
 Bride of the Lamb, and earth's shadows around thee
 Disperse in the blaze of eternity's day.

Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer's story,
 Arresting the thunders of wrath ere they roll,
 Intervene as a cloud between us and his glory,
 And shield from His lightnings the shuddering soul.
 As mild as the moonbeam in autumn descending
 That lightning, extinguished by mercy, shall fall,
 While he hears with the wail of a penitent blending
 Thy prayer, Holy Daughter of Vincent de Paul.

HENRICH HUDSON.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[The narrative of the following stanzas is contained more briefly in two pages of Bancroft's History of the "Colonization of America," vol. ii. The main facts — the open boat, the seven sick seamen, and the fidelity of one of the crew named Philip Staaffe, are literally as stated in the Poem.]

THE slayer *Death* is every where, and many a mask hath he,
Many and awful are the shapes in which he sways the sea ;
Sometimes within a rocky aisle he lights his candle dim,
And sits half-sheeted in the foam, chanting a funeral hymn ;
Full often 'mid the roar of winds we hear his awful cry
Guiding the lightning to its prey through the beclouded sky ;
Sometimes he hides 'neath tropic waves, and as the ship sails o'er
He holds her fast to the fiery sun, till the crew can breathe no more.

There is no land so far away but he meeteth mankind there —
He liveth at the icy pole with the Berg and the shaggy Bear,
He smileth from the Southron capes like a May-Queen in her flowers,
He falleth o'er the Indian seas, dissolved in summer showers ;
But of all the sea-shapes he hath worn, may mariners never know
Such fate as Henrich Hudson found, in the labyrinths of snow —
The cold North Seas' Columbus, whose bones lie far, interred
Under those frigid waters where no song was ever heard.

'Twas when he sail'd from Amsterdam, in the adventurous quest
Of an ice-shored strait, thro' which to reach the far and fabled West ;
His dastard crew — their thin blood chilled beneath the arctic sky —
Combined against him in the night, his hands and feet they tie,
And bind him in a helmless boat on that dread sea to sail —
Ah, me ! an oarless shadowy skiff, as a schoolboy's vessel frail.
Seven sick men and his only son, his comrades were to be,
But ere they left the Crescent's side, the chief spoke dauntlessly : —

"Ho, Mutineers ! I ask no act of kindness at your hands —
My fate I feel must steer me to Death's still-silent lands ;
But there is one man in my ship who sailed with me of yore
By many a bay and headland of the New-World's eastern shore :
From India's heats to Greenland's snows he dared to follow me,
And is HE turned the traitor too, is he in league with ye ?"
Uprose a voice from the mutineers, "Not I, my chief, not I —
I'll take my old place by your side, tho' all be sure to die."

Before his chief could bid him back, he is standing at his side : —
The cable's cut — away they drift, over the midnight tide.
No word from any lip came forth, their strain'd eyes steadily glare
At the vacant gloom, where late the ship had left them to despair.

On the dark waters long was seen a line of foamy light —
It passed, like the hem of an angel's robe, away from their eager
sight.

Then each man grasped his fellow's hand, some sighed but nothing
speak,

While on thro' pallid gloom their boat drifts moaningly and weak.

Seven sick men, dying, in a skiff five hundred leagues from shore !
O ! never was such a crew afloat on this world's waves before ;
Seven stricken forms, seven sinking hearts of seven short-breathing
men,

Drifting over the Sharks' abodes, along to the white Bear's den.
O ! 'twas not there they could be nurs'd in homeliness and ease,
One short day heard seven bodies sink, whose souls God rest in peace !
The one who first expir'd had most to note the foam he made,
And no one prayed to be the last, tho' each the blow delay'd.

Three still remain. ' My son, my son, hold up your head, my son,
Alas ! alas ! my faithful mate, I fear his life is gone.'
So spoke the trembling father — two cold hands in his breast
Breathing upon his dead boy's face, all too soft to break his rest.
The roar of battle could not wake that sleeper from his sleep :
The trusty sailor softly lets him down to the yawning deep ;
The fated father hid his face whilst this was being done,
Still murmuring mournfully and low ' my son, my only son.'

Another night ; uncheerily beneath that heartless sky,
The iceberg sheds its livid light upon them passing by,
And each beholds the other's face all spectre-like and wan,
And even in that dread solitude man feared the eye of man !
Afar they hear the beating surge sound from the banks of frost,
Many a hoar cape round about looms like a giant ghost,
And fast or slow as they float on, they hear the Bears on shore,
Trooping down to the icy strand watching them evermore.

The morning dawns, unto their eyes the light hath lost its cheer,
Nor distant sail, nor drifting spar, within their ken appear.
Embayed in ice the coffin-like boat sleeps on the waveless tide,
Where rays of deathly cold cold light converge from every side.
Slow crept the blood into their hearts, each manly pulse stood still,
Huge haggard Bears kept watch above on every dazzling hill.
Anon the doomed men were entranced, by the potent frigid air,
And they dream, as drowning men have dreamt, of fields far off and
fair.

What phantoms filled each cheated brain, no mortal ever knew ;
What ancient storms they weather'd o'er, what seas explor'd anew :
What vast designs for future days — what home-hope, or what fear —
There was no one 'mid the ice-lands to chronicle or to hear.

So still they sat, the weird-faced Seals bethought them they were
dead,

And each raised from the waters up his cautious wizard head,
Then circled round th' arrested boat, like vampires round a grave,
Till frightened at their own resolve — they plunged beneath the wave.

Evening closed round the moveless boat, still sat entranc'd the
twain,

When lo ! the ice unlocks its arms, the tide pours in amain !
Away upon the streaming brine the feeble skiff is borne,
The shaggy monsters howl behind their farewells all forlorn.
The crashing ice, the current's roar, broke Hudson's fairy spell,
But never more shall this world wake his comrade tried so well !
His brave heart's blood is chill'd for aye, yet shall its truth be told,
When the memories of kings are worn from marble and from gold.

Onward, onward, the helpless chief — the dead man for his mate !
The Shark far down in ocean's depth feels the passing of that freight,
And bounding from his dread abyss, he snuffs the upper air,
Then follows on the path it took, like lion from his lair.
O ! God, it was a fearful voyage and fearful companie,
Nor wonder that the stout sea-chief quivered from brow to knee.
O ! who would blame his manly heart, if e'en it quaked for fear,
While whirled along on such a sea, with such attendant near !

The Shark hath found a readier prey, and turned him from the
chase ;

The boat hath *made* another bay — a drearier pausing place. —
O'er arching piles of blue-veined ice admitted to its still,
White, fathomless waters, palsied like the doom'd man's fetter'd
will.

Powerless he sat — that chief escaped so oft by sea and land —
Death breathing o'er him — all so weak he could not lift a hand.
Even his bloodless lips refused a last short prayer to speak,
But angels listen at the heart when the voice of man is weak.

His heart and eye were suppliant turned to the ocean's Lord on
high,

The Borealis lustres were gathering in the sky ;
From South and North, from East and West, they clustered o'er the
spot

Where breathed his last the gallant chief whose grave man seeth
not ;

They marked him die with steadfast gaze, as tho' in heaven there
were

A passion to behold how he the fearful fate would bear ;
They watched him through the livelong night — these couriers of
the sky,

Then fled to tell the listening stars how 'twas they saw him die.

He sleepeth where old winter's realm no genial air invades,
 His spirit burneth bright in heaven among the glorious shades
 Whose God-like doom on earth it was creation to unfold,
 Spanning this mighty orb of ours as through the spheres it rolled.
 His name is written on the deep * the rivers † as they run
 Will bear it timeward o'er the world, telling what he hath done;
 The story of his voyage to Death, amid the arctic frosts,
 Will be told by mourning Mariners on earth's most distant coasts.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY JOHN STERLING.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
 Feeds him still with corn and wine;
 He who best would aid a brother,
 Shares with him these gifts divine.
 Many a power within her bosom
 Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
 Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
 Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
 Is the royal task of man;
 Man's a king, his throne is Duty,
 Since his work on earth began.
 Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
 These, like man, are fruits of earth;
 Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
 All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill and wine-vat's treasures,
 Earthly goods for earthly lives,
 These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
 These her child from her derives.
 What the dream but vain rebelling,
 If from earth we sought to flee?
 'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
 'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
 Land and water, sun and shade,
 Work with these as bids thy reason,
 For they work thy toil to aid.

* Hudson's Bay.

† The River Hudson.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness !
 Man himself is all a seed ;
 Hope and hardship, joy and sadness
 Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

KING JAMES THE SECOND.

BY THE HON. G. S. SMYTHE.

A storm at night upon the seas, it is a fearful sight,
 The roaring wind, the rolling surge, the lightning's ghastly light,
 Now ye be daring mariners who trim yon slender bark,
 For never yet were waves so wild, or night so drear and dark.

We joy the night is drear and dark ; no mariners are we —
 We joy for storm and tempest, and the terrors of the sea.
 Our God, He is a jealous God — His wrath it should be shown,
 When Kings are of their birthright spoiled — His children of their
 own.

Yet countless was the concourse, and mighty was the throng
 When last through London rode King James, her citizens among ;
 And oft, and loud, and long they cheered, for their hearts were in
 each cheer,
 And soft it fell, His People's praise, upon their Prince's ear.

Then outspake gallant Claverhouse, and his soul thrilled wild and
 high,
 And he showed the King his subjects, and he prayed him not to fly.
 O never yet was Captain so dauntless as Dundee —
 He was sworn to chase the Hollander back to his Zuyder-Zee !

But the King has straightway answered him ; no blood it shall be
 shed,
 Enough, I ween, of blood has been upon an old man's head :
 So power, and pomp, and man's esteem, he left and lost them all
 Rather than that, he better loved, one English life should fall !

Then, we the few who follow Him, we will His lesson take,
 And try to count all loss a gain, — when lost for Mercy's sake.
 Yet, who with Powis would not mourn, — that he no more shall
 know —

His fair red castle on the hill, and the princely lands below ?

King James has gone to cheer him — upon the wave-washed stern,
 While to the last dim line of cliffs his own looks sadly turn. —

Yet, though his heart be heavy, — it is stout and stanch as when
He earned in his bold boyhood the praises of Turenne.

A moment back, and here he stood — but not a word we said,
But we thought of ancient Lear, with the tempest overhead !
Discrowned, betrayed, abandoned — but nought could break his will,
Not Mary, his false Regan — nor Anne, his Goneril !

“ God help me, my own children, *mine* have forsaken *me* ” —
That touching word, it has been heard, and God his help shall be ;
Not here, for earth, he asks not that ; — O who would ask that boon
Who knows men's ways, their fleeting praise, and fame that fades
as soon ?

What is it, Life ? a little strife, where victories are vain,
Where those who conquer do not win, nor those receive who gain.
But He — O great shall be His glory, where Kings in glory are,
The son of Charles the Martyr, the grandson of Navarre !

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure ;
Nor thought that *any* love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that lean'd to heaven ;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given :
Obedient, — easy to be reconciled ;
And meekly cheerful, — such wert thou, my child !

Not willingly to be left ; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying ;
Nor leaving in thy turn ; but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

O ! boy, of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols ; like a tender flower,

No strength in all thy freshness, — prone to fade, —
 And bending weakly to the thunder-shower ;
 Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
 And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind !

Then THOU, my merry love ; — bold in thy glee,
 Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
 With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
 Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
 Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
 Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth !

Thine was the shout ! the song ! the burst of joy !
 Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth ;
 Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
 And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth ;
 And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
 Lurked in the laughter of thy dark blue eye !

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
 The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming ;
 The coaxing smile ; — the frequent soft caress ; —
 The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming !
 Again my heart a new affection found,
 But thought that love with *thee* had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest ; thou, the last and least ;
 Nicknamed " the Emperor," by thy laughing brothers,
 Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
 And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others ;
 Mingling with every playful infant wile
 A mimic majesty that made us smile : —

And O ! most like a regal child wert thou !
 An eye of resolute and successful scheming ;
 Fair shoulders — curling lip — and dauntless brow —
 Fit for the world's strife, not for Poet's dreaming :
 And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
 And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both ! Yet each succeeding claim,
 I, that all other love had been forswearing,
 Forthwith admitted, equal and the same ;
 Nor injured either by this love's comparing ;
 Nor stole a fraction for the newer call, —
 But in the mother's heart found room for ALL !

LOUIS XV.

BY JOHN STERLING.

THE King with all the kingly train had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood the royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the Monarch mused, and turning suddenly
away,

He struck alone into a path that far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play upon the brown untrodden earth ;
He saw the birds around him flit as if he were of peasant birth ;
He saw the trees that know no king but him who bears a woodland
axe ;

He thought not, but he looked about like one who still in thinking
lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell, and glad of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself but melancholy companie ;
But that which he would ne'er have guessed, before him now most
plainly came ;

The man upon his weary back a coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou ?" exclaimed the King, "and what is that I
see thee bear ?"

"I am a laborer in the wood, and 'tis a coffin for Pierre.

Close by the royal hunting lodge you may have often seen him toil ;
But he will never work again, and I for him must dig the soil."

The laborer ne'er had seen the King, and this he thought was but a
man,

Who made at first a moment's pause and then anew his talk began ;
"I think I do remember now, — he had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his sturdy arm with wondrous strokes the pick-axe
ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident can thus have killed our good
Pierre ?"

"O ! nothing more than usual, sir, he died of living upon air.

'Twas hunger killed the poor good man, who long on empty hopes
relied ;

He could not pay *Gabelle* and tax and feed his children, so he died."

The man stopped short, and then went on — "It is, you know, a
common story,

Our children's food is eaten up by courtiers, mistresses, and glory."

The king looked hard upon the man, and afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour, how came it that the peasants
died ?

SPIRIT COMPANY.

BY T. IRWIN.

UP cheerful as the morn I rise,
 Though foreign airs around me blow,
 For well I deem that Spirit eyes
 Look into mine where'er I go :
 So, in the viny window nook,
 With southern sunlight round, I sit
 And read aloud from some old book,
 Old music lines of poet wit,
 That those I love around may hear me,
 And melt in sweet mute laughter near me.

With them I stroll all day along
 The fresh blue bay and sunny shore,
 And hear the brown old fisher's song,
 Above his nets hummed o'er and o'er ;
 And wander up the evening cliffs,
 Askirted by the shadowy limes ;
 And as I watch the fading skiffs,
 I whisper oft of loved old times,
 That those I love around may hear me,
 And smile with gentle memories near me.

And when the golden sunset dips
 Beneath the garden's walnut trees,
 In vintage gay I bathe my lips,
 Till the white star floats up the seas ;
 Then as upon the hill o'erhead,
 The quiet shepherd pens his fold,
 I sit among the stilly Dead,
 And sing the songs they loved of old,
 And hear their echoes grown divine,
 Come back through this waked heart of mine.

But when o'er hill and ocean soon
 Falls the deep midnight blue and rare,
 And tolling bell and rounded moon
 Awake the trancèd time of prayer —
 Through starry casement lone I gaze
 Up on the heavenly path they've trod,
 And murmur o'er their love and praise,
 With lowly knees before our God ;
 And hear — as though beyond the sea,
 The loved Old Voices pray for me.

THE MOTHER OF THE KINGS.

BY B. SIMMONS.

["I immediately followed Mademoiselle Rose into the chamber, and was introduced to the mother of Napoleon. Madam Lætitia was at that time *eighty-three* years of age, and never did I see a person so advanced in life with a brow and countenance so beaming with expression and undiminished intelligence; the quietness and brilliancy of her large sparkling eye was most remarkable. She was laid on a snow-white bed in one corner of the room; to which she told me she had been confined for three years, having as long as that ago had the misfortune to break her leg. The room was completely hung round with pictures, large, full-length portraits of her family, which covered every portion of the wall. All those of her sons who had attained to the regal dignity were represented in their royal robes; Napoleon, I believe, in the gorgeous apparel he wore at his coronation. * * * * She then, seeing us looking earnestly at the magnificent picture of Napoleon, which was hung close to the side of her bed, asked, if we did not admire it, gazing herself at it proudly and fondly, and saying, in French, 'That resembles the Emperor much; yes, how like him it is!' I could not help feeling that she must exist as it were in a world of dreams, in a world of her own, or rather of memory's creation, with all these splendid shadows around her, that silently but eloquently spoke of the days departed." — *Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley's Visit to Madam Lætitia, Mother of Napoleon, in "The Keepsake" for 1837.*]

It was the noon of a Roman day that lit with mellow gloom,
Through marble-shafted windows deep, a grandly solemn room,
Where, shadowed o'er with canopy and pillowed upon down,
An aged woman lay unwatched — like perishing renown.

No crowned one she; though, in the pale and venerable grace
Of her worn cheek and lofty brow, might observation trace —
And in her dark eye's flash — a fire and energy to give
Life unto sons, whose sceptre-swords should vanquish all that live.

Strange looked that lady old, reclined upon her lonely bed
In that vast chamber, echoing not to page or maiden's tread;
And stranger still the gorgeous forms, in portrait, that glanced round
From the high walls, with cold bright looks more eloquent than sound.

They were her children. Never yet, since, with the primal beam,
Fair painting brought on rainbow wings its own immortal dream,
Did one fond mother give such race beneath its smile to glow,
As they who now back on her brow their pictured glories throw.

Her daughters there — the beautiful! — look'd down in dazzling
 sheen;
One lovelier than the Queen of Love — one crown'd an earthly queen!
Her sons — the proud — the Paladins! with diadem and plume,
Each leaning on his sceptred arm, made empire of that room!

But right before her couch's foot, one mightiest picture blazed —
One august form, to which her eyes incessantly were raised; —

A monarch's, too! — and, monarch-like, the artist's hand had bound
him
With jewell'd belt, imperial sword, and ermin'd purple round him.

One well might deem from the white flags that o'er him flashed an^d
rolled,

Where the puissant lily laughed and waved its bannered gold,
And from the Lombard's iron crown beneath his hand which lay,
That Charlemagne had burst death's reign and leaped again to day!

How gleamed that awful countenance, magnificently stern!
In its dark smile and smiting look, what destiny we learn! —
The laurel simply wreathes that brow, while nations watch its nod,
As though he scoff'd all pomp below the thunderbolts of God.

Such was the scene — the noontide hour — which, after many a year
Had swept above the memory of his meteor-like career —
Saw the mother of the mightiest — NAPOLEON'S MOTHER — lie
With the living dead around her, with the past before her eye!

She saw her son — of whom the Seer in Patmos bare record —
Who broke one seal — one vial poured — wild angel of the Lord!
She saw him shadow earth beneath the terrors of his face,
And *lived* and knew that the hoarse sea-mew wailed o'er his burial-
place.

Yet was she not forgotten: — from every land and wave,
The noble and free-hearted all, the graceful and the brave
Tass'd not her halls unnoticed, but, lingering, claimed to pay
The tribute of their chastened hearts to glory in decay.

And England's gentle Daughter, in that deserted hour,
Though greatness was thy handmaiden, and genius was thy dower,
Thou didst not scorn to come in youth and beauty to assuage,
Albeit for one bright moment brief, that woman's lonely age.

"I am alone!" she still exclaimed — and haply thou didst say,
How much our human sympathies were with her far away;
How much *one* spirit mourn'd with hers, let this wild strain impart,
Offered in homage, Lady, to thy good and gifted heart.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

BY M. HALPIN.

ASSYRIA! first of all the lands
That ruled with universal sway,

Thy Babylon with mortal hands
 Was formed — thy pendent gardens gay —
 Thy squares and palaces of gold
 Were builded by a race of men
 Profound of thought, of heavenly mould,
 That ruled for ages ; but what then ?
 They were not of the Saxon race —
 The parents grand of civilization ;
 What noble deeds doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation ?

Th' Assyrian fell — his empire pass'd
 Away in darkness evermore,
 Like noon without a cloud o'ercast,
 Whose eve is rent by thunder's roar :
 The Persian conquered ; Cyrus reigned —
 From ruin beauty sprung again —
 He spread his laws and arts, and gained
 From all submission ; but what then ?
 He was not of the Saxon race —
 The parents grand of civilization ;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation ?

And lo ! the hardy, daring Greek,
 With art and science in his hand —
 Philip's great son went forth to seek
 New conquests in the Persian's land ;
 And triumphed over the then known earth —
 Ay, wept for more. O ! every pen
 Delights to trace the Grecian's birth
 And life and genius : but what then ?
 He was not of the Saxon race —
 The parents grand of civilization ;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation ?

Greece fell ! just like an o'er-ripe fruit ;
 And haughty Rome upsprung in place,
 And mightier grew ; and set her foot
 Upon the neck of every race.
 The earth has never, never seen
 In peace or war such matchless men —
 Yes, e'en in form, in height and mien,
 Seemed more than mortal ; but what then ?
 They were not of the Saxon race —
 The parents grand of civilization ;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation ?

The Goth and Vandal in their might,
 Poured down from Danube's regal stream,
 And swept o'er Rome, like plague's dark blight;
 Her history since? — a troubled dream.
 Then Charlemagne uprose; his sword
 Submission gained from royal men,
 Till Europe's fearful feudal horde
 Lay prostrate 'neath him; but what then?
 He was not of the Saxon race —
 The parents grand of civilization;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

The Spaniard and the Portuguese —
 The ocean kings whose standards waved
 In haughty pride upon the seas,
 Despite of dangers nobly braved.
 The new world's wealth was theirs alone,
 Whom unknown seas could never pen,
 Spain's pride and glory then outshone
 All other nations; but what then?
 They were not of the Saxon race —
 The parents grand of civilization;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

And Gaul — "the merry land" of Gaul —
 Hurl'd back united Europe's horde,
 And played in frantic zeal with all
 The "Rights of Kings." Napoleon's word
 Made monarchs; potent was his sway,
 O'er angry, proud, discordant men,
 His mind was like a brilliant ray
 Of light, all scorching; but what then?
 He was not of the Saxon race —
 The parents grand of civilization;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation?

Great men have sprung from every land —
 From every creed, and race, and clime:
 The earth brings forth her hero band
 Impartial as to place or time.
 Confucius and Columbus bold,
 George Washington * and Zenghis Kan;

* In name and likeness Washington was a Norman. His tall, Herculean frame, large hands, long face and nose, proclaim him to have been a Norman of the purest stamp.

Brave Tell and Brian Boru of old,
 And many others ; but what then ?
 They were not of the Saxon race —
 The parents grand of civilization ;
 What noble deed doth history trace
 Outside the Anglo-Saxon nation ?

MY VIOLON.

BY T. IRWIN.

WITHIN my little lonely room
 Where many a crimson evening shines,
 I cheer away the falling gloom
 With songs beneath the casement vines :
 Sweet memories haunt the lingering day
 That hovers o'er each golden sun —
 Each time I play
 Brings back a ray —
 Sing to me, sing, old violon.

Old friends, your homes in sunset shine,
 The trees around them softly sigh,
 While o'er the rolling distant brine
 You sail from home and poverty ;
 I see your faces sad and wan
 Turned where the day
 Sets wild and gray —
 Sing of them, sing, old violon.

Old books, companions of my youth,
 And friends of age still brightening earth,
 How oft we've mused above your truth,
 How often smiled upon your mirth !
 Your date recalls the happy years
 And all who blessed them past and gone —
 Their smile appears
 'Mid falling tears —
 Sing to them, sing, old violon !

Companionless amid the days
 I wander in the autumn blast,
 Through fields and trees, and well-known ways,
 The silent scenery of the past.
 Like friends the distant mountains smile

O'erflowed by the departing sun —
 A little while,
 A little while,
 Sing to them yet, old violon.

A pale autumnal cloud of white
 Stands in the cold east all day long,
 And in the silent sky to-night
 Under the full moon hears my song.
 My fancy whispers mournfully
 'Tis some dear spirit beloved and gone,
 Come back to see
 Old earth and me —
 Sing to her, sing, old violon.

Ah! soon, old friend, thy aged strings
 To stranger fingers shall resound;
 But, when to thy rich murmurings
 The joyous dancers beat the ground,
 Through the gay window with the moon
 I'll look ere mirth and dance be done,
 And list thy tune,
 Though soon, too soon
 Death wafts me from my violon.

THE CATHOLIC CAVALIER.

1641.

BY THE HON. G. S. SMYTHE.

THE Holy Church be praised! The King at length hath raised
 The standard of his sires, in all kinglihood, on high!
 Now shall this glorious day, for that one hope repay
 The sorrows which have dimmed the brightness of his eye.

It was twelve years ago, when solemnly and slow,
 There passed down to the Houses the royal cavalcade.
 And the King therein did ride, with the great Duke at his side;
 And loving words, like brothers, they to each other said.

It was but yesterday, — he rode down the array, —
 'Midst pike, and axe, and partisan, and many a gleaming sword,
 And sad, and suffering, — He looked withal a King, —
 Like one who only lived to do His duty to the Lord.

By God's good help, I ween, that wan and mournful mien,
 Shall harden heart, and strengthen arm, and steel us in the strife,

Nor for that wan look alone, shall the Roundhead host atone,
Cry Villiers — and strike home ! — we will have life for life !

A hundred years of wrong shall make our vengeance strong !
A hundred years of outrage, and blasphemy, and broil ;
Since the spirit of Unrest, sent forth on her behest
The Apostate and the Puritan, to do their work of Spoil !

Since the Tyrant's wanton bride trod the Truth down in her pride,
And God, for England's sins, gave power to a Lie, —
And through the land the light of Falsehood burned all bright,
As each churl thought to see the dayspring dawn on high.

And furiously and fast, like the rushing of the blast,
There rose the clang of voices midst strife, and storm, and din,
Yet — through that angry tone the Church prayed on alone —
As a mother pleads the more, for her children when they sin.

She calls you round her son — her own anointed One —
Her standard is the Cross, — O ! lift it forth on high.
Her wrongs shall be our might — Her blessing is our right —
Her hopes our own best hope — Her saints our battle cry !

They are coming — they are here, each loyal Cavalier,
Newcastle, Lindsay, Digby, the Hotspur of the cause ;
They are coming with the sword, to rally round their Lord,
For the Treasons and the Plots 'gainst His kingdoms and His laws.

They are coming, they are here, each loyal Cavalier —
Great Strafford's blood hath summoned them, — and Laud's un-
seemly chains ;
O blessed be that thought, — that England would have brought
Back to the mourning Churches where Unity remains !

They are coming, they are here, each loyal Cavalier,
No Stanley ever shamed the George upon his breast ;
Montrose shall rally forth the clansmen of the North,
The Seymour and the Somerset, their liegemen in the West.

Ho Roundheads, ye that pray, and cant like Pym and Say
Of the sin of Sport and Maying — the crime of village games !
Now by the Holy Rood, but ye shall rue in blood
The hatred that is borne by each hamlet to your names !

To the Traitors who betray, like Iscariot for pay,
To every hireling member, who sits and votes for gain,
Down, down with one and all, the men of blood and brawl,
With Hazlerig and Cromwell — with Harrison and Vane !

Yon sun which shines to-day, upon our brave array,
 On scarf, and casque, and plume, and banners waving slow, —
 Shall see us charge in scorn, 'gainst the ranks of the forsworn,
 And every sword grow crimson, with slaughter of the foe !

This Autumn shall not wane, ere the King shall hold again
 High feasting in Whitehall, for the Armies and the Court;
 And the Puritans shall hear, the tidings in their fear,
 As they cower lone and outcast, at Geneva or at Dort !

THE POET'S GRIEF.

BY J. FRAZER.

My spirit o'er an early tomb,
 With ruffled wing sits drooping ;
 And real forms of blighted bloom
 Have in my heart left little room
 For forms of fancy's grouping.
 The heart — the eye I loved to light
 With song, are dark and hollow ;
 And if, when that young eye was bright,
 I took a haughty minstrel flight,
 It was to tempt the inborn might
 Of that young heart to follow !

No more — O ! never more his gaze
 Shall be to me as glory !
 No more — O ! never more my lays
 Shall sway him with a hope to raise
 His country and her story !
 And when the loved ones in the numb,
 Deaf trance of death are wreathed
 (Though sweet may be her song to some),
 The singer feels the hour is come
 For lyre and lyrist to be dumb —
 Her best of song is breathed.

'Tis true it was a joy to see
 The slave for freedom wrestle,
 Stirred by my random minstrelsy,
 But 'tis not in the lofty tree
 The sweetest song-birds nestle —
 They are a shy and chary race ;
 And though they soar and squander
 Rich music over nature's face,
 To one deep, lonely dwelling-place

No foot may find — no eye may trace,
They still return the fonder.

O, God ! — but prayers availed me not !
The darkening angel enter'd,
And made one universal blot —
A world-wide desert — of the spot,
Where all my hope was centred !
The heart — the eye I loved to light
With song, are dark and hollow —
What marvel if my spirit slight
The guerdon of the minstrel's flight ;
I cannot tempt the inborn might
Of that young heart to follow !

ARTIST'S SONG.

BY T. IRWIN.

Ours is an Arab life, they say,
Sweet Saucy-Friends, 'tis truth they tell,
Yet, somehow, can we find each day
A peaceful palm, and quiet well ;
Our wants are few where beauties shine,
And beauties shine o'er earth and sea ;
Let fate give others gold and wine,
But leave us Art and Liberty !
We speed each sorrow
Toward the morrow
Where the golden clouds have birth,
While, like the swallow,
Still we follow
Summer and freedom round the earth.

'Tis true, we smile at custom's form ;
Art looks for truth in every thing,
And birds that sing through sun and storm
Would lose, if caged, both voice and wing :
The bird that lives uncaged, unsought
(Our neighbor in the ivy tree),
And sings his song each morn, is not
More careless of the world than we ;
We may grow rich
And win our niche,
And change our views, and change our mirth —
Till then we follow
Like the swallow,
Fancy and freedom round the earth.

Our mansions they are baseless yet,
 The sunny fields our only pew,
 A faithful dog our household pet,
 Our "public" but a friend or two;
 Yet poverty has many modes
 Of doubling such sweet charms as come:
 We've rambles o'er the pleasant roads,
 We've moonlight songs returning home —
 When we grow great
 In carriage state
 We yet may roll in gouty worth;
 Till then we follow,
 Like the swallow,
 Summer and sunshine round the earth.

Within the little chamber there
 How many an hour we've won from fate!
 O, glorious refuge ten feet square
 From all the mockeries of the great!
 There rise our pictures like the dream
 That soothes the poor man all the night,
 Our systems, wonderful as steam,
 Our poems, unknown as exquisite.
 Some day divine
 Abroad they'll shine,
 Till then we live in fortune's dearth,
 And, like the swallow,
 Follow, follow
 Summer and fortune round the earth.

There oft our chorused voices roll —
 'Tis beer alone inspires our folk;
 Their theories of star and soul
 Grow clear amid tobacco smoke.
 No watch have we, but o'er the town
 Time tolls the hour in crimson light;
 No princely company we own,
 'Tis Shakspeare only cheers the night;
 Our wit abounds,
 Each voice resounds,
 We yet may win a calmer hearth —
 Till then we follow,
 Like the swallow,
 Beauty and sunshine round the earth.

Yet have we something dearer, friends,
 Than hearts that pulsate fearlessly;
 Something diviner Heaven sends,
 Like stars that light a lonely sea.

O ! we have hope for all who've flown,
 O ! we have angels in the air,
 Belovèd souls that, all unknown,
 Still follow us from year to year —
 In mute despairs,
 In silent prayers,
 We think o'er all who've blessed our hearth,
 And deem they follow,
 Like the poor swallow,
 All that they love around the earth.

Then let us dwell in such delight
 As heart and soul can give alone,
 And with wild fancy's charms to-night
 Revel, while time is yet our own,
 While yon rich autumn cloud unrolls,
 And fills with gold our casement nigh,
 While the great stars like poet souls
 Look in on Art and Liberty !
 Where nature beams
 We'll weave our dreams,
 Where folly struts we'll have our mirth,
 And like the swallow,
 Follow, still follow
 Freedom and light around the earth.

THE DISINTERMENT OF NAPOLEON

BY B. SIMMONS.

Lost Lord of Song ! who grandly gave
 Thy matchless timbrel for the spear —
 And, by old Hellas' hallow'd wave
 Died at the feet of Freedom — hear !
 Hear — from thy lone and lowly tomb,
 Where 'mid thy own "inviolate Isle,"
 Beneath no minster's marble gloom,
 No banner's golden smile.
 Far from the swarming city's crowd,
 Thy glory round thee for a shroud,
 Thou sleep'st, — the pious rustic's tread
 The only echo o'er thy bed ;
 Save, few and faint, when o'er the foam
 The Pilgrims of thy genius come,
 From distant earth with tears of praise,
 The homage of their hearts to raise,

And curse the country's very name,
 Unworthy of thy sacred dust,
 That draws such lustre from thy fame,
 That heaps such outrage on thy bust!

Wake from the Dead — and lift thy brow
 With the same scornful beauty now,
 As when beneath thy shafts of pride
 Envenom'd CANT — the Python — died!
 Prophet no less than Bard, behold
 Matured the eventful moment, told
 In those divine predictive words,
 Pour'd to thy lyre's transcendent chords: —
 "If e'er his awful ashes can grow cold —
 But no, their embers soon shall burst their mould —
 ——— France shall feel the want
 Of this last consolation, though but scant.
 Her honor, fame and faith demand his bones
 To pile above a pyramid of Thrones!"
 If, then, from thy neglected bier
 One humblest follower thou canst hear,
 O Mighty Master! rise and flee,
 Swift as some meteor bold and bright,
 One fragile cloud attending thee,
 Across the dusky tracts of night,
 To where the sunset's latest radiance shone
 O'er Afric's sea interminably lone.

Below that broad, unbroken sea
 Long since the sultry sun has dropp'd,
 And now in dread solemnity
 — As though its course Creation stopp'd
 One wondrous hour, to watch the birth
 Of deeds portentous unto earth —
 The moonless midnight far and wide
 Solidly black flings over all
 That giant waste of waveless tide
 Her melancholy pall,
 Whose folds in thickest gloom unfurl'd
 Each ray of heaven's high face debar,
 Save, on the margin of the World
 Where leans yon solitary star,
 Large, radiant, restless, tinting with far smile
 The jagged cliffs of a gray barren Isle.

Hark! o'er the waves distinctly swell
 Twelve slow vibrations of a bell!
 And out upon the silent ear
 At once ring bold and sharply clear,

With shock more startling than if thunder
Had split the slumbering earth asunder,
The iron sounds of crow and bar ;

Ye scarce may know from whence they come,
Whether from Island or from Star,
Both lie so hush'd and dumb !

On, swift and deep, those echoes sweep,
Shaking long-buried Kings from sleep —
Up, up ! ye sceptred jailers — ho !

Your granite heaped his head in vain ;
The very grave gives back your foe,
Dead Cæsar wakes again !

The Nations with a voice as dread
As that which, once in Bethany,

Burst to the regions of the dead

And set the Loved-one free,
Have cried, "COME FORTH !" and lo ! again,

To smite the hearts and eyes of men

With the old awe he once instill'd

By many an unforgotten field,

Napoleon's look shall startle day —

That look that, where its anger fell,

Scorch'd empires from the earth away

As with the blasts of hell !

Up, from the dust, ye sleepers, ho !

By the blue Danube's stately wave —

From Berlin's towers — from Moscow's snow,

And Windsor's gorgeous grave !

Come — summon'd by the omnific power,

The spirit of this thrilling hour —

And, stooping from yon craggy height,

Girt by each perish'd satellite,

Each cunning tool of kingly terror

Who served your reigns of fraud and error,

Behold, where with relentless lock

Ye chained Prometheus * to his rock,

And when his tortured bosom ceased

Your vulture's savage beak to feast,

Where fathom-deep ye dug his cell,

And built and barr'd his coffin down,

Half doubting if even death could quell

Such terrible renown !

* "Hear, hear Prometheus from his rock appeal
To air, earth, ocean, all who felt or feel."

Now 'mid the torch's solemn glare,
 And bended knee and muttered prayer,
 Within that green sepulchral glen
 Uncover'd groups of warrior men
 Breathless perform the high behest
 Of winning back, in priceless trust,
 For the regenerated West,
 Your victim's mighty dust.
 Hark ! how they burst your cramps and rings —
 Ha, ha ! ye banded, baffled kings !
 Stout men ! delve on with axe and bar,
 Ye're watched from yonder restless star :
 Hew the tough masonry away —
 Bid the tomb's ponderous portals fly !
 And firm your sounding levers sway,
 And loud your clanking hammers ply !

Nor falter though the work be slow,
 Ye something gain in every blow,
 While deep each heart in chorus sings,
 Ha, ha ! ye banded, baffled kings !
 Brave men ! delve in with axe and bar,
 Ye're watched from yonder glorious star.
 'Tis morn — the marble floor is cleft,
 And slight and short the labor left.
 'Tis noon — they wind the windlass now
 To heave the granite from his brow :
 Back to each gazer's waiting heart
 The life-blood leaps with anxious start —
 Down Bertrand's cheek the tear-drop steals —
 Low in the dust Las Cases kneels ;
 (O ! tried and trusted — still, as long
 As the true heart's fidelity
 Shall form the theme of harp and song,
 High Bards shall sing of ye !)
 One moment, — and thy beams, O sun !
 The bier of him shall look upon,
 Who, save the Heaven-expell'd alone,
 Dared envy thee thy blazing throne ;
 Who haply oft, with gaze intent,
 And sick from victory's vulgar war,
 Panted to sweep the firmament,
 And dash thee from thy car,
 And cursed the clay that still confined
 His narrow conquests to mankind.

'Tis done — his chiefs are lifting now
 The shroud from that tremendous brow,

That with the lightning's rapid might
 Illumed Marengo's awful night —
 Flash'd over Lodi's murderous bridge,
 Swept Prussia from red Jena's ridge,
 And broke once more the Austrian sword
 By Wagram's memorable ford.
 And may Man's puny race that shook
 Before the terrors of that look,
 Approach unshrinking now, and see
 How far corruption's mastery
 Has tamed the tyrant-tamer! Raise
 That silken cloud, what meets the gaze?

The scanty dust or whitening bones,
 Or fleshless jaws' horrific mirth,
 Of him whose threshold rose on thrones,
 A mockery now to earth?
 No — even as though his haughty clay
 Scoff'd at the contact of decay,
 And from his mind's immortal flame
 Itself immortalized became,
 Tranquilly there Napoleon lies reveal'd
 Like a king sleeping on his own proud shield,
 Harness'd for conflict, and that eagle-star
 Whose fire-eyed Legion foremost waked the war,
 Still on his bosom, tarnish'd too and dim,
 As if hot battle's cloud had lately circled him.

Fast fades the vision — from that glen
 Wind slow those aching-hearted men,
 While every mountain echo floats,
 Fill'd with the bugle's regal notes —
 And now the gun's redoubled roar
 Fills the lone peak and mighty main,
 Beneath his glorious Tricolor
 Napoleon rests again!

And France's galley soon the sail
 Shall spread triumphant to the gale;
 Till, lost upon the lingering eye,
 It melts and mingles in the sky.
 Let Paris, too, prepare a show,
 And deck her streets in gaudy woe!

And rear a more than kingly shrine,
 Whose taper's blaze shall ne'er be dim,
 And bid the sculptor's art divine
 Be lavish'd there for HIM.
 And let him take his rest serene,
 (Even so he will'd it) by the Seine;

But ever to the poet's heart,
 Or pilgrim musing o'er those pages
 (Replete with marvels) that impart
 His story unto Ages;
 The spacious azure of yon sea
 Alone his minster floor shall be,
 Coped by the stars — red evening's smile
 His epitaph; and thou, rude Isle,
 Austerely-brow'd and thunder-rent
 Napoleon's only monument!

IRISH CASTLES.

"SWEET Norah, come here, and look into the fire;
 Maybe in its embers good luck we might see;
 But don't come too near, or your glances so shining,
 Will put it clean out, like the sunbeams, machree!

"Just look 'twixt the sods, where so brightly they're burning;
 There's a sweet little valley, with rivers and trees, —
 And a house on the bank, quite as big as the squire's —
 Who knows but some day we'll have something like these?

"And now there's a coach, and four galloping horses,
 A coachman to drive, and a footman behind;
 That betokens some day we will keep a fine carriage,
 And dash through the streets with the speed of the wind."

As Dermot was speaking, the rain down the chimney
 Soon quenched the turf-fire on the hollowed hearth-stone;
 While mansion and carriage in smoke-wreaths vanished,
 And left the poor dreamers dejected and lone.

Then Norah to Dermot these words softly whisper'd, —
 "'Tis better to *strive*, than to vainly desire;
 And *our* little hut by the roadside is better
 Than palace, and servants, and coach — IN THE FIRE!"

'Tis years since poor Dermot his fortune was dreaming —
 Since Norah's sweet counsel effected its cure;
 For ever since then hath he toiled night and morning,
 And now his snug mansion looks down on the Suir.

THE SALLY FROM SALERNO.

BY G. H. SUPPLE.

[“The sally from Salerno was not properly an event of the Crusades. Its date was 1016, while the first Crusade was not until 1096. Its connection with those wars, however, the actors in it having been pilgrims returning from the Holy Land and their Saracen enemy, will, perhaps, justify it as a subject for a ballad under this title. The inducements to those wars were the Moslem's oppression of the Christian pilgrims, and the Moslem irruptions into Christendom, which made it necessary to bridle that power by a Christian kingdom in the East. The Princes of Salerno were of the Longobard race, which will account for Waimar's Teutonic name and his daughter's. Historians tell us he offered the Normans an honorable settlement in his country in gratitude for their heroism, which they declined, but promised to send some of their countrymen, who accordingly came and founded the Norman dynasties of South Italy.”]

CHRISTIAN Monk and Paynim Molla have the parchment clerkly
scrolled,

Fair Salerno's safe from Saracen, for ransom weighed in gold.

“God has sent us good King Waimar for a ruler mild and sage,

To protect his trembling people from the ruthless Moslem's rage.

Stranger guests, ho! Norman pilgrims, what portends your strange
array;

Why those shields, and casques, and corselets, as if bound for joust
or fray?

Wherefore now, ye grim-browed strangers, spur your steeds with
lance in rest;

Know ye not Salerno's ransom'd at the Saracen's behest?”

“Out upon ye, pallid cravens, ope your gates, ye hearts of hare,

With our knightly swords and God's good help, we'll keep our
honor fair.”

Down they rode, those Norman pilgrims, on the Paynim straightly
there.

Careless seem they, lightly deem they those beleag'ring myriads
bold,

Of the band so scant that cometh, they must bear the promised
gold.

“God is great, tho' slave or maiden of the Giaour have we none,

Well he wrought Suleyman Aga, goodly ransom have we won.

Fearly ride those twoscore riders, knights they seem, not slaves to
kneel —

Dogs of Nazareth, no gold they bear, but gleaming Norman steel.”

Prayed a prayer each belted warrior, each a lady's name did say,

And the thunder-cloud burst, crashing thro' the infidel array.

Help, Mahomet! Damascus blades are dealing blows around in
vain,

Sternly plies each Christian's labor, till their dripping sabres rain

From a thousand cloven Paynim bloody ransom on the plain.

'Tis sweet evening ; fading sunset sheds a gorgeous radiance down
On that beauteous bay and bloody strand, and fair Salerno's town.
Thro' Prince Waimar's palace gardens and tall groves the sunbeams
 rolled,

Thro' his windows rare, and chambers fair, and carvings quaint and
 old,

Till they kissed his gentle daughter there, the dark-eyed Henegild,
As so pensively she gazed abroad, her eyes with sadness filled ;
Till they lit a gallant's youthful face, who sat that maid beside,
Lit his curling locks, his open brow, and beardless lip of pride —
Sir Asclittin, bold Asclittin, he whose foremost lance and shield
Broke to-day the Moslem leaguer and the heart of Henegild —
Sir Asclittin, bold Asclittin, peerless he in bower and field.

" Gentle ladye, in fair Normandie, in mine own rugged land,
Dwelleth she who first my knighthood's spurs bound on with her
 white hand :

I have seen as lovely maids, good sooth, in Greece and Palestine,
And I gaze upon more beauty now in those dark eyes of thine,
Tho' strayed my course to court, and listed field and lordly tower,
To hold with lance my loved Adela, beauty's peerless flower ;
But fast upbraiding memory comes, her smiles are in my eyes,
I must fly betime, for charms like thine my fealty strangely tries."
Passed away that youthful knight, so leal in love, in war so bold,
While in the sunbeams dropped the maiden's tears in showers of gold,
Long, long sighed the Princess Henegild with weight of woe untold.

THE MOUNTAIN FORGE.

BY T. IRWIN.

In the gloomy mountain's lap
Lies the village dark and quiet ;
All have passed their labor-nap,
And the peasant, half-awaking,
A blind, yawning stretch is taking,
Ere he turns to rest again ;
There is not a sound of riot,
Not a sound save that of pain,
Where some aged bones are aching ;
Lo ! the moon is in the wane —
Even the moon a drowse is taking.

By the blossomed sycamore,
Filled with bees when day is o'er it,
Stands the Forge, with smoky door ;
Idle chimney, blackened shed —
All its merry din is dead ;

Broken shaft and wheel disused
 Strew the umbered ground before it,
 And the streamlet's voice is fused
 Faintly with the cricket's *chirrup*,
 As it tinkles clear and small
 Round the glooming hearth and wall,
 Hung with rusty shoe and stirrup.

Yes, the moon is in the wane ;
 Hark ! the sound of horses tramping
 Down the road with might and main ;
 Through the slaty runnels crumbling,
 Comes a carriage swinging, rumbling ;
 Round the steep quick corner turning,
 Plunge the horses, puff'd and champing ;
 Like the eyes of weary ghosts,
 The red lamps are dimly burning.
 Now 'tis stopt — and one springs down,
 And cries unto the sleeping town —
 "Ho ! for a blacksmith — ho ! awake !
 Bring him who will his fortune make —
 The best, the best the village boasts !"

Up springs the brawny blacksmith now,
 And rubs his eyes, and brushes off
 The iron'd sweat upon his brow,
 Hurries his clothes and apron on,
 And calls his wife and wakes his son,
 And opes the door to the night air,
 And gives a husky cough ;
 Then hastens to the horses standing
 With drooping heads and hotly steaming,
 And sees a dark-eyed youth out-handing
 A sweet maiden, light and beaming.

He strikes a lusty shoulder-blow :
 "Four shoes," he cries, "are quickly wanting ;"
 His face is in an eager glow.
 "Take my purse and all that's in its
 Heart, if you in twenty minutes
 Fit us for the road." The smith
 Looks at the wearied horses panting,
 Then at the clustering gold ;
 And thinks, as he falls to his work,
 He dreams — a mind-dream, rusty murk,
 That this is but a fairy myth,
 A tale to-morrow to be told.

But now the forge fire spirts alive
 To the old bellows softly purring,

In the red dot the irons dive ;
 Brighter and broader it is glowing,
 Stronger and stronger swells the blowing,
 The bare armed men stand round and mutter
 Lowly while the cinders stirring —
 Ho ! out it flames 'mid sparkles dropping,
 Splitting, glittering, flying, hopping ;
 Heavily now the hammers batter,
 All is glaring din and clatter.

In the cottage dimly lighted
 By the taper's drowsy glare,
 Stands the gentle girl benighted ;
 By her side for ever hovers
 That dark youth, O, best of lovers !
 Daring all that love will dare
 With an aspect firm and gay :
 Now the moon seems shining clearer.
 Hark ! a sound seems swooning nearer
 From the heathy hills ; the maid
 Lists with ear acute, and while
 One there with brave, assuring smile,
 Smooths her forehead's chestnut braid,
 The danger softly dies away.

Now the forge is in a glow,
 Bellows roaring, irons ringing ;
Three are made, and blow on blow
 Sets the patient anvil singing ;
 " Another shoe — another, hark ye,"
 Ra-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra-rap ;
 Split the ruddy sheddings sparky,
 Ra-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra-rap ;
 Strikes the quick and lifted hammer
 On the anvil bright and worn ;
 While amid the midnight there,
 Beyond the noisy streaming glare,
 With a yellow misty glamour,
 Looks the moon upon the corn.

On the hill-road moving nigher,
 Hurries something dimly shooting,
 Glances from two eyes of fire :
 " Haste, O, haste ! " they're working steady ;
 Cries the blacksmith, " now they're ready."
 Pats the pawing horses, testing
 On the ground their iron footing ;
 Helps the lady, lightly-resting

On his black arm up the carriage ;
 Takes the gold with doubt and wonder —
 And as o'er the stones and gorses
 Tramp the hot pursuing horses,
 Cries with voice of jolly thunder —
 " Trust me, *they* won't stop the marriage ! "

Scarce a minute's past away
 When, O, magic scene ! the village
 Lies asleep all hushed and gray ;
 But hark ! who throng again the street
 With roaring voices, brows of heat ?
 Come they here the town to pillage ?
 No. Across the road, o'erthrown,
 Carriage creaks and horses moan ;
 " Blacksmith, ho ! " the travellers cry —
 Not a taper cheers the eye ;
 While a-top a distant hill
 Flushed with dawn-light's silent warning,
 Speed the lovers toward the morning
 With a rapid right good will ;
 While behind that father fretting,
 The pale night-sick moon is setting.

THE SPINNING WHEEL SONG.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL. D.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning ;
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;
 Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting —
 " Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
 " 'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
 " Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
 " 'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring ;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

" What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder ? "
 " 'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
 " What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
 And singing all wrong that old song of ' The Coolun ? ' "
 There's a form at the casement — the form of her true love —
 And he whispers, with face bent, " I'm waiting for you, love ;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
 Steals up from the seat — longs to go, and yet lingers;
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
 Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps — then leaps to the arms of her lover.
 Slower — and slower — and slower the wheel swings;
 Lower — and lower — and lower the reel rings —
 Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving,
 Thro' the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

MOLLY CAREW.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

OCH HONE! and what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost
 Like a bud in the frost;
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 'tis *dhrames* and not sleep that comes into my head,
 And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew —
 And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
 You're complater than Nature
 In every feature.
 The snow can't compare
 With your forehead so fair,
 And I rather would see just one blink of your eye,
 Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky,
 And by this and by that,
 For the matter o' that,
 You're more distant by far than that same!
 Och hone! *weirasthru*!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies

Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it snublime;

And then for your cheek,
Troth 'twould take him a week,
Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather:
Then your lips! O, machree!
In their beautiful glow,
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.

'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago,

But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,

You taze me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me.

Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the owld cheat
Wouldn't play you your favorite tune.

And when you're at mass,
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you,
I am, Molly Carew.

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep;

O, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering sowl;

Och hone! weirasthru!
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;

For there's girls by the score
That loves me — and more,

And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street;

Troth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise

To think 'twasn't you was come to it!

And faith, Kitty Naile,

And her cow, I go bail,

Would jump if I'd say,

"Katty Naile, name the day."

And tho' you're fair, and fresh as a morning in May,
 While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day;
 Yet if you don't repent
 Before Easter, when Lent
 Is over, I'll marry for spite,
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 And when I die for you,
 My ghost will haunt you every night.

NAPOLEON'S LAST LOOK.

BY B. SIMMONS.

[I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when to my astonishment I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour and make for the poop ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said, "Ushant? Cape Ushant?" I replied, "Yes, Sir," and withdrew. He then took out a pocket glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly midday, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed; it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in these few hours! — *Memoirs of an Aristocrat," by a Midshipman of the Bellerophon.*]

WHAT of the night, ho! Watcher there
 Upon the armed deck,
 That holds within its thunderous lair
 The last of empire's wreck —
 E'en him whose capture now the chain
 From captive earth shall smite;
 Ho! rock'd upon the moaning main,
 Watcher, what of the night?

"The stars are waning fast — the curl
 Of morning's coming breeze,
 Far in the north begins to furl
 Night's vapor from the seas.
 Her every shred of canvas spread,
 The proud ship plunges free,
 While bears afar with stormy head,
 Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet-stirr'd,
 Forth in the dawning gray
 A silent man made to the deck
 His solitary way.

And leaning o'er the poop, he gazed
 Till on his straining view,
 That cloud-like speck of land, upraised,
 Distinct, but slowly grew.

Well may he look until his frame
 Maddens to marble there ;
 He risked Renown's all-grasping game,
 Dominion or despair —
 And lost — and lo ! in vapor furled,
 The last of that loved France,
 For which his prowess cursed the world,
 Is dwindling from his glance.

He lives, perchance the past again,
 From the fierce hour when first
 On the astounded hearts of men
 His meteor-presence burst —
 When blood-besotted Anarchy
 Sank quelled amid the roar
 Of thy far-sweeping musketry,
 Eventful Thermidor !

Again he grasps the victor-crown
 Marengo's carnage yields —
 Or bursts o'er Lodi, beating down
 Bavaria's thousand shields —
 Then turning from the battle-sod,
 Assumes the Consul's palm —
 Or seizes giant-empire's rod
 In solemn Notre-Dame.

And darker thoughts oppress him now —
 Her ill-requited love,
 Whose faith as beauteous as her brow
 Brought blessings from above —
 Her trampled heart — his darkening star —
 The cry of outraged Man —
 And white-lipped Rout, and Wolfish War,
 Loud thundering on his van.

Rave on, thou far-resounding Deep,
 Whose billows round him roll !
 Thou'rt calmness to the storms that sweep
 This moment o'er his soul.
 Black chaos swims before him, spread
 With trophy-shaping bones ;
 The council-strife, the battle-dead,
 Rent charters, cloven thrones.

Yet, proud One ! could the loftiest day
Of thy transcendent power,
Match with the soul-compelling sway
Which in this dreadful hour,
Aids thee to hide beneath the show
Of calmest lip and eye —
The hell that wars and works below —
The quenchless thirst to die ?

The white dawn crimson'd into morn —
The morning flashed to day —
And the sun followed glory-born,
Rejoicing on his way —
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood
That muser cast his view,
While round him awed and silent stood
His fate's devoted few.

O ! for the sulphureous eve of June,
When down that Belgian hill
His bristling Guards' superb platoon
He led unbroken still !
Now would he pause, and quit their side
Upon destruction's marge,
Nor king-like share with desperate pride
Their vainly-glorious charge ?

No — gladly forward he would dash
Amid that onset on,
Where blazing-shot and sabre-crash
Pealed o'er his empire gone —
There, 'neath his vanquished eagles tost,
Should close his grand career,
Girt by his heaped and slaughtered host
He lived — for fetters *here* !

Enough — in moontide's yellow light
Cape Ushant melts away —
Even as his kingdom's shattered might
Shall utterly decay —
Save when his spirit-shaking story,
In years remotely dim,
Warms some pale minstrel with its glory
To raise the song to *Him*.

WAR!

BY T. IRWIN.

At length the great War that the Prophet foretold
 From his lone ocean prison, around us is hurled ;
 The mandate is given — the lightnings are roll'd,
 From the long gather'd clouds on the brow of the world !
 O, who may declare how the nations shall rise,
 When Peace scatters light o'er the tempest of doom ?
 Vague forms of the future are shaped in the skies,
 Where the Cossack and Christian contend in the gloom :
 Rise, Demons of Force — weep, Angels of Light —
 Our crescent star rolls for a space into night.

Far off, 'mid the wastes of his many-zoned land,
 The Despot, enthroned o'er the pomp of the War,
 Grasps Glory's dead trump with a warrior's hand,
 And clarions a prayer unto Victory's star.
 Through the white stately streets of his city, this hour,
 Swells the mustering host's multitudinous hum,
 And the great bells are tolling from temple and tower,
 'Mid the trumpet's drear blast, and the throb of the drum.
 Rise, Demons of Force — weep, Angels of Light —
 The Scythian is gathering the Armies of Night.

Lo, southward, where oft they have traversed of yore,
 Through the Mediterranean's azure expanse,
 By the ruins of Greece — by the swart Afric shore,
 Speeds on to the war the bright phalanx of France.
 Blow, favoring winds, on the warrior's path —
 Rise, memories of Moscow, through bosom and brain ;
 Now the deep passion'd Fury, retributive wrath,
 Gives a flame to your chivalry once, once again :
 Speed, spirits as bright as the sun and as warm,
 But fierce in your strength as the white Russian storm.

Lo ! England, aroused from her torpor at last
 By the slow Scythian terror, moves sullenly forth :
 Like full-feathered eagles aslant on the blast,
 Her thunder brimm'd Fleets surge along to the North.
 O, what may arise when from Cronstadt's gray steep
 The iron-tongued destinies roar through the fire —
 The sea-pride of Britain a wreck on the deep ?
 The snow-city's towers a funereal pyre ?
 Speed on — o'er the bleak wintry skies of the town,
 The dusky-browed Phantom of India looks down.

Yes, the tempest's a-wing — over ocean and glade,
 The hosts hurry on to the plains of the war,
 Where throbs the low pulse of the quick cannonade,
 From the thundering heart of the battle afar.
 While the Slave strains his gaze to the Eastern space,
 As the shadow and storm of the time is unfurled,
 For that glory long sought by each suffering Race,
 In the new dawn of Destiny folding the world.
 Where, elected by nations, the sovereign *Right*
 May dictate a new code from his palace of light.

THE IRISH MOTHER'S DREAM.

ONE night, as the wind of the Winter blew loud,
 And snow swathed the earth, like a corse in its shroud,
 An aged Mother mused in her dim cottage shed,
 O'er the young soldier-son of her heart far away,
 Where the cannon flames red o'er the low lying dead,
 And the desolate camp bleakly spreads in the day.
 And near stood her daughter, with sad strained smile,
 And kind cheek of care that long weeping had worn,
 As she whispered, "Now sleep, dearest Mother, a while —
 God is good, and our Dermot will surely return."

The poor Mother turned on her pillow, and there
 Soon slept the kind sleep Heaven sheds on our care.
 Silence filled the dusk chamber — the low ashy hearth
 Sunk lower, and noiselessly sifted the snow,
 O'er the white, spacious girth of the cold, solemn earth,
 Where the muffled moon fitfully glimmer'd below;
 But vanished the while are her visions of fear,
 And passed, for a space, is her sorrow and pain;
 For an angel has wafted her soul from its sphere,
 And in dreams she beholds her own Dermot again.

Dear joy! how she loves him! A long year has passed
 Since she kissed his pale forehead, and hung on his breast;
 She looks in his face — 'tis the same, still the same —
 Still soft are those eyes as the dew on the sod:
 No thirst for the game of wild battle or fame
 Have lessened their love for her, thanks be to God!
 But away! they are speeding o'er mountain and moor —
 O'er city and forest — o'er tempest and tide;
 But little she heeds of their terrors, be sure,
 While that son of her bosom seems still at her side.

Lo ! at length they have passed the wild ocean, and stand
 On a summit, that looks o'er a desolate land ;
 Far off the great fortresses loom o'er the spray,
 Anear, the bleak tents drift the slopes of the ground ;
 And a sense of decay fills the solitude gray,
 For an army in ruins is scattered around.
 "And is it for this," said the poor dreaming soul,
 "My Dermod has wandered from home's blessed air ? —
 Here Death fills the wind blowing keen from the pole —
 Here the pestilence strikes what the cannon may spare."

They passed through the streets of the tents lying still —
 They passed by the trenches that ridge the brown hill —
 They saw the pale faces that famine has worn ;
 They pace where the wounded lie lonely and lost —
 Where the corse, cannon-torn, to its red bed was borne —
 Where the poor frozen sentinel died on his post.
 "Ah, why, Dermod, why did you cross the wide foam,
 To fortune, my child, in this land of the dead ?
 Sure we'd plenty at home — there was better to come :
 Why, for this, did you leave me, acushla," she said.

"I thought, as you grew fond and brave by my side,
 No sorrow could cloud us — no fate could divide ;
 I fancied the day when our home would grow bright,
 With the smile of some *colleen* I'd cherish for thee —
 When I'd sing thro' the night by the hearth's ruddy light,
 With your boy, my own Dermod, asleep on my knee ;
 And when, circled round by a few happy friends,
 Old age drooped my head, after many a year,
 As I passed to my God, through the death that he sends,
 The kind Father would bless me, and you would be near."

Still close in the gloom seems he standing by her ;
 But hark ! 'tis the drum, and the camp is astir ;
 And a sound fills the air, from the hill to the star,
 Like an earthquake, along the wild bastion it runs,
 While echoes afar roar the voice of the War,
 As it doubles its thunder from thousands of guns,
 And she wakes. In the gleam of the pale morning air
 One gives her a letter — soon, soon is it read ;
 But a low piteous moan only speaks her despair —
 "Ah, Mother of God ! my own Dermod is dead !"

THE HERMIT.

BY THOMAS PARNELL, D. D.,

ARCHDEACON OF CLOGHER.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
 Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.
 A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
 So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colors glow:
 But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.
 The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;

But when the Southern sun had warmed the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way!
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
 And, "Hail, my son!" the rev'rend sire replied;
 Words followed words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceived the road;
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.

Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
 Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home ;

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive : the livery'd servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown :
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
 At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play :

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go :
 None but the landlord having cause of woe ;
 His cup had vanish'd ; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
 So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part ;
 Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.

Warn'd by the signs the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
 And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driven by wind, and battered by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first received a guest ;)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;

One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls :
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.
 With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such (within himself he cried,)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?

But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !
 But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :

The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
 While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.
 Now, night's dim shades again involve the sky,

Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.

The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion and the master greet :
Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
" Without a vain, without a yielding heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part ;

From him you come, for him accept you here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer ; "
He spoke and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil ; the dappled morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,

And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd and died.
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done ?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way :

A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then slashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,

" Detested wretch " — but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turn'd white and flow'd upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odors breathe thro' purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous Angel broke
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)
 " Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind.

For this commission'd, I forsook the sky :
 Nay, cease to kneel — Thy fellow-servant I.
 Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.
 The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
 On using second means to work his ends :
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The power exerts his attributes on high ;

Your actions uses, not controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
 What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes !
 Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !
 The Great, Vain Man, who far'd on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
 Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,

Has, with the Cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
 The mean, suspicious Wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor ;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind ;
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon his head ;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
Long had our Pious Friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God ;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run ?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false Servant sped in safety back !
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
" *Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done ;*"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.*

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

Not in that home I knew thee once adorning,
That happy home where thou wert joy and light ;
Not in the promise of thy life's gay morning,
When thou wert as a vision of delight —

* The fable of this elegant, but surely immoral, poem is not the invention of Dr. Parnell, who had it, in all probability, from More's Dialogues. It is a production of the darker ages, and makes the eightieth chapter of the *Gesta Romanorum*.

Ere thou to an eternal love didst give,
The vows earth was not worthy to receive ;
Did a diviner lustre light thy brow,
Or live within those gentle eyes — than *now*.

Not in that hour, when lofty anthems pealing,
A farewell to our hopes, and to *thy* fears,
Weeping, we found thee at the altar kneeling,
Beautiful seen amid fast falling tears.
Wert thou less lovely, putting far away
All of the world thou hadst, its trappings gay ;
And in their stead, Religion's robe didst don,
Over the lowlier heart, the lowly garb put on.

The spring of life, the purple bloom of youth,
The light of heavenly beauty lent to earth,
The young heart's joy, the tenderness, the truth —
Days of delight and innocent household mirth.
Friends, parents, home, thy hope of motherhood,
All that the world holds dear, deserved, and good ;
All that is loved at home, admired abroad,
These thou didst not bequeath, but *gavest* to thy God.

The opening bud of life, that early blew
For our delight, doth presently expand,
In a serener Heaven, and balmier dew,
Too soon plucked from us by an angel hand ;
Nor all withdrawn. No more for earth to live,
Heaven takes not yet the life that thou dost give,
Spares thee to charity, and us beneath —
Too good for life — too beautiful for death.

Forgive our tears ! Since not for thee they flow,
For our own loss our eyes the tear disdains ;
Worldlings, we miss thee to the world below,
Grudging the loss that our Creator gains.
For we would have thee many checkered years,
Joy with our joys, and sorrow with our tears ;
Wanderers in sin, we weep thy happy rest,
And mourners of the world, mourn thee blest.

Handmaid of God ! The early morn beholds
Thee, with delight, thy Master's work begin ;
When from her ebon gate night slow unfolds
Her sable pall, thou hastenest to win.
To Him whose Cross shall bear the bale, and blame
Some suffering child of sorrow and of shame ;
The word in season, then, the friend in need —
And thou dost raise the fallen, and bind the broken reed.

Vice shrinks into itself when thou art by,
 And fallen virtue weeps her lost estate ;
 Fallen virtue to thy bosom drawing nigh,
 Thou with kind words dost oft commiserate,
 And waterest with thy tears right plenteously,
 If haply these same seeds of grace may lie,
 That in due season heavenward may grow,
 And mercy, for thy sake, th' Almighty Master show.

The widow is thy mother, and the child
 Motherless, thy dear daughter, and thou art,
 Of many a desolate man, the sister mild,
 Stricken in holes and corners by death's dart.
 The children of the poor around thee stand,
 Gaze in thy ever-loving eyes, and kiss thy saving hand ;
 But Christ's alone peculiarly thou art —
 His are thy life, thy prayers — He all thy heart.

Thou the uncultured garden of the soul,
 When baleful weeds infest the immortal flower,
 With soft persuasion, with serene control,
 Dost timely tend, ere the untimely hour.
 The amaranthine flower, mortals share
 With angels' *virtue* well rewards thy care,
 This thou redeemest from the grovelling clod,
 And bindest to the temple of thy God.

Daughter of Heaven ! though never more to raise
 Thy gentle eyes to mine ; nor may I hear
 Thy soft, sweet accents, nor the heartfelt praise
 Of all thy goodness charm my listening ear.
 Thy presence is a blessing. Let me see
 Thee in my path, that I may better be ;
 O ! for a life like thine. Go, gentle dove,
 While my heart follows thee on wings of love.

SIR CAHIR O'DOHERTY'S MESSAGE.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

[In 1608, O'Doherty, Chief of Innishowen seized Derry, garrisoned Culmore, and fought a campaign of five months against the troops of James I., with success. He fell by assassination in the *twentieth* year of his age!]

SHALL the children of Ulster despair ?
 Shall Aileach but echo to groans ?
 Shall the line of Conn tamely repair
 To the charnel, and leave it their bones ?

Sleeps the soul of O'Neill in Tyrone?
 Glance no axes around by Lough Erne?
 Has Clan Rannall the heart of a stone?
 Does O'Boyle hide his head in the fern?

Go, tell them O'Doherty waits, —
 Waits harnessed and mounted and all,
 That his pikestaves are made of his gates —
 That his bed's by the white waterfall!
 Say, he turneth his back on the sea,
 Though the sail flaps to bear him afar!
 Say, he never will falter or flee,
 While ten men are found willing for war!

Bid them mark his death-day in their books,
 And hide for the future the tale;
 But insult not his corpse with cold looks,
 Nor remember him over their ale. —
 If they come not in arms and in rage,
 Let them stay, he can battle alone,
 For, one flag, in this fetter-worn age,
 Is still flying in free Innishowen!

If the children of Chieftains you see,
 O, pause and repeat to them then,
 That Cabir, who lives by the sea,
 Bids them think of him, when they are men;
 Bids them watch for new Chiefs to arise,
 And he ready to come at their call —
 Bids them mourn not for him if he dies,
 But like him live to conquer or fall!

FATHER MATHEW.

TO A PAINTER ABOUT TO COMMENCE A PICTURE ILLUSTRATING THE LABORS OF
 FATHER MATHEW.

SEIZE thy pencil, child of art!
 Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee;
 Great thy hand and great thy heart,
 If well thou dost the work before thee!
 'Tis not thine to round the shield,
 Or point the sabre, black or gory;
 'Tis not thine to spread the field,
 Where crime is crown'd — where guilt is glory.

Child of art! to thee be given
 To paint, in colors all unclouded,
 Breakings of a radiant heaven
 O'er an isle in darkness shrouded!
 But, to paint them true and well,
 Every ray we see them shedding
 In its very light must tell
 What a gloom *before* was spreading.

Canst thou picture dried-up tears —
 Eyes that wept no longer weeping —
 Faithful woman's wrongs and fears,
 Lonely, nightly vigils keeping —
 Listening ev'ry footfall nigh —
 Hoping him she loves returning?
 Canst thou, then, depict her joy,
 That we may know *the change* from mourning?

Paint in colors strong, but mild,
 Our Isle's Redeemer and Director —
 Canst thou paint *the man a child*,
 Yet shadow forth the mighty victor?
 Let his path a rainbow span,
 Every *hue* and *color* blending —
 Beaming "peace and love" to man,
 And alike o'er ALL extending!

Canst thou paint a land made free —
 From its sleep of bondage woken —
 Yet, withal, that we may see
 What 'twas *before* the chain was broken!
 Seize thy pencil, child of art!
 Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee!
 Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
 If well thou dost the work before thee!

MARY STUART'S LAST PRAYER.

BY THE HON. G. S. SMYTHE.

A LONELY mourner kneels in prayer before the Virgin's fane,
 With white hands crossed for Jesu's sake, so her prayer may not be
 vain.
 Wan is her cheek, and very pale, — her voice is low and faint, —
 And tears are in her eyes, the while she makes her humble plaint.
 O little could you deem, from her, her sad and lowly mien,
 That she was once the Bride of France, and still was Scotland's
 Queen!

O, Mary Mother! — Mary Mother! — be my help and stay!
 Be with me still, as thou hast been, and strengthen me to-day!
 For many a time, with heavy heart, all weary of its grief,
 I solace sought, in thy blest thought, and ever found relief:
 For thou, too, wert a Queen on earth, — and men were harsh to
 thee! —

And cruel things and rude, they said, — as they have said of me!

O, Gentlemen of Scotland! O, Cavaliers of France!
 How each and all had grasped his sword, and seized his angry lance,
 If Ladye love, or Sister dear, or nearer dearer Bride,
 Had been, like me, your friendless Liege, insulted and belied! —
 But these are sinful thoughts and sad, — I should not mind me now,
 Of faith forsworn, or broken pledge, or false or fruitless vow!

But rather pray — sweet Mary — my sins may be forgiven! —
 And less severe than on the earth, my Judges prove in heaven.
 For stern and solemn men have said, — God's vengeance will be
 shown, —

And fearful will the penance be, — on the sins which I have done!
 And yet, albeit my sins be great — O Mary, Mary dear! —
 Nor to Knox, nor to false Moray, the Judge will then give ear!

Yes! it was wrong and thoughtless, when first I came from France,
 To lead courante, or minuet, or lighter, gayer dance.
 Yes — it was wrong and thoughtless, — to while whole hours away
 In dark and gloomy Holyrood, with some Italian lay.
 Dark men would scowl their hate at me, and I have heard them tell,
 How the Just Lord God of Israel, had stricken Jezebel!

But thou — dear Mary — Mary mine! hast ever looked the same,
 With pleasant mien, and smile serene, on her who bore thy name;
 O, grant that, when anon I go to death! I may not see
 Nor axe, nor block, nor headsman, — but Thee, and only Thee!
 Then, 'twill be told, in coming times, how Mary gave her grace
 To die, as Stuart, Guise, should die — of Charlemagne's fearless race.

SOUL AND COUNTRY.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

ARISE! my slumbering soul, arise!
 And learn what yet remains for thee
 To dree or do!
 The signs are flaming in the skies;
 A struggling world would yet be free,
 And live anew.

The earthquake hath not yet been born,
 That soon shall rock the lands around,
 Beneath their base.
 Immortal freedom's thunder horn,
 As yet, yields but a doleful sound
 To Europe's race.

Look round, my soul, and see and say
 If those about thee understand
 Their mission here ;
 The will to smite — the power to slay —
 Abound in every heart — and hand
 Afar, anear.
 But, God ! must yet the conqueror's sword
 Pierce *mind*, as heart, in this proud year ?
 O, dream it not !
 It sounds a false, blaspheming word,
 Begot and born of moral fear —
 And ill-begot !

To leave the world a name is nought ;
 To leave a name for glorious deeds
 And works of love —
 A name to waken lightning thought,
 And fire the soul of him who reads,
 This tells above.
 Napoleon sinks to-day before
 The unguilded shrine, the *single* soul
 Of Washington ;
 TRUTH's name, alone, shall man adore,
 Long as the waves of time shall roll
 Henceforward on !

My countrymen ! my words are weak,
 My health is gone, my soul is dark,
 My heart is chill —
 Yet would I fain and fondly seek
 To see you borne in freedom's bark
 O'er ocean still.
 Beseech your God, and bide your hour —
 He cannot, will not, long be dumb ;
 Even now his tread
 Is heard o'er earth with coming power ;
 And coming, trust me, it will come,
 Else were he dead !

Translated Ballads.

MARY, QUEEN OF MERCY!

FROM THE GERMAN OF SIMROCK.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

THERE lived a Knight long years ago,
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless,
Of God above, or Hell below,
He took no thought, but, undismayed,
Pursued his course of wickedness.

His heart was rock ; he never prayed
To be forgiven for all his treasons ;
He only said, at certain seasons,
" O, MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

Years rolled, and found him still the same,
Still draining Pleasure's poison-bowl ;
Yet felt he now and then some shame ;
The torment of the Undying Worm
At whiles woke in his trembling soul ;
And then, though powerless to reform,
Would he, in hope to appease that sternest
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,
" O, MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,
And loathing now came after Sin.
With locks yet brown he felt as one
Grown gray at heart ; and oft, with tears,
He tried, but all in vain, to win
From the dark desert of his years
One flower of hope ; yet, morn and evening,
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,
" O, MARY, Queen of Mercy ! "

A happier mind, a holier mood,
A purer spirit ruled him now :

No more in thrall to flesh and blood,
 He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,
 And, under a religious vow,
 Travailed his way to Pommerland;
 There entered he an humble cloister,
 Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,
 "O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowed, he laid his cares
 Aside, and wrought for God alone.
 Albeit he sang no choral prayers,
 Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,
 He mortified his flesh to stone;
 For him no penance was too stern;
 And often prayed he on his lonely
 Cell-couch at night, but still said only,
 "O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

They buried him with mass and song
 Aneath a little knoll so green;
 But, lo! a wonder-sight! — Ere long
 Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,
 The fairest lily ever seen;
 And, on its petal-edges round
 Relieving their translucent whiteness,
 Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,
 "O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would God's angels give thee power,
 Thou, dearest reader, mightst behold
 The fibres of this holy flower
 Upspringing from the dead man's heart
 In tremulous threads of light and gold;
 Then wouldst thou choose the better part!
 And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions;
 Thy sole response to mocking questions,
 "O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!"

ADDRESS TO THE VANGUARD OF THE FRENCH,

UNDER THE DUKE D'ALENCON, 1521.

BY REV. FRANK MAHONY.

SOLDIERS! at length their gather'd strength our might is doom'd to feel,
 Spain and Brabant comilitant — Bavaria and Castile.
 Idiots! they think that France will shrink from a foe that rushes on
 And terror damp the gallant camp of the bold Duke d'Alencon!

But wail and woe betide the foe that waits for our assault !
 Back to his lair our pikes shall scare the wild boar of Hainault.
 La Meuse shall flood her banks with blood, ere the sons of France
 resign .

Their glorious fields — the land that yields the Olive and the Vine !

Then draw the blade ! — be our ranks array'd to the sound of the
 martial fife ; .

In the foeman's ear let the trumpeter blow a blast of deadly strife ;
 And let each knight collect his might as if there hung this day
 The fate of France on his single lance in the hour of the coming
 fray !

As melts the snow in sunshine's glow, so may our helmets' glare
 Consume their host ; so folly's boast doth vanish in empty air.
 Fools, to believe the sword could give to the children of the Rhine
 Our Gallic fields — the land that yields the Olive and the Vine !

Can Germans face our Norman race in the conflict's awful shock —
 Brave the war-cry of " Brittany ! " — the shout of " Languedoc ! "
 Dare they confront the battle's brunt — the fell encounter try
 When dread Bayard leads on his guard of stout gendarmerie ?
 Strength be the test — then breast to breast, ay, grapple man with
 man ;

Strength in the ranks — strength on both flanks — and valor in the
 van ;

Let war efface each softer grace ; — on stern Bellona's shrine
 We vow to shield the plains that yield the Olive and the Vine !

Methinks I see bright Victory, in robe of Glory drest,
 Joyful appear on the French frontier to the chieftain she loves best ;
 While grim Defeat, in contrast meet, scowls o'er the foeman's tent,
 She, on our Duke, smiles down with look of blithe encouragement.
 E'en now, I ween, our foes have seen their hopes of conquest fail ;
 Glad to regain their homes again, and quaff their Saxon ale.
 So may it be while chivalry and loyal hearts combine
 A sword to wield, for the plains that yield the Olive and the Vine !

THE TIME OF THE BARMECIDES.

(FROM THE ARABIC.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,
 I am bowed with the weight of years ;
 I would I were stretched in my bed of clay,
 With my long-lost youth's compeers !

For back to the Past, though the thought brings woe,
 My memory ever glides —
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,
 The time of the Barmecides !
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,
 The time of the Barmecides.

Then Youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,
 And an iron arm in war,
 And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill,
 When the watch-lights glimmered afar,
 And a barb as fiery as any I know
 That Khoord or Beddaween rides,
 Ere my friends lay low — long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides,
 Ere my friends lay low — long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.

One golden goblet illumed my board,
 One silver dish was there ;
 At hand my tried Karamanian sword
 Lay always bright and bare,
 For those were the days when the angry blow
 Supplanted the word that chides —
 When hearts could glow — long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides,
 When hearts could glow — long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
 Were free to rove and roam,
 Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky,
 Or the roof of the palace-dome —
 O ! ours was that vivid life to and fro
 Which only sloth derides —
 Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides,
 Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,
 With its turrets of Moorish mould,
 And the Khalif's twice five hundred men
 Whose binishes flamed with gold ;
 I call up many a gorgeous show
 Which the Pall of Oblivion hides —
 All passed like snow, long, long ago,
 With the time of the Barmecides ;
 All passed like snow, long, long ago,
 With the time of the Barmecides !

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is gray,
 And I bend with the weight of years —
 May I soon go down to the House of Clay
 Where slumber my Youth's compeers !
 For with them and the Past, though the thought wakes woe,
 My memory ever abides,
 And I mourn for the Times gone long ago,
 For the Times of the Barmecides !
 I mourn for the Times gone long ago,
 For the Times of the Barmecides !

UNDINE.

(FROM THE DANISH.)

BY SPERANZA (MRS. W. B. WILDE).

UNDINE by the lonely shore
 In lonely grief is pacing,
 The vows her perjured lover swore
 No more with hope retracing.
 Yet none in beauty could compare
 With ocean's bright-haired daughter,
 Her cheek is like the lotus fair,
 That lieth on the water.

Her eye is like the azure sky,
 The azure deep reflecteth,
 Her smile, the glittering lights on high,
 The glittering wave collecteth.
 Her robe of green with many a gem
 And pearl of ocean shineth,
 And round her brow a diadem
 Of rosy coral twineth.

Like diamonds scattered here and there,
 The crystal drops are glistening,
 Amid her flowing golden hair,
 As thus she paceth listening —
 Listening through the silver light,
 The light that lover loveth,
 Listening through the dark midnight,
 But still no lover cometh.

An earthly love her heart intralls,
 She loves with earth's emotion,
 For him she left her crystal halls,
 Beneath the crystal ocean.

Abjured them since he placed that day
The gold ring on her finger,
Though still the sparkling diamond spray
Around her robe would linger.

And she hath gained a human soul,
The soul of trusting woman ;
But love hath only taught her dole,
Through *tears* she knows the human.
So from her sisters far apart,
Her lonely path she taketh,
With human sorrow in the heart,
That human love forsaketh.

She weaves a crown of dripping reeds,
On which the moon shines ghastly,
"A wedding crown my lover needs,
My pale hands weave it fastly."
She treads a strange and solemn dance,
The waves around her groaning,
And mingles, with prophetic sense,
Her singing with their moaning.

"My bridegroom ! nought can save thee now,
Since plighted troth is broken,
The fatal crown awaits thy brow,
The fatal spell is spoken.
Thou'rt standing by another bride,
Before the holy altar —
A shadowy form at thy side,
Will make thy strong heart falter.

"To her within the holy church,
Thy perjured vows art giving,
But never shalt thou cross the porch
Again amidst the living.
I wait thee 'neath the chill cold waves,
While marriage bells are tolling,
Our bridal chant, 'neath ocean's caves,
Be ocean's billows rolling."

The bridegroom, in his pride of youth,
Beside the fair bride standeth —
"Now take her hand to plight thy troth,"
The solemn priest commandeth.
But lo ! a shadowy form is seen
Betwixt the bridal greeting,
A shadowy hand is placed between,
To hinder theirs from meeting.

The priest is mute, the bridegroom pale,
 He knows the sea-nymph's warning —
 The fair bride trembles 'neath her veil,
 The bridal's turned to mourning.
 No more within the holy church,
 Love's holy vows are giving,
 They bear the bridegroom from the porch,
 The dead amidst the living !

THE KARAMANIAN EXILE.

(FROM THE OTTOMAN.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

I SEE thee ever in my dreams,
 Karaman !
 Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
 Karaman ! O, Karaman !
 As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
 As when the deepening sunset seams
 With lines of light thy hills and streams,
 Karaman !
 So thou loomest on my dreams,
 Karaman ! O, Karaman !

The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,
 Karaman !
 Seem death-black marble to mine eyes,
 Karaman ! O, Karaman !
 I turn from summer's blooms and dyes ;
 Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
 In welcome glory to my eyes,
 Karaman !
 In thee my life of life yet lies,
 Karaman !
 Thou still art holy in mine eyes,
 Karaman ! O, Karaman !

Ere my fighting years were come,
 Karaman !
 Troops were few in Erzerome,
 Karaman ! O, Karaman !
 Their fiercest came from Erzerome,
 They came from Ukhbar's palace dome,
 They dragged me forth from thee, my home,
 Karaman !

Thee, my own, my mountain home,
Karaman !
In life and death, my spirit's home,
Karaman ! O, Karaman !

O, none of all my sisters ten,
Karaman !
Loved like me my fellow-men,
Karaman ! O, Karaman !
I was mild as milk till then,
I was soft as silk till then ;
Now my breast is as a den,
Karaman ;
Foul with blood and bones of men,
Karaman !
With blood and bones of slaughtered men,
Karaman ! O, Karaman !

My boyhood's feelings newly born,
Karaman !
Withered like young flowers uptorn,
Karaman ! O, Karaman !
And in their stead sprang weed and thorn ;
What once I loved now moves my scorn ;
My burning-eyes are dried to horn,
Karaman !
I hate the blessed light of morn,
Karaman !
It maddens me the face of morn,
Karaman ! O, Karaman !

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,
Karaman !
But bondage worse than this remains,
Karaman ! O, Karaman !
His heart is black with million stains :
Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,
Shall never more fall dews and rains,
Karaman !
Save poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman !
Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman ! O, Karaman !

But life at worst must end ere long,
Karaman !
Azreel * avengeth every wrong,
Karaman ! O, Karaman !

* The angel of death.

Of late my thoughts rove more among
Thy fields ; o'ershadowing fancies throng
My mind, and texts of bodeful song,

Karaman !

Azreel is terrible and strong,

Karaman !

His lightning sword smites all ere long,

Karaman ! O, Karaman !

There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,

Karaman !

There's hope too, for his trodden thralls,

Karaman ! O, Karaman !

What lights flash red along yon walls ?

Hark ! hark ! — the muster-trumpet calls ! —

I see the sheen of spears and shawls,

Karaman !

The foe ! the foe ! — they scale the walls,

Karaman !

To-night Murad or Ukhbar falls,

Karaman ! O, Karaman !

THE BEATEN BEGGARMAN.

(FROM THE GREEK.)

BY DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

THERE came the public beggarman, who all throughout the town
Of Ithaca, upon his quest for alms, begged up and down ;
Huge was his stomach, without cease for meat and drink craved he ;
No strength, no force his body had, tho' vast it was to see.

He got as name from parent dame, Arnæus, at his birth,
But Irus was the nickname given by gallants in their mirth ;
For he, where'er they chose to send, their speedy errands bore,
And now he thought to drive away Odysseus from his door.

"Depart, old man ! and quit the porch," he cried, with insult coarse,
"Else quickly by the foot thou shalt be dragged away by force :
Dost thou not see, how here on me, their eyes are turned by all,
In sign to bid me stay no more, but drag thee from the hall ?

"'Tis only shame that holds me back ; so get thee up and go !
Or ready stand with hostile hand to combat blow for blow."
Odysseus said, as stern he looked, with angry glance, "My friend,
Nothing of wrong in deed or tongue do I to thee intend.

"I grudge not whatsoe'er is given, how great may be the dole,
The threshold is full large for both ; be not of envious soul.
It seems 'tis thine, as well as mine, a wanderer's life to live,
And to the gods alone belongs a store of wealth to give."

"But do not dare me to the blow, nor rouse my angry mood ; —
Old as I am, thy breast and lips might stain my hands with blood.
To-morrow free I then from thee the day in peace would spend,
For never more to gain these walls thy beaten limbs would bend."

"Heavens ! how this glutton glibly talks," the vagrant Irus cried ;
"Just as an old wife loves to prate, smoked at the chimney side.
If I should smite him, from his mouth the shattered teeth were torn,
As from the jaws of plundering swine, caught rooting up the corn."

"Come, gird thee for the fight, that they our contest may behold,
If thou'lt expose to younger arms thy body frail and old."
So in debate engaged they sate upon the threshold stone,
Before the palace' lofty gate wrangling in angry tone.

Antinous marked, and with a laugh the suitors he addressed :
"Never, I ween, our gates have seen so gay a cause of jest ;
Some god, intent on sport, has sent this stranger to our hall,
And he and Irus mean to fight : so set we on the brawl."

Gay laughed the guests and straight arose, on frolic errand bound,
About the ragged beggarman a ring they made around.
Antinous cries, "A fitting prize for the combat I require,
Paunches of goat you see are here now lying on the fire ;

"This dainty food all full of blood, and fat of savory taste,
Intended for our evening's meal there to be cooked we placed.
Whichever of these champions bold may chance to win the day,
Be he allowed which paunch he will to choose and bear away,
And he shall at our board henceforth partake our genial cheer,
No other beggarman allowed the table to come near."

They all agreed, and then upspoke the chief of many a wile :
"Hard is it when ye match with youth age overrun with toil ;
The belly, counsellor of ill, constrains me now to go,
Sure to be beaten in the fight with many a heavy blow."

"But plight your troth with solemn oath, that none will raise his hand
My foe to help with aid unfair, while I before him stand."
They took the covenant it had pleased Odysseus to propose ;
And his word to plight the sacred might of Telemachus arose.

"If," he exclaimed, "thy spirit bold, and thy courageous heart
Should urge thee from the palace gate to force this man to part,

Thou needst not fear that any here will strike a fraudulent blow ;
Who thus would dare his hand to rear must fight with many a foe.

"Upon me falls within these halls the stranger's help to be ;
Antinous and Eurymachus, both wise, will join with me."
All gave assent, and round his loins his rags Odysseus tied :
Then was displayed each shoulder-blade of ample form and wide.

His shapely thighs of massive size were all to sight confessed,
So were his arms of muscle strong, so was his brawny breast ;
Athenes close at hand each limb to nobler stature swelled ;
In much amaze did the suitors gaze, when they his form beheld.

"Irus un-Irused now," they said, "will catch his sought-for woe ;
Judge by the hips which from his rags this old man stripped can
show."

And Irus trembled in his soul ; but soon the servants came,
Girt him by force, and to the fight dragged on his quivering frame.

There as he shook in every limb, Antinous spoke in scorn :
" 'Twere better, bullying boaster, far, that thou hadst ne'er been born,
If thus thou quake and trembling shake, o'ercome with coward fear,
Of meeting with this aged man, worn down with toil severe.

"I warn thee thus, and shall perform full surely what I say,
If conqueror in the fight, his arm shall chance to win the day,
Epirus-ward thou hence shalt sail, in sable bark consigned
To charge of Echetus the king, terror of all mankind.

"He'll soon deface all manly trace with unrelenting steel,
And make thy sliced-off nose and ears for hungry dogs a meal."
He spoke, and with those threatening words filled Irus with fresh
dread ;
And trembling more in every limb, he to the midst was led.

Both raised their hands, and then a doubt passed thro' Odysseus'
brain,
Should he strike him so, that a single blow would lay him with the
slain,
Or stretch him with a gentler touch prostrate upon the ground :
On pondering well this latter course the wiser one he found.

For if his strength was fully shown, he knew that all men's eyes
The powerful hero would detect, despise his mean disguise.
Irus the king's right shoulder hit, then he with smashing stroke
Returned a blow beneath the ear, and every bone was broke.

Burst from his mouth the gushing blood ; down to the dust he dashed,
With bellowing howl, and in the fall his teeth to pieces crashed.

There lay he, kicking on the earth ; meanwhile the suitors proud,
Lifting their hands as fit to die, shouted in laughter loud.

Odysseus seized him by the foot, and dragged him thro' the hall,
To porch and gate, and left him laid against the boundary wall.
He placed a wand within his hand, and said, " The task is thine,
There seated with this staff to drive away the dogs and swine ;

" But on the stranger and the poor never again presume
To act as lord, else, villain base, thine may be heavier doom."
So saying, o'er his back he flung his cloak to tatters rent,
Then bound it with a twisted rope, and back to his seat he went.

Back to the threshold, while within uprose the laughter gay,
And with kind words was hailed the man who conquered in the fray
" May Zeus, and all the other gods, O stranger ! grant thee still
Whate'er to thee most choice may be, whatever suits thy will.

" Thy hand has checked the beggar bold, ne'er to return again
To Ithaca, for straight shall he be sped across the main,
Epirus-ward, to Echetus, the terror of all mankind."
So spoke they, and the king received the omen, glad of mind.

THE WHITE LADY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

ONCE more the Phantom Countess, attired in white appears,
With mourning and with wailing, with tremors and with tears,
Once more appears a-gliding forth from pictures and from walls,
In Prussia's gorgeous palaces and old baronial halls —
And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-walks by night,
Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the sight.

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes !

What bodes this resurrection upon our illumined stage ?
Comes she perchance to warn and wake a ghostless, godless age ?
Announces she the death of Kings and Kaisers as of yore —
A funeral and a crowning — a pageant, and no more ?
I know not — but men whisper thro' the land, from south to north,
That a deeper grief, a wider woe, to-day has called her forth.

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the hapless Lady Agnes !

She nightly weeps — they say so ! — o'er the beds of young and old,
 O'er the infant's crimson cradle — o'er the couch of silk and gold.
 For hours she stands, with clasped hands, lamenting by the side
 Of the sleeping Prince and Princess — of the Landgrave and his bride;
 And at whiles along the corridors is heard her thrilling cry —
 "Awake, awake, my kindred ! — the Time of Times is nigh !"

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the suffering Lady Agnes !

"Awake, awake, my kindred ! O saw ye what I see,
 Sleep never more would seal your eyes this side eternity !
 Thro' the hundred-vaulted cavern-crypts where I and mine abide,
 Boom the thunders of the rising storm, the surgings of the tide —
 You note them not : you blindly face the hosts of Hate and Fate !
 Alas ! your eyes will open soon — too soon, yet all too late !"

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the soul of Lady Agnes !

"O, God ! O, God ! the coming hour arouses even the Dead,
 Yet the Living thus can slumber on, like things of stone or lead.
 The dry bones rattle in their shrouds, but you, you make no sign !
 I dare not hope to pierce your souls by those weak words of mine,
 Else would I warn from night to morn, else cry, 'O Kings, be just !
 Be just, be bold ! Loose where you may : bind only where you
 must !' "

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the wretched Lady Agnes !

"I, sinful one, in Orlamund I slew my children fair :
 Thence evermore, till time be o'er, my dole and my despair,
 Of that one crime in olden time was born my endless woe ;
 For that one crime I wander now in darkness to and fro.
 Think *ye* of me, and what I dree, you whom no law controls,
 Who slay your people's holiest hopes, their liberties, their souls !"

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the hapless Lady Agnes !

"Enough ! I must not say *Good* night, or bid the doomed fare-well !
 Down to mine own dark home I go — my Hades' dungeon-cell.
 Above my head lie brightly spread the flowers that Summer gives,
 Free waters flow, fresh breezes blow, all nature laughs and lives :
 But where *you* tread the flowers drop dead, the grass grows pale and
 sere,

And round you floats in clotted waves Hell's lurid atmosphere !"

O pray for Lady Agnes !

Pray for the wandering Lady Agnes !

She lifts on high her pallid arms — she rises from the floor,
 Turns round and round without a sound, then passes through the
 door.

But through the open trellises the warden often sees
 Her moon-pale drapery floating down the long dim galleries.
 And the guards that pace the ramparts and the terrace-walks by
 night
 Are stricken with a speechlessness and swooning at the sight.
 O pray for Lady Agnes !
 And myriads more with Lady Agnes !

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.)

BY REV. F. MAHONY.

COME, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on !
 The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on "the
 Don."

Pillage and death have spread their wings ! — 'tis the hour to hie
 thee forth,

And with thy hoofs an echo make to the trumpets of the North !
 Nor guns, nor gold, do men behold upon thy saddle-tree ;
 But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee ;
 Then fiercely neigh, my charger gray ! — O, thy chest is proud and
 ample ;

And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride
 of her heroes trample.

Europe is weak — she hath grown old ; her bulwarks are laid low ;
 She is loath to hear the blast of war — she shrinketh from a foe !
 Come, in our turn, let us sojourn, in her goodly haunts of joy —
 In the pillar'd porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy !
 Proud as when first thou slak'dst thy thirst in the flow of conquer'd
 Seine,

Ay, shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.
 Then fiercely neigh, my gallant gray ! — O, thy chest is strong and
 ample ;

And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride
 of her heroes trample.

Kings are beleaguer'd on their thrones by their own vassal crew ;
 And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too ;
 And loud they yelp for the Cossack's help to keep their bondsmen
 down,
 And they think it meet, while they kiss our feet, to wear a tyrant's
 crown !

The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and the cross,
 All shall bend alike, when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTRE
 toss !

Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray ! — O, thy chest is broad and ample ;

And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample !

In a night of storm I have seen a form ! — and the figure was a GIANT,

And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all defiant ;

Kingly his crest — and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed,

And the "form" I saw was ATTILA ! of this earth the scourge anointed.

From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash announce ;

Let the vulture whet his beak sharp-set, on the carrion field to pounce ! —

Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray ! — O, thy chest is broad and ample ;

And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample !

What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she builds reliance,

When the North shall launch its avalanche on her works of art and science ?

Hath she not wept her cities swept by our hordes of trampling stallions ?

And tower and arch crush'd in the march of our barbarous battalions ?

Can *we* not wield our fathers' shield ? the same war-hatchet handle ?

Do our blades want length, or the reapers' strength, for the harvest of the Vandal ?

Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray ! — O, thy chest is strong and ample ;

And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample !

THE WAIL AND WARNING OF THE THREE KHALENDEERS.

(FROM THE OTTOMAN.)

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

La' laha, il Allah ! *
 Here we meet, we three, at length,
 Amrah, Osman, Perizad :
 Shorn of all our grace and strength,
 Poor, and old, and very sad !
 We have lived, but live no more ;
 Life has lost its gloss for us,
 Since the days we spent of yore
 Boating down the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 Old Time brought home no loss for us.
 We felt full of health and heart
 Upon the foamy Bosphorus !

La' laha, il Allah !
 Days indeed ! A shepherd's tent
 Served us then for house and fold ;
 All to whom we gave or lent,
 Paid us back a thousand fold.
 Troublous years by myriads wailed,
 Rarely had a cross for us,
 Never when we gayly sailed,
 Singing down the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 There never came a cross for us,
 While we daily, gayly sailed,
 Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah !
 Blithe as birds we flew along,
 Laughed and quaffed and stared about ;
 Wine and roses, mirth and song,
 Were what most we cared about.
 Fame we left for quacks to seek,
 Gold was dust and dross for us,
 While we lived from week to week,
 Boating down the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah !

* God alone is all-merciful !

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 And gold was dust and dross for us,
 While we lived from week to week,
 Aboating down the Bosphorus.

La' laha, il Allah !
 Friends we were, and would have shared
 Purses, had we twenty full.
 If we spent, or if we spared,
 Still our funds were plentiful.
 Save the hours we past apart
 Time brought home no loss for us ;
 We felt full of hope and heart
 While we clove the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 For life has lost its gloss for us,
 Since the days we spent of yore
 Upon the pleasant Bosphorus !

La' laha, il Allah !
 Ah ! for youth's delirious hours
 Man pays well in after days,
 When quench'd hopes and palsied powers
 Mock his love-and-laughter days.
 Thorns and thistles on our path
 Took the place of moss for us,
 Till false fortune's tempest wrath
 Drove us from the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 When thorns took place of moss for us,
 Gone was all ! Our hearts were graves
 Deep, deeper than the Bosphorus !

La' laha, il Allah !
 Gone is all ! In one abyss
 Lie Health, Youth, and Merriment !
 All we've learned amounts to this —
Life's a sad experiment.
 What it is we trebly feel
 Pondering what it was for us,
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 We wail for what life was for us
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus !

THE WARNING.

La' laha, il Allah !
 Pleasure tempts, yet man has none
 Save himself t' accuse, if her
 Temptings prove, when all is done,
 Lures hung out by Lucifer.
 Guard your fire in youth, O Friends !
 Manhood's is but Phosphorus,
 And bad luck attends and ends
 Boatings down the Bosphorus.
 La' laha, il Allah !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 Youth's fire soon wanes to Phosphorus,
 And slight luck or grace attends
 Your boaters down the Bosphorus !

THE WAIWODE.

(FROM THE RUSSIAN OF PUSHKIN.)

BY MRS. W. R. WILDE.

SECRETLY by night returning,
 Jealous fears within him burning,
 The Waiwode seeks his young wife's bed,
 And with trembling hand, uncertain —
 Backward draws the silken curtain —
 Death and vengeance — she has fled !

With a frown like tempest weather,
 Fierce he knits his brows together,
 Tears his beard in wrathful mood —
 Roars in thunder through the castle
 Summoning each trembling vassal,
 " Ho there ! slaves — ye devil's brood !

" Who left the castle gate unguarded ?
 The hound is slain — some hand unbarr'd it !
 Quick ! prepare ye sack and cord ;
 My arms here, fellows — loaded, ready.
 Now slave, your pistols, follow — steady —
 Ha, traitress ! thou shalt feel this sword."

Close in the murky shadows hiding,
 Slave and master onward gliding,

Reach the garden. There indeed,
 Listening to the soft appealing
 Of a youth before her kneeling,
 Stands she in her white Naridd.

Thro' the marble fountains playing,
 Passion's words they hear him saying —
 "How I love thee! yet thou'st sold
 All thy beauty's glowing treasures,
 All this soft hand's tender pressures
 For the Waiwode's cursed gold.

"How I loved, as none can love thee —
 Waited, wept — if tears could move thee —
 Ah! and is it thus we meet?
 He ne'er strove thro' tears and troubles,
 Only charged his silver roubles
 And — thou fellest at his feet.

"Yet once more thro' night and storm,
 I ride to gaze upon thy form,
 Touch again that thrilling hand;
 Pray that peace may rest upon thee
 In the home that now has won thee,
 Then for ever fly this land."

Low she bendeth o'er him weeping,
 Heeds not stealthy footsteps creeping,
 Sees not jealous eyeballs glare.
 "Now, slave, steady. Fool, thou tremblest,
 Vengeance if thy heart dissemblest —
 Kill her as she standeth there."

"O, my lord and master, hear me —
 Patience yet, or much I fear me
 I shall never aim aright.
 See, the bitter night wind's blowing
 Numbs my hand, and brings these flowing
 Icy tears to dim my sight."

"Silence! thou accursed Russian,
 Hold — I'll guide the pistol's motion;
 Seest thou not her gleaming brow?
 So — steady, straight before thee — higher,
 When I give the signal, fire —
 Darker doom awaits him — Now!"

A shot, a groan, and all is over —
 Still she standeth by her lover;

'Tis the Waiwode falleth dead !
 Was ever known such sad disaster !
 The bungling slave hath shot his master
 Straight and steady thro' the head.

THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

Look, mother ! the mariner's rowing
 His galley adown the tide ;
 I'll go where the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride !

I saw him one day through the wicket,
 I opened the gate and we met,
 As a bird in the fowler's net,
 Was I caught in my own green thicket.
 O ! mother, my tears are flowing,
 I've lost my maidenly pride —
 I'll go if the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride !

This Love the tyrant evinces,
 Alas ! an omnipotent might,
 He darkens the mind like Night,
 He treads on the necks of Princes !
 O ! mother, my bosom is glowing,
 I'll go whatever betide,
 I'll go where the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride !

Yes, mother ! the spoiler has reft me
 Of reason and self-control ;
 Gone, gone is my wretched soul,
 And only my body is left me !
 The winds, O ! mother, are blowing,
 The ocean is bright and wide ;
 I'll go where the mariner's going,
 And be the mariner's bride.

THE POETS' PREACHING.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS SEEWIS.)

BY J. C. MANGAN.

SEE how the day beameth brightly before us !
 Blue is the firmament — green is the earth —
 Grief hath no voice in the universe-chorus —
 Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
 Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness —
 Gaze ! and if Beauty can capture thy soul,
 Virtue herself will allure thee to gladness —
 Gladness, Philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasures Pleasure uncloses —
 List ! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay !
 Breathe ! she is wafting thee sweets from the roses ;
 Feel ! she is cool in the rivulet's play ;
 Taste ! from the grape and the nectarine gushing
 Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun —
 Green in the hills, in the flower groves blushing,
 Look ! she is always and every where one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling
 Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom ;
 Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
 Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb ?
 Still may we battle for Goodness and Beauty :
 Still hath Philanthropy much to essay :
 Glory rewards the fulfilment of Duty ;
 Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What, though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
 Legion-like, darken this planet of ours,
 Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows
 Ever when Anguish hath palsied its powers ;
 Wherefore, though Fate play the part of a traitor,
 Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of Hope,
 Fearlessly certain that sooner or later
 Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of Creation !
 Still is God's Earth undistorted and bright ;
 Comfort the captives to long tribulation,
 Thus shalt thou reap the more perfect delight.

Love ! — but if Love be a hallowed emotion,
Purity only its rapture should share ;
Love, then, with willing and deathless emotion,
All that is just and exalted and fair.

Act ! — for in Action are Wisdom and Glory,
Fame, Immortality — these are its crown :
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,
Build on ACHIEVEMENTS thy dome of Renown.
Honor and Feeling were given thee to cherish ;
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay :
Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on thy duskiest day.

Courage ! — Disaster and Peril once over,
Freshen the spirit as showers the grove :
O'er the dim groans that the cypresses cover
Soon the Forget-me-not rises in love.
Courage, then, friends ! Though the universe crumble,
Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
Patient and trustful and joyous and humble,
Smiles through the ruin on Darkness and Death.

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* The writer of the Ballads under this signature, and that of "Pontiac," is a Mr. M'Burney, at present connected with the American press.

† This Ballad was written by Mrs. Ellen Fitzsimmons, the daughter of the late Daniel O'Connell.

‡ The writer of this Ballad is Miss Olivia Knight, of Dublin.

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